

THE WORKS
OF
THOMAS MIDDLETON.

VOL IX.

CONTAINING

A CHASTE MAID IN CHEAPSIDE
THE SPANISH GIPSY
THE CHANGELING
A GAME AT CHESS
ANY THING FOR A QUIET LIFE
WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN

LONDON

PRINTED BY LEVEY, ROBSON, AND FRANKLYN,
46 St Martin's Lane

THE WORKS
OF
THOMAS MIDDLETON,

Now first collected,

WITH
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR,
AND
NOTES,
BY
THE REVEREND ALEXANDER DYCE

IN FIVE VOLUMES

VOL. **IX**

LONDON
EDWARD LUMLEY, CHANCERY LANE

A CHASTE MAID IN CHEAPSIDE

*A Chast Mayd in Cheap-side A Pleasant coniented Comedy
newer before printed As it hath beene often acted at the Swan
on the Banke side, by the Lady Elizabeth her Seruants By
Thomas Midelton Gent London, Printed for Francis Constable
dwelling at the signe of the Crane in Pauls Church-yard 1630*
4to

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SIR WALTER WHOREHOUD

SIR OLIVER KIX^a

TOUCHWOOD senior

TOUCHWOOD junior

ALLWIT

YELLOWHAMMER, *a goldsmith*

TIM, *his son*

Tutor to Tim

DAVY DAHANNA,^b *Sir Walter's poor kinsman and attendant*
Parson

WAT } *sons to Sir Walter by mistress Allwit*
NICK }

Two Promoters

Porter, Watermen, &c

LADY KIX

MISTRESS TOUCHWOOD, *wife to Touchwood senior*

MISTRESS ALLWIT

MAUDLIN, *wife to Yellowhammer*

MOLL, *her daughter*

Welshwoman, mistress to Sir W Whorehound

Country Girl

SUSAN, *Maid, Midwife, Nurses, Puritans and other gossips, &c*

Scene, LONDON

^a Kix] Or *kez* is a dry stalk, properly of hemlock. Why this name (which Middleton has used in another play, see vol. II p. 4) is given to Sir Oliver, the reader will presently discover.

^b *Dahanna*] Old ed. in *Dram Pers*, and more than once in the text, "Dahumma."

A CHASTE MAID IN CHEAPSIDE

ACT I SCENE I

YELLOWHAMMER'S *Shop*

Enter MAUDLIN and MOLL

MAUD Have you played over all your old lessons o' the virginals?^c

MOLL Yes

MAUD Yes? you are^d a dull maid a' late, me-thinks you had need have somewhat to quicken your green sickness—do you weep?—a husband had not such a piece of flesh been ordained, what had us wives been good for? to make salads, or else cried up and down for samphire To see the difference of these seasons! when I was of your youth, I was lightsome and quick two years before I was married You fit for a knight's bed! drowsy-browed, dull-eyed, drossy-spirited! I hold my life you have forgot your dancing when was the dancer with you?

MOLL The last week

MAUD Last week? when I was of your board^e

^c *virginals*] See note, vol iii p 112

^d *Yes? you are, &c*] Was not this speech originally verse, though the present state of the text will not admit of its being arranged as such?

^e *board*] Old ed "bord"—perhaps a misprint

Which Tim our son, the Cambridge-boy, must marry

'Tis a match of sir Walter's own making,
To bind us to him and our heirs for ever

MAUD We're honour'd then, if this baggage
would be humble,

And kiss him with devotion when he enters
I cannot get her for my life

To instruct her hand thus, before and after,—
Which a knight will look for,—before and after

I've told her still 'tis the waving of a woman

Does often move a man, and prevails strongly

But, sweet, ha' you sent to Cambridge? has Tim
word on't?

YEL Had word just the day after, when you sent
him

The silver spoon to eat his broth in the hall
Amongst the gentlemen-commoners

MAUD O, 'twas timely

Enter Porter

YEL How now?

POR A letter from a gentleman in Cambridge

[*Gives letter to YELLOWHAMMER*]

YEL. O, one of Hobson's porters & thou art welcome —

I told thee, Maud, we should hear from Tim [*Reads*]

¹ *Hobson's porters*] Hobson was the celebrated Cambridge-carrier, on whose death, in Jan 1630 1, Milton, while a student at that university, composed a copy of verses There are three epitaphs on Hobson in *Wit's Recreations*, p 249, reprint 1817, and his will, dated Dec 1630, is printed in the *Coll of Pieces* appended to Peck's *Memoirs of Cromwell*, p 44 A tract, published in 1617, 4to, is called, from him, *Hobson's Horse-load of Letters, or a Present for Epistles*, and he is said (see *The Spectator*, No 509,) to have given rise to the expression *Hobson's choice*

Amantissimus carissimusque ambobus parentibus, patri et matri

MAUD What's the matter?

YEL Nay, by my troth, I know not, ask not me
He's grown too verbal, this learning's a great witch

MAUD Pray, let me see it, I was wont to understand him [Reads] *Amantissimus carissimus*, he has sent the carrier's man, he says, *ambobus parentibus*, for a pair of boots, *patri et matri*, pay the porter, or it makes no matter

POR Yes, by my faith, mistress, there's no true construction in that I have took a great deal of pains, and come from the Bell^b sweating Let me come to't, for I was a scholar forty years ago, 'tis thus, I warrant you [reads] *Matri*, it makes no matter, *ambobus parentibus*, for a pair of boots, *patri*, pay the porter, *amantissimus carissimus*, he's the carrier's man, and his name is Sims, and there he says true, forsooth, my name is Sims indeed, I have not forgot all my learning a money-matter, I thought I should hit on't

YEL Go, thou'rt an old fox, there's a tester¹ for thee [Gives money]

POR If I see your worship at Goose-fair, I have a dish of birds for you

YEL. Why, dost dwell at Bow?

^b *the Bell*] Qy "the Bull?"

"He is not dead, but left his mansion here,
Has left the *Bull*, and flitted to the Beare"

First Epitaph on Hobson—Wit's Recr p 249

"This memorable man [Hobson] stands drawn in fresco, at an inn, which he used in Bishopsgate Street, with an hundred pound bag under his arm, with this inscription upon the said bag

The fruitful mother of a hundred more"

The Spectator, No 509

¹ *tester*] 1 e sixpence see note, vol 1 p 258

POB All my lifetime, sir, I could ever say bo to
a goose Farewell to your worship [Exit

YEL A merry porter!

MAUD How can he choose but be so,
Coming with Cambridge-letters from our son Tim?

YEL What's here? *maximus diligo*, faith, I must
to my learned counsel with this gear,¹ 'twill ne'er
be discerned else

MAUD Go to my cousin then, at Inns-of-court

YEL Fie, they are all for French, they speak no
Latin

MAUD The parson then will do it

YEL Nay, he disclaims it,
Calls Latin papistry, he will not deal with it —

Enter a Gentleman

What is't you lack,^k gentleman?

GENT Pray, weigh this chain

[Gives chain, which YELLOWHAMMER weighs]

*Enter SIR WALTER WHOREHOUND, Welshwoman, and
DAVY*

SIR WAL Now, wench, thou art welcome
To the heart of the city of London

WELSH. Dugat a whee

SIR WAL You can thank me in English, if you list

WELSH I can, sir, simply

SIR WAL 'Twill serve to pass, wench,
'Twas strange that I should lie with thee so often,
To leave thee without English, that were unnatural
I bring thee up to turn thee into gold, wench,
And make thy fortune shine like your bright trade,
A goldsmith's shop sets out a city maid —
Davy Dahanna, not a word

DAVY. Mum, mum, sir

¹ gear] i e matter

^k What is't you lack] See note, vol. 1 p 447

SIR WAL Here you must pass for a pure virgin

DAVY Pure Welsh virgin!

She lost her maidenhead in Brecknockshire [*Aside*

SIR WAL I hear you mumble, Davy

DAVY I have teeth, sir,

I need not mumble yet this forty years

SIR WAL The knave bites plaguily!

YEL What's your price, sir?

GENT A hundred pound, sir

YEL A hundred marks^m the utmost,

'Tis not for me else —What, sir Walter Whore
hound? [*Exit Gentleman*

MOLL O death!

[*Exit*

MAUD Why, daughter—Faith, the baggage [*is*]
A bashful girl, sir, these young things are shame-
fac'd,

Besides, you have a presence, sweet sir Walter,
Able to daunt a maid brought up i' the city
A brave court-spirit makes our virgins quiver,
And kiss with trembling thighs, yet see, she comes,
sir

Re-enter MOLL

SIR WAL Why, how now, pretty mistress? now
I've caught you

What, can you injure so your time to stray

Thus from your faithful servant?

YEL Pish, stop your words, good knight,—'twill
make her blush else,—

Which woundⁿ too high for the daughters of the
freedom

Honour and faithful servant! they are compliments
For the worthies of Whitehall or Greenwich,
E'en plain, sufficient subsidy-words serve^o us, sir
And is this gentlewoman your worthy niece?

^m marks] A mark was 13s 4d

ⁿ wound] Qy "sound?" ^o serve] Old ed "serues"

SIR WAL You may be bold with her on these
 terms, 'tis she, sir,
 Heir to some nineteen mountains
 YEL Bless us all!
 You overwhelm me, sir, with love and riches
 SIR WAL And all as high as Paul's
 DAVY Here's work, i'faith! [Aside
 SIR WAL How sayst thou, Davy?
 DAVY Higher, sir, by far,
 You cannot see the top of 'em
 YEL What, man!—
 Maudlin, salute this gentlewoman, our daughter,
 If things hit right

Enter TOUCHWOOD junior

TOUCH JUN My knight, with a brace of footmen,
 Is come, and brought up his ewe-mutton to find
 A ram at London, I must hasten it,
 Or else pick^p a' famine, her blood is mine,
 And that's the surest Well, knight, that choice
 spoil
 Is only kept for me [Aside

MOLL Sir —

TOUCH JUN Turn^q not to me till thou mayst
 lawfully, it but whets my stomach, which is too
 shap set already Read that note carefully [*giving*
letter to MOLL], keep me from suspicion still, nor
 know my zeal but in thy heart
 Read, and send but thy liking in three words,
 I'll be at hand to take it

YEL O turn, sir, turn^r

^p pick] 1 e peak — grow meagre

^q Turn not, &c] Corrupted text, I believe, the whole speech
 having been originally verse

^r O turn, sir, turn] There appears to be some grievous cor-
 ruption here Perhaps for "turn" we ought to read "Tim,"
 —of whom Yellowhammer proceeds to speak the hopeful

A poor, plain boy, an university man,
 Proceeds next Lent to a bachelor of art,
 He will be call'd sir Yellowhammer then
 Over all Cambridge, and that's half a knight

MAUD Please you, draw near
 And taste the welcome of the city, sir

YEL Come, good sir Walter, and your virtuous
 niece here

SIR WAL 'Tis manners to take kindness

YEL Lead 'em in, wife

SIR WAL Your company, sir?

YEL I'll give't you instantly

[*Exeunt MAUDLIN, SIR W WHOREHOUND,
 Welchwoman, and DAVY.*]

TOUCH JUN How strangely busy is the devil and
 riches!

Poor soul! kept in too hard, her mother's eye
 Is cruel toward her, being to him

'Twere a good mirth now to set him a-work
 To make her wedding-ring, I must about it
 Rather than the gain should fall to a stranger,

'Twas honesty in me t' enrich my father [Aside]

YEL The girl is wondrous peevish I fear no-
 thing

But that she's taken with some other love,
 Then all's quite dash'd that must be narrowly
 look'd to,

We cannot be too wary in our children — [Aside]
 What is't you lack?²

TOUCH JUN O, nothing now, all that I wish is
 present.

I'd have a wedding-ring made for a gentlewoman
 With all speed that may be

youth is certainly not present, he does not arrive from Cam-
 bridge till act iii sc 2

² *What is't you lack?* See note, vol 1 p 447

YEL Of what weight, sir ?

TOUCH JUN Of some half ounce, stand fair
And comely, with the spak of a diamond ,
Sir, 'twere pity to lose the least grace

YEL Play, let's see it

[*Takes stone from TOUCHWOOD junior*

Indeed, sir, 'tis a pure one

TOUCH JUN So is the mistress

YEL Have you the wideness of her finger, sir ?

'TOUCH JUN Yes, sure, I think I have her mea-
sure about me

Good faith, 'tis down, I cannot shew it you ,
I must pull too many things out to be certain
Let me see—long and slender, and neatly jointed ,
Just such another gentlewoman—that's your daugh-
ter, sir ?

YEL And therefore, sir, no gentlewoman

TOUCH JUN I protest

I ne'er saw two maids handed more alike ,
I'll ne'er seek farther, if you'll give me leave, sir

YEL If you dare venture by her finger, sir

TOUCH JUN Ay, and I'll bide all loss, sir

YEL Say you so, sir ?

Let us see—Hither, girl

TOUCH JUN Shall I make bold

With your finger, gentlewoman ?

MOLL Your pleasure, sir

TOUCH JUN That fits her to a hair, sir

[*Trying ring on MOLL's finger*

YEL What's your posy now, sir ?

TOUCH JUN Mass, that's true posy ? i'faith, e'en
thus, sir

Love that's wise

Blinds parents' eyes

YEL. How, how ? if I may speak without offence,
sir,

I hold my life —

TOUCH JUN What, sir?

YEL Go to,—you'll pardon me?

TOUCH JUN Pardon you? ay, sir

YEL Will you, i'faith?

TOUCH JUN Yes, faith, I will

YEL You'll steal away some man's daughter
am I near you?

Do you turn aside? you gentlemen are mad wags!
I wonder things can be so warily carried,
And parents blinded so but they're serv'd right,
That have two eyes and were so dull a' sight

TOUCH JUN Thy doom take hold of thee! [*Aside*

YEL To-morrow noon

Shall shew your ring well done

TOUCH JUN Being so, 'tis soon —

Thanks, and your leave, sweet gentlewoman

MOLL Sir, you're welcome —

[*Exit TOUCHWOOD junior*

O were I made of wishes, I went with thee! [*Aside*

YEL Come now, we'll see how the rules^r go
within

MOLL That robs my joy, there I lose all I win
[*Aside Exeunt*

SCENE II

A hall in ALLWIT'S house

Enter DAVY and ALLWIT severally

DAVY Honesty wash my eyes! I've spied a
wittol^s [*Aside*

^r rules] i e sports, games compare in vol II p 124,
"how go the squares?" and see Steevens's note on the word
"night-rule," Shakespeare's *Mid's Night's Dream*, act III
sc 2, and Douce's *Illust of Shak*, vol. I p 192

^s wittol] i e tame cuckold

ALLWIT What, Davy Dahanna? welcome from
North Wales, i'faith!
And is sir Walter come?

DAVY New come to town, sir

ALLWIT In to the maids, sweet Davy, and give
or 'er

His chamber be made ready instantly
My wife's as great as she can wallow, Davy, and
longs

For nothing but pickled cucumbers and his coming,
And now she shall ha't, boy

DAVY She's sure of them, sir

ALLWIT Thy very sight will hold my wife in
pleasure

Till the knight come himself, go in, in, in, Davy
[Exit DAVY]

The founder's come to town I'm like a man
Finding a table furnish'd to his hand,
As mine is still to me, prays for the founder,—
Bless the right worshipful the good founder's life!
I thank him, has maintain'd my house this ten years,
Not only keeps my wife, but 'a keeps me
And all my family, I'm at his table
He gets me all my children, and pays the nurse
Monthly or weekly, puts me to nothing, rent,
Nor church-duties, not so much as the scavenger
The happiest state that ever man was born to!
I walk out in a morning, come to breakfast,
Find excellent cheer, a good fire in winter,
Look in my coal-house about midsummer eve,
That's full, five or six chaldron new land up,
Look in my back-yard, I shall find a steeple
Made up with Kentish faggots, which o'erlooks
The water-house and the windmills I say nothing,
But smile and pin the door When she lies in,
As now she's even upon the point of grunting,

A lady lies not in like her, there's her embossings,
 Embroiderings, spanglings, and I know not what,
 As if she lay with all the gaudy-shops^s
 In Gresham's Burse^t about her, then her resto-
 ratives,

Able to set up a young pothecary,
 And richly stock the foreman of a drug-shop,
 Her sugar by whole loaves, her wines by rundlets
 I see these things, but, like a happy man,
 I pay for none at all, yet fools think's^u mine,
 I have the name, and in his gold I shine
 And where^v some merchants would in soul kiss hell
 To buy a paradise for their wives, and dye
 Their conscience in the bloods of prodigal heirs
 To deck their night-piece, yet all this being done,
 Eaten with jealousy to the inmost bone,—
 As what affliction nature more constrains,
 Than feed the wife plump for another's veins?[?]—
 These torments stand I freed of, I'm as clear
 From jealousy of a wife as from the charge
 O, two miraculous blessings! 'tis the knight
 Hath took that labour all out of my hands
 I may sit still and play, he's jealous for me,
 Watches her steps, sets spies, I live at ease,
 He has both the cost and torment when the string^w
 Of his heart fiets, I feed, laugh, or sing,
La dildo, dildo la dildo, la dildo dildo de dildo!

[Sings

^s *gaudy-shops*] i e shops where they sell *gauds*, finery

^t *Gresham's Burse*] i e the Royal Exchange, built by Sir Thomas Gresham

^u *think's*] i e *think* these things *is* mine—an expression which, on account of the metre, cannot be altered

^v *where*] i e whereas

^w *string*] Old ed “strings”

Enter two Servants

FIRST SER What, has he got a singing in his head now?

SEC SER Now's out of work, he falls to making dildoes

ALLWIT Now, sirs, sir Walter's come

FIRST SER Is our master come?

ALLWIT Your master! what am I?

FIRST SER Do not you know, sir?

ALLWIT Pray, am not I your master?

FIRST SER O, you're but
Our mistress's husband

ALLWIT *Ergo*, knave, your master

FIRST SER *Negatur argumentum* — Here comes
sir Walter

Enter SIR WALTER and DAVY

Now 'a stands bare as well as we, make the most
of him,

He's but one peep above a serving-man,
And so much his horns make him

SIR WAL How dost, Jack?

ALLWIT Proud of your worship's health, sir

SIR WAL How does your wife?

ALLWIT E'en after your own making, sir,
She's a tumbler, 'afaith, the nose and belly meet^y

SIR WAL They'll part in time again

ALLWIT At the good hour they will, and^z please
your worship

SIR WAL Here, sirrah, pull off my boots — Put
on,^a put on, Jack [*Servant pulls off his boots*]

ALLWIT I thank your kind worship, sir

SIR WAL Slippers! heart, you are sleepy!

[*Servant brings slippers*]

^y meet] Old ed "meets"

^z and] i e if

^a Put on] i e put on your hat

ALLWIT The game begins already [*Aside*

SIR WAL Pish, put on, Jack

ALLWIT Now I must do't, or he'll be as angry
now,

As if I had put it on at first bidding,

'Tis but observing,

'Tis but observing a man's humour once,

And he may ha' him by the nose all his life [*Aside*

SIR WAL What entertainment has lain open here?

No strangers in my a'ssence?

FIRST SER Sure, sir, not any

ALLWIT His jealousy begins am not I happy
now,

That can laugh inward whilst his marrow melts?

[*Aside*

SIR WAL How do you satisfy me?

FIRST SER Good sir, be patient!

SIR WAL For two months' absence I'll be satisfied

FIRST SER No living creature enter'd! —

SIR WAL Enter'd? come, swear!

FIRST SER You will not hear me out, sir —

SIR WAL Yes, I'll hear't out, sir

FIRST SER Sir, he can tell himself —

SIR WAL Heav'n, he can tell?

Do you think I'll trust him? as a usurer

With forfeited lordships — him? O monstrous in-
jury!

Believe him? can the devil speak ill of darkness? —

What can you say, sir?

ALLWIT Of my soul and conscience, sir,

She's a wife as honest of her body to me

As any lord's proud lady [e'er] can be!

SIR WAL Yet, by your leave, I heard you were
once offering

To go to bed to her

ALLWIT No, I protest, sir!

SIR WAL Heart, if you do, you shall take all'
I'll marry

ALLWIT O, I beseech you, sir!

SIR WAL That wakes the slave,
And keeps his flesh in awe [Aside]

ALLWIT I'll stop that gap
Where'er I find it open I have poison'd
His hopes in marriage already [with]
Some old rich widows, and some landed virgins,
And I'll fall to work still before I'll lose him,
He's yet too sweet to part from [Aside]

Enter WAT and NICK

WAT God-den,^a father

ALLWIT Ha, villain, peace!

NICK God-den, father

ALLWIT Peace, bastard!

Should he hear 'em! [Aside]—These are two
foolish children,

They do not know the gentleman that sits there

SIR WAL O, Wat—how dost, Nick? go to school,
ply your books, boys, ha?

ALLWIT Where's your legs, whoresons?—They
should kneel indeed,

If they could say their prayers

SIR WAL Let me see, stay,—

How shall I dispose of these two brats now

When I am married? for they must not mingle

Amongst my children that I get in wedlock,

'Twill make foul work that, and raise many storms.

I will bind Wat prentice to a goldsmith,

My father Yellowhammer, as fit as can be,

Nick with some vintner; good, goldsmith and
vintner,

There will be wine in bowls, i'faith [Aside]

^a *God-den*] A corruption of *Good even*

Enter MISTRESS ALLWIT

MIS ALL Sweet knight,
Welcome! I've all my longings now in town,
Now welcome the good hour!

SIR WAL How cheers my mistress?

MIS ALL Made lightsome e'en by him that made
me heavy

SIR WAL Meth nks she shews gallantly, like a
moon at full, sir

ALLWIT True, and if she bear a male child,
there's the man in the moon, sir

SIR WAL 'Tis but the boy in the moon yet, good-
man calf

ALLWIT There was a man, the boy had ne'er
been there else

SIR WAL It shall be yours, sir

ALLWIT No, by my troth, I'll swear
It's none of mine, let him that got it keep it!—
Thus do I rid myself of fear,^b

Lie soft, sleep haid, drink wine, and eat good cheer
[*Aside Exeunt*]

ACT II SCENE I

A Street

Enter TOUCHWOOD senior and MISTRESS TOUCHWOOD

MIS TOUCH 'Twill be so tedious, sir, to live from
you,

But that necessity must be obey'd

TOUCH SEN I would it might not, wife! the
tediousness

^b Thus do I rid myself of fear, &c] An imperfect couplet
compare vol i p 424, vol ii p 7, vol iii p 52, &c.

Will be the most part mine, that understand
 The blessings I have in thee, so to part,
 That drives the torment to a knowing heart
 But, as thou sayst, we must give way to need,
 And live awhile asunder, our desires
 Are both too fruitful for our barren fortunes
 How adverse runs the destiny of some creatures !
 Some only can get riches and no children,
 We only can get children and no riches
 Then 'tis the prudent's[t] part to check our will,^c
 And, till our state rise, make our bloods lie still
 'Life, every year a child, and some years two'
 Besides drinkings abroad, that's never reckon'd,
 This gear^d will not hold out

Mrs TOUCH Sir, for a time
 I'll take the courtesy of my uncle's house,
 If you be pleas'd to like on't, till prosperity
 Look with a friendly eye upon our states
 TOUCH SEN Honest wife, I thank thee' I never
 knew

The perfect treasure thou brought'st with thee more
 Than at this instant minute a man's happy
 When he's at poorest, that has match'd his soul
 As rightly as his body had I married
 A sensual fool now, as 'tis hard to 'scape it
 'Mongst gentlewomen of our time, she would ha'
 hang'd

About my neck, and never left her hold
 Till she had kiss'd me into wanton businesses,
 Which at the waking of my better judgment
 I should have curs'd most bitterly,
 And laid a thicker vengeance on my act
 Than misery of the birth, which were enough

^c will] Old ed "willes"—but a rhyme is intended here

^d gear] i e stuff

If it were born to greatness, whereas mine
 Is sure of beggary, though 't were got in wine
 Fulness of joy sheweth the good'ness in thee,
 Thou art a matchless wife farewell, my joy!

Mis TOUCH I shall not want your sight?

TOUCH SEN I'll see thee often,

Talk in mirth, and I lay at kisses with thee,
 Any thing, wench, but what may beget beggars
 There I give o'er the set, throw down the cards,
 And dare not take them up

Mis TOUCH Your will be mine, sir! *[Exit]*

TOUCH SEN 'This does not only make her honesty
 perfect,

But her discretion, and approves her judgment
 Had her desire[s] been wanton, they'd been blame-
 less,

In being lawful ever, but of all creatures,
 I hold that wife a most unmatched treasure,
 That can unto her fortunes fix her pleasure,
 And not unto her blood this is like wedlock,
 The feast of marriage is not lust, but love,
 And care of the estate When I please blood,
 Merrily I sing and suck out others' then
 'Tis many a wise man's fault, but of all men
 I am the most unfortunate in that game
 That ever pleas'd both genders, I ne'er play'd yet
 Under a bastard, the poor wenches curse me
 To the pit where'er I come, they were ne'er serv'd so,
 But us'd to have more words than one to a bargain
 I've such a fatal finger in such business,
 I must forth with't, chiefly for country wenches,
 For every harvest I shall hinder hay-making,
 I had no less than seven lay in last progress,^e
 Within three weeks of one another's time

^e *progress*] i.e. the travelling of the sovereign and court to different parts of the kingdom

Enter a Country Girl with a child

C GIRL O snaphance,^f have I found you?

TOUCH SEN How snaphance?

C GIRL Do you see your workmanship? nay,
twin n't fr'm't,

Not offer to escape, for if you do,

I'll cry it through the streets, and follow you

Your name may well be call'd Touchwood,—a pox
on you!

You do but touch and take, thou hast undone me

I was a maid before, I can bring a certificate

For it from both the churchwardens

TOUCH SEN I'll have

The parson's hand too, or I'll not yield to't

C GIRL Thou shalt have more, thou villain!

Nothing grieves me

But Ellen my poor cousin in Derbyshire,

Thou'st crack'd her marriage quite, she'll have a
bout with thee

TOUCH SEN Faith, when she will, I'll have a bout
with her

C GIRL A law-bout, sir, I mean

TOUCH SEN True, lawyers use

Such bouts as other men do, and if that

Be all thy grief, I'll tender her a husband,

I keep of purpose two or three gulls in pickle

To eat such mutton^g with, and she shall choose one

Do but in courtesy, faith, wench, excuse me

Of this half yard of flesh, in which, I think,

It wants a nail or two

^f *snaphance*] “A spring-lock to a gun or pistol, a fire-lock, which term, as *snaphance* sometimes was, is since given to the gun itself” Nares, *Gloss* in v, where see more concerning the word The metaphorical sense in which the lady uses it is sufficiently obvious

^g *mutton*] See note, vol iii p 102

C GIRL No, thou shalt find, villain,
It hath right shape, and all the nails it should have
TOUCH SEN Faith, I am poor, do a charitable
deed, wench,

I am a younger brother, and have nothing

C GIRL Nothing? thou hast too much, thou
lying villain,

Unless thou wert more thankful!

TOUCH SEN I've no dwelling,
I brake up house but this morning, pray thee, pity
me,

I'm a good fellow, faith, have been too kind
To people of your gender, if I ha't
Without my belly, none of your sex shall want it
That word has been of force to move a woman
There's tricks enough to rid thy hand on't, wench,
Some rich man's porch, to-morrow before day,
Or else anon i' the evening, twenty devices
Here's all I have, i' faith, take purse and all,
And would I were rid of all the ware i' the shop so!

● [Gives money]

C GIRL Where I find manly dealings, I am pitiful
This shall not trouble you

TOUCH SEN And I protest, wench,
The next I'll keep myself

C GIRL Soft, let it be got first
This is the fifth, if e'er I venture more,
Where I now go for a maid, may I ride for a whore!

[Exit]

TOUCH SEN What shift she'll make now with this
piece of flesh
In this strict time of Lent, I cannot imagine,
Flesh dare not peep abroad now I have known
This city now above this seven years,
But, I protest, in better state of government
I never knew it yet, nor ever heard of,

There have^h been more religious wholesome laws
 In the half-circle of a year erected
 For common good than memory e'er knew of,
 Setting apart corruption of promoters,ⁱ
 And other poisonous officers, that infect
 And with a venomous breath taint every goodness.

Enter SIR OLIVER KIX and LADY KIX

LADY KIX O that e'er I was begot, or bred, or
 born!

SIR OL Be content, sweet wife

TOUCH SEN What's here to do now?

I hold my life she's in deep passion^j

For the imprisonment of veal and mutton,

Now kept in garrets, weeps for some calf's head now

Methinks her husband's head might serve, with
 bacon [Aside

Enter TOUCHWOOD junior

TOUCH JUN^k Hist!

SIR OL Patience, sweet wife

TOUCH JUN Brother, I've sought you strangely,

TOUCH SEN. Why, what's the business?

TOUCH JUN. With all speed thou canst

Procure a license for me

TOUCH SEN How, a license?

TOUCH JUN Cud's foot, she's lost else! I shall
 miss her ever.

TOUCH SEN Nay, sure thou shalt not miss so
 fair a mark

For thirteen shillings fourpence^l

^h have] Old ed "has"

ⁱ promoters] See note, p 31

^k Touch jun] Old ed "Lady"

^j passion] i e sorrow

^l mark for thirteen shillings fourpence] A play on words
 see note, p 10

TOUCH JUN Thanks by hundreds !

[*Exeunt TOUCHWOOD senior and junior*]

SIR OL Nay, pray thee, cease, I'll be at more cost yet,

Thou know'st we're rich enough

LADY KIX All but in blessings,

And there the beggar goes beyond us O-o-o !

To be seven years a wife, and not a child !

O, not a child !

SIR OL Sweet wife, have patience

LADY KIX Can any woman have a greater cut ?

SIR OL I know 'tis great, but what of that,

[sweet] wife ?

I cannot do withal,¹ there's things making,

By thine own doctor's advice, at pothecary's

I spare for nothing, wife, no, if the price

Were forty marks a spoonful, I would give

A thousand pound to purchase fruitfulness

It is but bating so many good works

In the erecting of bridewells and spittlehouses,

And so fetch it up again, for having none,

I mean to make good deeds my children

LADY KIX Give me but those good deeds, and

I'll find children

SIR OL Hang thee, thou'st had too many !

LADY KIX Thou liest, brevity !

SIR OL O horrible ! dar'st thou call me brevity ?

Dar'st thou be so short with me ?

LADY KIX Thou deserv'st worse

Think but upon the goodly lands and livings

That's kept back through want on't

SIR OL Talk not on't, pray thee,

Thoult make me play the woman and weep too

¹ *I cannot do withal* i e I cannot help it see Gifford's note on Ben Jonson's *Works*, vol III p 470, and my note on Webster's *Works*, vol III p 215.

LADY KIX 'Tis our dry barrenness puffs up sir
Walter,
None gets by your not getting but that knight,
He's made by th' means, and fats his fortunes
shortly

In a great dowry with a goldsmith's daughter

SIR OL They may be all deceiv'd, be but you
patient, wife

LADY KIX I've suffer'd a long time

SIR OL Suffer thy heart out,

A pox suffer thee!

LADY KIX Nay, thee, thou desertless slave!

SIR OL Come, come, I ha' done you'll to the
gossiping

Of master Allwit's child?

LADY KIX Yes, to my much joy!

Every one gets before me, there's my sister

Was married but at Bartholomew-eve last,

And she can have two children at a birth

O, one of them, one of them, would ha' serv'd my
turn!

SIR OL Sorrow consume thee! thou'rt still cross-
ing me,

And know'st my nature

Enter Maid

MAID O mistress!—weeping or railing,
That's our house-harmony [Aside.

LADY KIX What sayst, Jug?

MAID The sweetest news!

LADY KIX What is't, wench?

MAID Throw down your doctor's drugs,
They're all but heretics, I bring certain remedy,
That has been taught and prov'd, and never fail'd

SIR OL O that, that, that, or nothing!

MAID There's a gentleman,

I haply have his name too, that has got
 Nine children by one water that he useth
 It never misses, they come so fast upon him,
 He was fain to give it over

LADY KIX His name, sweet Jug?

MAID One master Touchwood, a fine gentleman,
 But run behind-hand much with getting children.

SIR OL Is't possible?

MAID Why, sir, he'll undertake,
 Using that water, within fifteen year,
 For all your wealth, to make you a poor man,
 You shall so swarm with children

SIR OL I'll venture that, i'faith

LADY KIX That shall you, husband

MAID But I must tell you first, he's very dear

SIR OL No matter, what serves wealth for?

LADY KIX True, sweet husband,
 There's land to come, put case his water stands me
 In some five hundred pound a pint,
 'Twill fetch a thousand, and a kerstenⁿ soul,
 And that's worth all, sweet husband I'll about it^o
 [Exeunt

SCENE II

Before ALLWIT's house^p

Enter ALLWIT

ALLWIT. I'll go bid gossips presently myself,
 That's all the work I'll do, nor need I stir,

ⁿ *kersten*] A corruption of *Christian*

^o *And that's worth, &c*] Thus in old ed.,

“I'll about it.

And that's worth all sweet Husband”

^p *Before Allwit's house*] If the reader, during the earlier part of this scene, should wonder why I have not placed it

But that it is my pleasure to walk forth,
 And air myself a little I am tied
 To nothing in this business, what I do
 Is merely recreation, not constraint
 Here's running to and fro ' nurse upon nurse,
 Three charewomen, besides maids and neighbours'
 children
 Fie, what a trouble have I rid my hands on!
 It makes me sweat to think on't

Enter SIR WALTER WHOREHOUND.

SIR WAL How now, Jack?

ALLWIT I'm going to bid gossips for your wor-
 ship's child, sir,

A goodly girl, i'faith! give you joy on her,
 She looks as if she had two thousand pound
 To her portion, and run away with a tailor,
 A fine plump black-ey'd slut under correction, sir,
 I take delight to see her —Nurse!

Enter Dry Nurse

DRY N Do you call, sir?

ALLWIT. I call not you, I call the wet nurse
 hither

[Exit Dry Nurse]

Give me the wet nurse! —

Enter Wet Nurse carrying child

Ay, 'tis thou, come hither,

Come hither -

within the house, he will presently see the reason Perhaps, indeed, as there was no painted moveable scenery when the play was written, the author might have meant the audience to suppose that the stage represented a chamber, until the entrance of the Promoters, when it was suddenly to be taken for a street See notes, vol II pp 142, 147

Let's see her once again, I cannot choose
But buss her thrice an hour

WET N You may be proud on't, sir,
'Tis the best piece of work that e'er you did

ALLWIT Think'st thou so, nurse? what sayst to
Wat and Nick?

WET N They're pretty children both, but here's
a wench

Will be a knocker

ALLWIT Pup,—sayst thou me so?—pup, little
countess!—

Faith, sir, I thank your worship for this girl
Ten thousand times and upward

SIR WAL I am glad
I have her for you, sir

ALLWIT Here, take her in, nurse,
Wipe her, and give her spoon-meat

WET N Wipe your mouth, sir

[Exit with the child]

ALLWIT And now about these gossips

SIR WAL Get but two,
I'll stand for one myself

ALLWIT To your own child, sir?

SIR WAL The better policy, it prevents sus-
picion,

'Tis good to play with rumour at all weapons

ALLWIT Troth, I commend your care, sir, 'tis a
thing

That I should ne'er have thought on

SIR WAL The more slave
When man turns base, out goes his soul's pure flame,
The fat of ease o'erthrows^p the eyes of shame

ALLWIT I'm studying who to get for godmother,
Suitable to your worship Now I ha' thought on't

^p o'erthrows] Qy "o'ergrows?"

SIR WAL I'll ease you of that care, and please
 myself in't—
 My love the goldsmith's daughter, if I send,
 Her father will command her [*Aside*]—Davy Da-
 hanna ¹q

Enter DAVY

ALLWIT I'll fit your worship then with a male
 partner

SIR WAL What is he ?

ALLWIT A kind, proper gentleman,
 Brother to master Touchwood

SIR WAL I know Touchwood
 Has he a brother living ?

ALLWIT A neat bachelor

SIR WAL Now we know him, we will make shift
 with him

Despatch, the time draws near —Come hither, Davy
 [*Exit with DAVY*]

ALLWIT In troth, I pity him, he ne'er stands
 still

Poor knight, what pains he takes ' sends this way
 one,

That way another, has not an hour's leisure
 I would not have thy toil for all thy pleasure

Enter two Promoters ^r

Ha, how now ? what are these that stand so close
 At the street-corner, pricking up their ears
 And snuffing up their noses, like rich men's dogs

^q *Dahanna*] Old ed here "Dahumma" see note, p 4

^r *Promoters*] "Be those which in popular and penall actions
 do deferre the names, or complaine of offenders, having part
 of the profit for their reward" Cowell's *Interpreter*, ed 1637,
 in v —But the Promoters in our play do more than inform,—
 they execute the law

When the first course goes in ? By the mass, promoters ,

'Tis so, I hold my life , and planted there
T' arrest the dead corps^s of poor calves and sheep,
Like ravenous creditors, that will not suffer
The bodies of their poor departed debtors
To go to th' grave, but e'en in death to vex
And stay the corps with bills of Middlesex
This Lent will fat the whoresons up with sweet-
breads,

And lard their whores with lamb-stones what their
golls^t

Can clutch goes presently to their Molls and Dolls
The bawds will be so fat with what they earn,
Their chins will hang like udders by Easter-eve,
And, being stroak'd, will give the milk of witches
How did the mongrels hear my wife lies in ?

Well, I may baffle 'em gallantly [*Aside*]—By your
favour, gentlemen,

I am a stranger both unto the city

And to her carnal strictness.

FIRST PRO Good , your will, sir ?

ALLWIT Pray, tell me where one dwells that
kills this Lent ?

FIRST PRO How ? kills ?—Come hither, Dick ,
a bird, a bird !

SEC PRO What is't that you would have ?

ALLWIT Faith, any flesh ,

But I long especially for veal and green-sauce

FIRST PRO Green goose, you shall be sauc'd

[*Aside*

ALLWIT I've half a scornful stomach,

No fish will be admitted

^s *corps*] A plural compare vol II, p 135, l 6, and p 162,
(note w)

^t *golls*] A cant term for hands,—fists, paws

FIRST PRO Not this Lent, sir?

ALLWIT Lent? what cares colon^t here for Lent?

FIRST PRO You say well, sir,

Good reason that the colon of a gentleman,

As you were lately pleas'd to term your worship[^s],
sir,

Should be fulfill'd with answerable food,

To sharpen blood, delight health, and tickle nature

Were you directed hither to this street, sir?

ALLWIT That I was, ay, marry

SEC PRO And the butcher, belike,

Should kill and sell close in some upper room?

ALLWIT Some apple-loft, as I take it, or a coal-house,

I know not which, i'faith

SEC PRO Either will serve

This butcher shall kiss Newgate, 'less he turn up

The bottom of the pocket of his apron — [*Aside*.

You go to seek him?

ALLWIT Where you shall not find him

I'll buy, walk by your noses with my flesh,

Sheep-biting mongrels, hand-basket freebooters!

My wife lies in—a foutra for^a promoters! [*Exit*

FIRST PRO That shall not serve your turn.—

What a rogue's this!

How cunningly he came over us!

Enter Man with a basket under his cloak.

SEC PRO Hush't, stand close!

MAN I have 'scap'd well thus far, they say the
knaves

Are wondrous hot and busy

^t colon] i. e. hunger—properly, the largest of the intestines

^a a foutra for] Equivalent to—a fig for the expression is used by Pistol in Shakespeare's *Henry IV* P Sec act v sc 3

FIRST PRO By your leave, sir,
We must see what you have under your cloak there

MAN Have? I have nothing

FIRST PRO No? do you tell us that? what makes
this lump

Stick out then? we must see, sir

MAN What will you see, sir?

A pair of sheets and two of my wife's foul smocks
Going to the washeirs

SEC PRO O, we love that sight well!
You cannot please us better What, do you gull us?
Call you these shirts and smocks?

[*Seizes basket, and takes out of it a piece
of meat*]

MAN Now, a pox choke you!
You've cozen'd me and five of my wife's kindred
Of a good dinner, we must make it up now
With herrings and milk-pottage [Exit

FIRST PRO 'Tis all veal

SEC PRO All veal?

Pox, the worse luck! I promis'd faithfully
To send this morning a fat quarter of lamb
To a kind gentlewoman in Turnbull Street^v
That longs, and how I'm crost!

FIRST PRO Let us share this, and see what hap
comes next then

SEC PRO Agreed Stand close again, another
booty

Enter Man with a basket

What's he?

FIRST PRO. Sir, by your favour.

MAN Meaning me, sir?

^v *Turnbull Street*] A corruption of *Turnmill Street*, near Clerkenwell repeatedly mentioned in our early dramas as the residence of dissolute persons of both sexes

FIRST PRO Good master Oliver? cly thee mercy,
i'faith!

What hast thou there?

MAN A rack of mutton, sir,
And half a lamb, you know my mistress' diet

FIRST PRO Go, go, we see thee not, away, keep
close!—

Heart, let him pass! thou'lt never have the wit
To know our benefactors

SEC PRO I have forgot him

FIRST PRO 'Tis master Beggarland's man, the
wealthy merchant,

That is in fee with us

SEC PRO Now I've a feeling of him [*Exit Man*]

FIRST PRO You know he purchas'd the whole
Lent together,

Gave us ten groats a-piece on Ash-Wednesday

SEC PRO True, true

FIRST PRO A wench!

SEC PRO Why, then, stand close indeed

Enter Country Girl with a basket

C GIRL Women had need of wit, if they'll shift
here,

And she that hath wit may shift anywhere [*Aside*]

FIRST PRO. Look, look! poor fool, sh'as left the
rump uncover'd too,

More to betray her! this is like a murderer
That will outface the deed with a bloody band^w

SEC PRO What time of the year is't, sister?

C GIRL O sweet gentlemen!

I'm a poor servant, let me go

FIRST PRO You shall, wench,

But this must stay with us

C GIRL O you undo me, sir!

^w *band*] Not a misprint for *hand*—Old ed “Band”

'Tis for a wealthy gentlewoman that takes physick,
sir,

The doctor does allow my mistress mutton
O, as you tender the dear life of a gentlewoman '
I'll bring my master to you, he shall shew you
A true authority from the higher powers,
And I'll run every foot

SEC PRO Well, leave your basket then,
And run and spare not

C GIRL Will you swear then to me
To keep it till I come?

FIRST PRO Now by this light I will

C GIRL What say you, gentleman?

SEC PRO What a strange wench 'tis!—
Would we might perish else

C GIRL Nay, then I run, sir

[Leaves the basket, and exit]

FIRST PRO And ne'er return, I hope

SEC PRO A politic baggage! she makes us swear
to keep it

I prithee look what market she hath made

FIRST PRO Imprimis, sir, a good fat loin of mut-
ton

[Taking out a loin of mutton]

What comes next under this cloth? now for a
quarter

Of lamb

SEC PRO Not, for a shoulder of mutton

FIRST PRO Done!

SEC PRO Why, done, sir!

FIRST PRO By the mass, I feel I've lost,
'Tis of more weight, i'faith

SEC PRO Some loin of veal?

FIRST PRO No, faith, here's a lamb's head, I feel
that plainly,

Why, [I'll] yet win my wager

SEC PRO Ha!

FIRST PRO 'Swounds, what's here!

[*Taking out a child*]

SEC PRO A child!

FIRST PRO A pox of all dissembling cunning
whores!

SEC PRO Here's an unlucky breakfast!

FIRST PRO What shall's do?

SEC PRO The quean made us swear to keep it
too

FIRST PRO We might leave it else

SEC PRO Villanous strange!

'Life, had she none to gull but poor promoters,
That watch hard for a living?

FIRST PRO Half our gettings
Must run in sugar-sops and nurses' wages now,
Besides many a pound of soap and tallow,
We've need to get loins of mutton still, to save
Suet to change for candles

SEC PRO Nothing mads me
But this was a lamb's head with you, you felt it
She has made calves' heads of us

FIRST PRO Prithce, no more on't,
There's time to get it up, it is not come
To Mid-Lent Sunday yet

SEC PRO I am so angry,
I'll watch no more to-day

FIRST PRO Faith, nor I neither

SEC PRO Why, then, I'll make a motion

FIRST PRO Well, what is't?

SEC PRO Let's e'en go to the Checker at Queen-
hive,^w

And roast the loin of mutton till young flood,
Then send the child to Branford^x [*Exeunt*]

^w *Queenhive*] A corruption of *Queenhithe*

^x *Branford*] Or *Bramford*—an old and corrupt form of
Brentford

SCENE III

*A hall in ALLWIT's house**Enter ALLWIT in one of SIR WALTER's suits, and
DAVY trussing him^y*

ALLWIT 'Tis a busy day at our house, Davy

DAVY Always the kursning-day,^z sir

ALLWIT Truss, truss me, Davy

DAVY No matter and^a you were hang'd, sir
[*Aside*

ALLWIT How does this suit fit me, Davy?

DAVY Excellent neatly,

My master's things were ever fit for you, sir,
E'en to a hair, you knowALLWIT Thou'st hit it right, Davy,
We ever jump'd in one this ten years, Davy,
So, well said —*Enter Man with a box*

What art thou?

MAN Your comfit-maker's man, sir

ALLWIT O sweet youth!

In to the nurse, quick, quick, 'tis time, i'faith
Your mistress will be here?

MAN She was setting forth, sir [Exit

ALLWIT Here come^b our gossips now O, I shall
have

Such kissing work to-day! —

Enter two Puritans

Sweet mistress Underman,

Welcome, i'faith.

^y *trussing him*] i.e. tying his points see note, vol. III
p. 319^z *kursning-day*] i.e. christening-day^a *and*] i.e. if ^b *come*] Old ed. "comes"

FIRST PUR Give you joy of your fine girl, sir
Grant that her education may be pure,
And become one of the faithful !

ALLWIT Thanks to your sisterly wishes, mistress
Underman

SEC PUR Are any of the brethren's wives yet
come ?

ALLWIT There are some wives within, and some
at home

FIRST PUR Verily, thanks, sir [*Exeunt Puritans*

ALLWIT Verily you're an ass, forsooth
I must fit all these times, or there's no music
Here comes a friendly and familiar pau

Enter two Gossips

Now I like these wenches well

FIRST Gos How dost, sirrah ?

ALLWIT Faith, well, I thank you, neighbour, —
and how dost thou ?

SEC Gos Want nothing but such getting, sir, as
thine

ALLWIT My gettings, wench ? they're poor

FIRST Gos Fie, that thou'lt say so,
Thou'st as fine children as a man can get

DAVY Ay, as a man can get, and that's my
master [*Aside*

ALLWIT They're pretty foolish things, put to
making in minutes,

I ne'er stand long about 'em Will you walk in,
wenches ? [*Exeunt Gossips*

Enter TOUCHWOOD junior and MOLL

TOUCH JUN The happiest meeting that our souls
could wish for !

Here is the ring ready, I'm beholding^d
 Unto your father's haste, has kept his hour
 MOLL He never kept it better

Enter SIR WALTER WHOREHOUND

TOUCH JUN Back, be silent
 SIR WAL Mistress and partner, I will put you
 both
 Into one cup
 DAVY Into one cup? most proper,
 A fitting compliment for a goldsmith's daughter
[*Aside*
 ALLWIT Yes, sir, that's he must be your worship's
 partner
 In this day's business, master Touchwood's brother
 SIR WAL I embrace your acquaintance, sir
 TOUCH JUN It vows your service, sir
 SIR WAL It's near high time, come, master All-
 wit
 ALLWIT Ready, sir
 SIR WAL Wilt please you walk?
 TOUCH JUN Sir, I obey your time [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV

Before ALLWIT's house

Enter from the house^e *Midwife with the child, LADY
 KIX and other Gossips, who exeunt, then MAUD-
 LIN, Puritans, and other Gossips*

FIRST GOS Good mistress Yellowhammer——

^d *beholding*] i e beholden—a form common in old writers

^e *Enter from the house, &c*] The direction in old ed is,
 “*Enter Midwife with the Child, and the Gossips to the Kursning*”
 That the christening did not take place at home appears from
 the opening of the second scene of the next act

MAUD In faith, I will not

FIRST Gos Indeed it^f shall be yours

MAUD I have sworn, i'faith

FIRST Gos I'll stand still then

MAUD So, will you let the child
Go without company, and make me forsworn?

FIRST Gos You are such another creature!

[Exeunt First Gossip and MAUDLIN]

SEC Gos Before me?

I pray come down a little

THIRD Gos Not a whit,

I hope I know my place

SEC Gos Your place? great wonder, sure!

Are you any better than a comfit-maker's wife?

THIRD Gos And that's as good at all times as a
pothecary's

SEC Gos Ye lie! yet I forbear you too

[Exeunt Second and Third Gossips]

FIRST PUR Come, sweet sister, we go

In unity, and shew the fruits of peace,

Like children of the spirit

SEC PUR I love lowliness *[Exeunt Puritans]*

FOURTH Gos True, so say I, though they strive
more,

There comes as proud behind as goes before

FIFTH Gos Every inch, i'faith *[Exeunt]*

^f it] i e the precedence

ACT III SCENE I

A room in TOUCHWOOD junior's lodgings

Enter TOUCHWOOD junior and Parson

TOUCH JUN O sir, if e'er you felt the force of love,
Pity it in me !

PAR Yes, though I ne'er was married, sir,
I've felt the force of love from good men's daughters,
And some that will be maids yet three years hence
Have you got a license ?

TOUCH JUN Here, 'tis ready, sir

PAR That's well

TOUCH JUN The ring, and all things perfect,
she'll steal hither

PAR She shall be welcome, sir, I'll not be long
A clapping you together

TOUCH JUN O, here she's come, sir !

Enter MOLL and TOUCHWOOD senior

PAR What's he ?

TOUCH JUN My honest brother.

TOUCH SEN Quick, make haste, sirs !

MOLL You must despatch with all the speed you
can,

For I shall be miss'd straight ; I made hard shift
For this small time I have

PAR Then I'll not linger
Place that ring upon her finger

[*TOUCHWOOD junior puts ring on MOLL's finger*
This the finger plays the part,
Whose master-vein shoots from the heart
Now join hands —

Enter YELLOWHAMMER and SIR W. WHOREHOUND

YEL. Which I will sever,
And so ne'er again meet, never !

MOLL O, we're betray'd !

TOUCH JUN Hard fate !

SIR WAL I'm struck with wonder !

YEL Was this the politic fetch, thou mystical
baggage,

Thou disobedient strumpet ! — And were [you]
So wise to send for her to such an end ?

SIR WAL Now I disclaim the end, you'll make
me mad

YEL And what are you, sir ?

TOUCH JUN And^f you cannot see

With those two glasses, put on a pair more

YEL I dream'd of anger still — Here, take your
ring, sir, — [*Taking ring off MOLL's finger*]

Ha ! this ? life, 'tis the same ! abominable !

Did not I sell this ring ?

TOUCH JUN I think you did,

You receiv'd money for't

YEL Heart, hark you, knight,

Here's no^g inconscionable villany !

Set me a-work to make the wedding-ring,

And come with an intent to steal my daughter !

Did ever run-away match it !

SIR WAL This your brother, sir ?

TOUCH SEN He can tell that as well as I

YEL The very posy mocks me to my face, —

Love that's wise

Blinds parents' eyes

I thank your wisdom, sir, for blinding of us,

We've good hope to recover our sight shortly

In the meantime I will lock up this baggage

As carefully as my gold, she shall see

As little sun, if a close room or so

Can keep her from the light on't

^f *And*] i e if

^g *Here's no*, &c] See note, vol 1 p 169

MOLL O sweet father,
For love's sake, pity me !

YEL Away !

MOLL Farewell, sir ,
All content bless thee ! and take this for comfort,
Though violence keep me, thou canst lose me never,
I'm ever thine, although we part for ever

YEL Ay, we shall part you, minx

[Exit with MOLL]

SIR WAL Your acquaintance, sir,
Came very lately, yet it came too soon ,
I must hereafter know you for no friend,
But one that I must shun like pestilence,
Or the disease of lust

TOUCH JUN Like enough, sir ,
You ha' ta'en me at the worst time for words
That e'er ye pick'd out faith, do not wrong me,

SIR

[Exit with Parson]

TOUCH SEN Look after him, and spare not there
he walks

That ne'er yet receiv'd baffling ^s you are blest
More than ever I knew , go, take your rest [Exit

SIR WAL I pardon you, you are both losers

[Exit

SCENE II

A bed-chamber ^h MISTRESS ALLWIT *discovered in bed*
Enter Midwife with the child, LADY KIX, MAUDLIN,
Puritans, and other Gossips

FIRST Gos How is it, woman ? we have brought
you home

A kursen¹ soul

^s *receiv'd baffling*] ¹ e put up with insult see note, vol 11
p 449

^h *A bed-chamber, &c*] Old ed "*A Bed thrust out vpon the
Stage, Allwits wife in it, Enter all the Gossips*"

¹ *kursen*] ¹ e christened

MIS ALL Ay, I thank your pains

FIRST PUR And, verily, well k^ursen'd, i' the right way,

Without idolatry or superstition,

After the pure manner of Amsterdam ¹

MIS ALL Sit down, good neighbours — Nurse

NURSE At hand, forsooth

MIS ALL Look they have all low stools

NURSE They have, forsooth

[*All the Gossips seat themselves*

SEC Gos Bring the child hither, nurse — How say you now, gossip,

Is't not a chopping gul' ² so like the father

THIRD Gos As if it had been spit out of his mouth ¹

Ey'd,^k nos'd, and brow'd, as like [as] a girl can be,

Only, indeed, it has the mother's mouth

SEC Gos The mother's mouth up and down, up and down

THIRD Gos 'Tis a large child, she's but a little woman

FIRST PUR No, believe me,

A very spiny¹ creature, but all heart,

Well mettled, like the faithful, to endure

Her tribulation here, and raise up seed

SEC Gos She had a sore labour on't, I warrant you,

You can tell, neighbour?

THIRD Gos O, she had great speed,

We were afraid once, but she made us all

Have joyful hearts again, 'tis a good soul, i' faith,

The midwife found her a most cheerful daughter

¹ *Amsterdam*] See note, vol 1 p 205

^k *Ey'd*] Old ed "Ey's"

¹ *spiny*] i e slender

FIRST PUR 'Tis the spirit, the sisters are all like her

Enter SIR WALTER WHOREHOUND carrying a silver standing-cup and two spoons, and ALLWIT

SEC GOS O, here comes the chief gossip, neighbours! *[Exit Nurse]*

SIR WAL The fatness of your wishes to you all, ladies!

THIRD GOS O dear, sweet gentleman, what fine words he has!

The fatness of our wishes!

SEC GOS Calls us all ladies!

FOURTH GOS I promise you, a fine gentleman and a courteous

SEC GOS Methinks her husband shews like a clown to him

THIRD GOS I would not care what clown my husband were too,

So I had such fine children

SEC GOS Sh'as all fine children, gossip

THIRD GOS Ay, and see how fast they come!

FIRST PUR Children are blessings,

If they be got with zeal by the brethren,

As I have five at home

SIR WAL The worst is past,

I hope, now, gossip

MIS ALL So I hope too, good sir

ALLWIT Why, then, so hope I too, for company, I've nothing to do else

SIR WAL A poor remembrance, lady,

To the love of the babe, I pray, accept of it

[Giving cup and spoons]

MIS ALL O, you are at too much charge, sir!

SEC GOS Look, look, what has he given her? what is't, gossip?

THIRD GOS Now, by my faith, a fair high stand-
ing-cup
And two great 'postle-spoons,^m one of them gilt

FIRST PUR Sure that was Judas then with the
red beard ⁿ

SEC PUR I would not feed
My daughter with that spoon for all the world,
For fear of colouring her hair, red hair
The brethien like not, it consumes them much,
'Tis not the sisters' colour

Re-enter Nurse with comfits and wine

ALLWIT Well said, nurse,
About, about with them amongst the gossips!—
[*Nurse hands about the comfits.*

Now out come^o all the tassell'd handkerchers,
They're spread abroad between their knees already,
Now in go^p the long fingers that are wash'd
Some thrice a-day in urine, my wife uses it
Now we shall have such pocketing see how
They lurch at the lower end! [*Aside*

FIRST PUR Come hither, nurse

ALLWIT Again? she has taken twice already
[*Aside*

FIRST PUR I had forgot a sister's child that's
sick [*Taking comfits*

ALLWIT A pox! it seems your purity
Loves sweet things well that puts in thrice together

^m 'postle-spoons'] i e apostle-spoons,—the usual gift of sponsors at christenings—spoons of silver, sometimes gilt, the handle of each ending in the figure of an apostle

ⁿ *Judas with the red beard*] Judas Iscariot, according to the common notion, had red hair and beard, and was so represented in tapestries and pictures see note, vol 1 p 259

^o *come*] Old ed "comes"

^p *go*] Old ed "goes"

Had this been all my cost now, I'd been beggar'd,
 These women have no consciences at sweetmeats,
 Where'er they come, see and^a they've not cull'd
 out

All the long plums too, they've left nothing here
 But short wriggle-tail comfits, not worth mouthing
 No mar'l^r I heard a citizen complain once
 That his wife's belly only broke his back,
 Mine had been all in fitters^s seven years since,
 But for this worthy knight,

That with a prop upholds my wife and me,
 And all my estate buried in Bucklersbury^t [*Aside*
 MIS ALL Here, mistress Yellowhammer, and
 neighbours,

To you all that have taken pains with me,
 All the good wives at once¹

[*Drinks*, after which Nurse hands round the wine

FIRST PUR I'll answer for them,
 They wish all health and strength, and that you may
 Courageously go forward, to perform
 The like and many such, like a true sister,
 With motherly bearing [*Drinks*

ALLWIT Now the cups toll about
 To wet the gossips' whistles, it pours down, i'faith,
 They never think of payment [*Aside*

FIRST PUR Fill again, nurse [*Drinks*

ALLWIT Now bless thee, two at once¹ I'll stay
 no longer,
 It would kill me, and if I paid for it — [*Aside*

^a and] i e if

^r mar'l] i e marvel

^s fitters] i e pieces,—small fragments

^t Bucklersbury] When this play was written, was chiefly occupied by druggists, at whose shops, it appears, sweetmeats were to be purchased "Go into *Bucklersbury* and fetch me two ounces of preserved melons" *Westward Ho*,—*Webster's Works*, vol iii p 19

Will t please you to walk down, and leave the women?

SIR WAL With all my heart, Jack

ALLWIT Troth, I cannot blame you

SIR WAL Sit you all merry, ladies

GOSSIPS Thank your worship, sir

FIRST PUR Thank your worship, sir

ALLWIT A pox twice tupples ye, you're last and lowest!

[*Aside*
Exeunt SIR WAL WHOREHOUND and ALLWIT

FIRST PUR Bring hither that same cup, nurse,
I would fain

Drive away this—hup—antichristian grief

[*Drinks*

THIRD Gos See, gossip, and^v she lies not in like
a countess,

Would I had such a husband for my daughter!

FOURTH Gos Is not she toward marriage?

THIRD Gos O no, sweet gossip!

FOURTH Gos Why, she's nineteen

THIRD Gos Ay, that she was last Lammas,

But she has a fault, gossip, a secret fault

FOURTH Gos. A fault? what is't?

THIRD Gos I'll tell you when I've drunk

[*Drinks*

FOURTH Gos Wine can do that, I see, that friend-
ship cannot

[*Aside*

THIRD Gos And now I'll tell you, gossip, she's
too free

[*Exit Nurse*

FOURTH Gos Too free?

THIRD Gos O ay, she cannot lie dry in her bed

FOURTH Gos What, and nineteen?

THIRD Gos 'Tis as I tell you, gossip

^v and] i e if

Re-enter Nurse, and whispers MAUDLIN

MAUD Speak with me, nurse? who is't?

NURSE A gentleman

From Cambridge, I think it be your son, forsooth

MAUD 'Tis my son Tim, i'faith, prithee, call him up

Among the women, 'twill embolden him well,—

[Exit Nurse]

For he wants nothing but audacity

Would the Welsh gentlewoman at home were here now!

[Aside]

LADY KIX^w Is your son come, forsooth?

MAUD Yes, from the university, forsooth

LADY KIX 'Tis great joy on ye

MAUD There's a great marriage

Towards^x for him

LADY KIX A marriage?

MAUD Yes, sure,

A huge heir in Wales at least to nineteen mountains,
Besides her goods and cattle^y

Re-enter Nurse with TIM

TIM O, I'm betray'd!

[Exit]

MAUD What, gone again?—Run after him, good nurse,

He is so bashful, that's the spoil of youth

[Exit Nurse]

In the university they're kept still to men,

And ne'er train'd up to women's company

LADY KIX 'Tis a great spoil of youth indeed

^w *Lady Kix*] Old ed has merely "Lady" but such is the prefix to all the speeches of Lady Kix throughout the play, and see p 27, l 13

^x *towards*] i e in preparation

^y *cattle*] i e the Welsh *runts*, of which we hear more afterwards

Re-enter Nurse and TIM

NURSE Your mother will have it so

MAUD Why, son! why, Tim!

What, must I rise and fetch you? for shame, son!

TIM Mother, you do intreat like a fresh-woman,^a

'Tis against the laws of the university

For any that has answer'd under bachelor

To thrust 'mongst married wives

MAUD Come, we'll excuse you here

TIM Call up my tutor, mother, and I care not

MAUD What, is your tutor come? have you brought him up?

TIM I ha' not brought him up, he stands at door,
Negatur, there's logic to begin with you, mother

MAUD Run, call the gentleman, nurse, he's my son's tutor — *[Exit Nurse]*

Here, eat some plums *[Offers comfits]*

TIM Come I from Cambridge,

And offer me six plums?

MAUD Why, how now, Tim?

Will not your old tricks yet be left?

TIM Serv'd like a child,

When I have answer'd under bachelor!

MAUD You'll ne'er lin^b till I make your tutor whip you,

You know how I serv'd you once at the free-school
In Paul's Churchyard?

TIM O monstrous absurdity!

Ne'er was the like in Cambridge since my time,
'Life, whip a bachelor! you'd be laugh'd at soundly,
Let not my tutor hear you, 'twould be a jest
Through the whole university No more words,
mother

^a *fresh-woman*] A term invented by Tim,—corresponding to *freshman*, one lately come to the university, and unacquainted with its customs

^b *lin*] i e cease

Re-enter Nurse with Tutor

MAUD Is this your tutor, Tim?

TUTOR Yes, surely, lady,
I am the man that brought him in league with logic,
And read the Dunces^c to him

TIM That did he, mother,
But now I have 'em all in my own pate,
And can as well read 'em to others

TUTOR That can he, *
Mistress, for they flow naturally from him

MAUD I am the more beholding^d to your pains,
SIR

TUTOR *Non ideo sane*

MAUD True, he was an idiot indeed
When he went out of London, but now he's well
mended

Did you receive the two goose-pies I sent you?

TUTOR And eat them heartily, thanks to your
worship

MAUD 'Tis my son Tim, I pray bid him wel-
come, gentlewomen

TIM Tim? hark you, Timotheus, mother, Timo-
theus

MAUD How, shall I deny your name? Timo-
theus, quoth he!

Faith, there's a name!—'Tis my son Tim, forsooth

LADY KIX You're welcome, master Tim
[Kisses TIM]

TIM O this is horrible,
She wets as she kisses! [*Aside*]—Your handker-
cher, sweet tutor,
To wipe them off as fast as they come on

^c *Dunces*] i. e. the schoolmen,—properly the disciples of
Duns Scotus see Todd's Johnson's *Dict* in v *Dunce*

^d *beholding*] See note, p 40

SEC GOS Welcome from Cambridge [*Kisses* TIM

TIM This is intolerable !

This woman has a villanous sweet breath,
Did she not stink of comfits [*Aside*]—Help me,
sweet tutor,

Or I shall rub my lips off !

TUTOR I'll go kiss

The lower end the whilst

TIM Perhaps that's the sweeter,

And we shall despatch the sooner

FIRST PUR Let me come next

Welcome from the wellspring of discipline,
That waters all the brethren

[*Attempts to kiss* TIM, *but reels and falls*

TIM Hoist, I beseech thee !

THIRD GOS O bless the woman !—Mistress Underman — [*They raise her up*

FIRST PUR 'Tis but the common affliction of the faithful,

We must embrace our falls

TIM I'm glad I 'scap'd it,

It was some rotten kiss sure, it dropt down
Before it came at me

Re-enter ALLWIT *with* DAVY

ALLWIT Here is a noise ! not parted yet ? hoida,
A looking-glass !—They've drunk so hard in plate,
That some of them had need of other vessels —

[*Aside*

Yonder's the bravest shew !

GOSSIPS Where, where, sir ?

ALLWIT Come along presently by the *Pissing-conduit*,^e

With two brave drums and a standard-bearer

^e *Pissing-conduit*] A little conduit, which ran a small stream,
near the Royal Exchange

GOSSIPS O brave!

TIM Come, tutor [Exit with Tutor]

GOSSIPS Farewell, sweet gossip!

MIS ALL I thank you all for your pains

FIRST PUR Feed and grow strong

[Exeunt LADY KIR, MAID, and all the Gossips]

ALLWIT You had more need to sleep than eat,
Go take a nap with some of the biethien, go,
And rise up a well-edified, boldified sister
O, here's a day of toil well pass'd over,
Able to make a citizen hare-mad!
How hot they've made the room with their thick
bums!

Dost not feel it, Davy?

DAVY Monstrous strong, sir.

ALLWIT What's here under the stools?

DAVY Nothing but wet, sir,
Some wine spilt here belike

ALLWIT Is't no worse, think'st thou?

Fair needlework stools cost nothing with them,
Davy

DAVY Nor you neither, r'faith [Aside]

ALLWIT Look how they have laid them,
E'en as they lie themselves, with their heels up!
How they have shuffled up the rushes^f too, Davy,
With their short figging little shuttle-cork^g heels!
These women can let nothing stand as they find it
But what's the secret thou'st about to tell me,
My honest Davy?

DAVY If you should disclose it, sir —

ALLWIT 'Life, rip my belly up to the throat then,

Davy!

^f *rushes*] With which, previous to the introduction of carpets, the floors were strewn

^g *shuttle-cork*] The proper form of the word—now corrupted to *shuttle-cock*

DAVY My master's upon marriage
 ALLWIT Marriage, Davy?
 Send me to hanging rather
 DAVY I have stung him! [*Aside*
 ALLWIT When, where? what is she, Davy?
 DAVY Even the same was gossip, and gave the
 spoon
 ALLWIT I have no time to stay, nor scarce can
 speak
 I'll stop those wheels, or all the work will break
 DAVY I knew 'twould prick Thus do I fashion [*Exit*
 still
 All mine own ends by him and his rank toil
 'Tis my desire to keep him still from marriage,
 Being his poor nearest kinsman, I may fare
 The better at his death, there my hopes build,
 Since my lady Kix is dry, and hath no child [*Exit*

SCENE III

A room in SIR OLIVER KIX's house

Enter TOUCHWOOD senior and TOUCHWOOD junior

TOUCH JUN You're in the happiest way t' enrich
 yourself,
 And pleasure me, brother, as man's feet can tread in,
 For though she be lock'd up, her vow is fix'd
 Only to me, then time shall never grieve me,
 For by that vow e'en absent [I] enjoy her,
 Assuredly confirm'd that none else shall,
 Which will make tedious years seem gameful to me
 In the mean space, lose you no time, sweet brother,
 You have the means to strike at this knight's for-
 tunes,

And lay him level ^y with his bankrout^f merit,
 Get but his wife^g with child, perch at tree-top,
 And shake the golden fruit into her lap,
 About it before she weep herself to a dry ground,
 And whine out all her goodness

TOUCH SEN Prithee, cease,
 I find a too much aptness in my blood
 For such a business, without provocation,
 You might well spar'd this banquet of eringoes,
 Artichokes, potatoes, and your butter'd crab,
 They were fitter kept for your own wedding-dinner
 TOUCH JUN Nay, and^h you'll follow my suit, and
 save my purse too,

Fortune doats on me he's in happy case
 Finds such an honest friend i' the common-placeⁱ

TOUCH SEN Life, what makes thee so merry?
 thou'st no cause
 That I could hear of lately since thy crosses,
 Unless there be news come with new additions
 TOUCH JUN Why, there thou hast it right, I
 look for her

This evening, brother
 TOUCH SEN How's that? look for her?
 TOUCH JUN I will deliver you of the wonder
 straight, brother

By the firm secrecy and kind assistance
 Of a good wench i' the house, who, made of pity,
 Weighing the case her own, she's led through
 gutters,

^f *bankrout*] i e bankrupt

^g *And lay him level, &c*

Get but his wife, &c] I may just notice, that by "him"
 is meant Sir Walter Whorehound—by "his wife," Sir Oliver
 Kix's wife

^h *and*] i e if

ⁱ *common-place*] i e common-places compare vol ii p 336,
 and note

Strange hidden ways, which none but love could
find,

Or ha' the heart to venture I expect her
Where you would little think

TOUCH SEN I care not where,
So she be safe, and yours

TOUCH JUN Hope tells me so,
But from your love and time my peace must grow

TOUCH SEN You know the worst then, brother.

[Exit TOUCHWOOD jun]—Now to my KIX,
The barren he and she, they're i' the next room,
But to say which of their two humours hold[s] them
Now at this instant, I cannot say truly

SIR OL [within] Thou liest, barrenness!

TOUCH SEN O, is't that time of day? give you
joy of your tongue,

There's nothing else good in you this their life
The whole day, from eyes open to eyes shut,
Kissing or scolding, and then must be made friends,
Then rail the second part of the first fit out,
And then be pleas'd again, no man knows which
way

Fall out like giants, and fall in like children,
Their fruit can witness as much

Enter SIR OLIVER KIX and LADY KIX

SIR OL 'Tis thy fault

LADY KIX Mine? drouth and coldness!

SIR OL Thine, 'tis thou art barren

LADY KIX I barren? O life, that I durst but
speak now

In mine own justice, in mine own right! I barren?
'Twas otherwise with me when I was at court,
I was ne'er called so till I was married

SIR OL I'll be divorc'd

LADY KIX Be hang'd! I need not wish it,

That will come too soon to thee I may say
 Marriage and hanging go¹ by destiny,
 For all the goodness I can find in't yet

SIR OL I'll give up house, and keep some fruitful
 whore,

Like an old bachelor, in a tradesman's chamber,
 She and her children shall have all

LADY KIX Where be they?

TOUCH SEN Pray, cease,

When there are friendlier courses took for you,
 To get and multiply within your house
 At your own proper costs, in spite of censure,
 Methinks an honest peace might be establish'd

SIR OL What, with her? never

TOUCH SEN Sweet sir —

SIR OL You work all in vain

LADY KIX Then he doth all like thee

TOUCH SEN Let me entreat, sir —

SIR OL Singleness confound her!

I took her with one smock

LADY KIX But, indeed, you

Came not so single when you came from shipboard

SIR OL Heart, she bit sore there! [*Aside*]—

Prithee, make us friends

TOUCH SEN Is't come to that? the peal begins
 to cease [*Aside*]

SIR OL I'll sell all at an out-cry^k

LADY KIX Do thy worst, slave!—

Good, sweet sir, bring us into love again

TOUCH. SEN Some would think this impossible
 to compass — [*Aside*]

Pray, let this storm fly over

SIR OL Good sir, pardon me,

¹ go] Old ed. "goes"

^k out-cry] i e. an auction (announced by the common
 crier).

I'm master of this house, which I'll sell presently,
I'll clap up bills this evening

TOUCH SEN Lady, friends, come!

LADY KIX If ever ye lov'd woman, talk not on't,
SIR

What, friends with him? good faith, do you think
I'm mad?

With one that's scarce th' hinder quarter of a man?

SIR OL Thou art nothing of a woman

LADY KIX Would I were less than nothing!
[Weeps]

SIR OL Nay, prithee, what dost mean?

LADY KIX I cannot please you

SIR OL I'faith, thou'rt a good soul, he lies that
says it,

Buss, buss, pretty rogue [Kisses her]

LADY KIX You care not for me

TOUCH SEN Can any man tell now which way
they came in?

By this light, I'll be hang'd then! [Aside]

SIR OL Is the drink come?

TOUCH SEN Here is a little vial of almond-milk,
That stood me in some threepence [Aside]

SIR OL I hope to see thee, wench, within these
few years,

Circled with children, pranking up^k a girl,

And putting jewels in her^l little ears,

Fine sport, i'faith!

LADY KIX Ay, had you been ought, husband,

It had been done ere this time

SIR OL Had I been ought?

Hang thee, hadst thou been ought! but a cross thing
I ever found thee

^k *pranking up*] i e decking out.

^l *her*] Old ed "their"

LADY KIX Thou'rt a grub, to say so

SIR OL A pox on thee!

TOUCH SEN By this light, they're out again
At the same door, and no man can tell which way!
[*Aside*]

Come, here's your drink, sir

SIR OL I'll not take it now, sir,

And^m I were sure to get three boys ere midnight

LADY KIX Why, there thou shew'st now of what
breed thou com'st

To hinder generation O thou villain,
That knows how crookedly the world goes with us
For want of heirs, yet put[s] by all good fortune!

SIR OL Hang, strumpet! I will take it now in
spite

TOUCH SEN Then you must ride upon't five
hours [Gives vial to SIR OLIVER]

SIR OL I mean so —
Within there!

Enter Servant

SER SIR?

SIR OL Saddle the white mare [Exit Servant]
I'll take a whore along, and ride to Ware

LADY KIX Ride to the devil!

SIR OL I'll plague you every way
Look ye, do you see? 'tis gone [Drinks]

LADY KIX A pox go with it!

SIR OL Ay, curse, and spare not now

TOUCH SEN Stir up and down, sir,
You must not stand

SIR OL Nay, I'm not given to standing

TOUCH SEN So much the better, sir, for the ——ⁿ

SIR OL I never could stand long in one place
yet,

^m And] i e if

ⁿ ——] So old ed

I learnt it of my father, ever figient °
How if I cross'd this,^p sir?

[*Capers*

TOUCH SEN O, passing good, sir,
And would shew well a' horseback when you come
to your inn,

If you leapt over a joint-stool or two,
'Twere not amiss—although you brake your neck,
sir

[*Aside*

SIR OL What say you to a table thus high, sir?

TOUCH SEN Nothing better, sir, if't be furnish'd
with good victuals

You remember how the bargain runs 'bout this
business?

SIR OL. Or else I had a bad head you must
receive, sir,
Four hundred pounds of me at four several pay-
ments,

One hundred pound now in hand

TOUCH SEN Right, that I have, sir

SIR OL Another hundred when my wife^q is quick,
The third when she's brought a-bed, and the last
hundred

When the child cries, for if't should be still born,
It doth no good, sir

TOUCH SEN All this is even still
A little faster, sir.

SIR OL Not a whit, sir,
I'm in an excellent pace for any physic

Re-enter Servant

SER Your white mare's ready.

SIR OL I shall up presently — [*Exit Servant*
One kiss and farewell [*Kisses her*

° *figient*] i e fidgeting, fidgetty

^p *this*] A table or chair, perhaps

^q *wife*] Old ed. "wifes"

LADY KIX Thou shalt have two, love

SIR OL Expect me about three

LADY KIX With all my heart, sweet

[Exit SIR OLIVER KIX]

TOUCH SEN By this light, they've forgot their
anger since,

And are as fair in again as e'er they were!

Which way the devil came they? heart, I saw 'em
not!

Their ways are beyond finding out [Aside]—Come,
sweet lady

LADY KIX How must I take mine, sir?

TOUCH SEN Clean contrary,

Yours must be taken lying

LADY KIX A-bed, sir?

TOUCH SEN A-bed, or where you will, for your
own ease,

Your coach will serve

LADY KIX The physic must needs please

[Exeunt]

ACT IV SCENE I

A room in YELLOWHAMMER'S house

Enter TIM and Tutor

TIM *Negatur argumentum, tutor*

TUTOR *Probo tibi, pupil, stultus non est animal
rationale*

TIM *Falleris sane*

TUTOR *Quæso ut taceas,—probo tibi —*

TIM *Quomodo probas, domine?*

TUTOR *Stultus non habet rationem, ergo non est
animal rationale*

TIM *Sic argumentaris, domine, stultus non habet
rationem, ergo non est animal rationale negatur ar-
gumentum again, tutor.*

TUTOR *Argumentum iterum probo tibi, domine, qui non participat de ratione, nullo modo potest vocari rationalis,^r but stultus non participat de ratione, ergo stultus nullo modo potest dici^s rationalis*

TIM *Participat*

TUTOR *Sic disputas, qui participat, quomodo participat?*

TIM *Ut homo, probabo tibi in syllogismo*

TUTOR *Hunc proba*

TIM *Sic probo, domine, stultus est homo, sicut tu et ego sum[us], homo est animal rationale, sicut stultus est animal rational*

Enter MAUDLIN

MAUD Here's nothing but disputing all the day long with 'em!

TUTOR *Sic disputas, stultus est homo, sicut tu et ego sum[us], homo est animal rationale, sicut stultus est animal rationale*

MAUD Your reasons are both good, whate'er they be,
Pray, give them over, faith, you'll tire yourselves,
What's the matter between you?

TIM Nothing but reasoning
About a fool, mother

MAUD About a fool, son?
Alas, what need you trouble your heads 'bout that?
None of us all but knows what a fool is

TIM Why, what's a fool, mother? I come to you now

MAUD Why, one that's married before he has wit

TIM 'Tis pretty, i'faith, and well guessed of a woman never brought up at the university, but

^r *rationalis*] Old ed "rationalibus"

^s *dici*] Old ed "dicere"—Middleton, I fear, having written "diceri"

bring forth what fool you will, mother, I'll prove him to be as reasonable a creature as myself or my tutor here

MAUD Fie, 'tis impossible!

TUTOR Nay, he shall do't, forsooth

TIM 'Tis the easiest thing to prove a fool by logic,

By logic I'll prove any thing

MAUD What, thou wilt not?

TIM I'll prove a whore to be an honest woman

MAUD Nay, by my faith, she must prove that herself,

Or logic will ne'er do't

TIM 'Twill do't, I tell you

MAUD Some in this street would give a thousand pounds

That you could prove their wives so

TIM Faith, I can,

And all their daughters too, though they had three bastards

When comes your tailor hither?

MAUD Why, what of him?

TIM By logic I'll prove him to be a man, ' /

Let him come when he will

MAUD How hard at first

Was learning to him! truly, sir, I thought

He would never 'a took the Latin tongue

How many accidents do you think he wore out

Ere he came to his grammar?

TUTOR Some three or four

MAUD Believe me, sir, some four and thirty

TIM Pish, I made haberdines^t of 'em in church-porches.

^t *haberdines*] Perhaps Tim alludes to some childish sport a kind of cod, generally salted, was called *haberdine*

MAUD He was eight years in his grammar, and
stuck horribly
At a foolish place there, call'd *as in piæsent*

TIM POX, I have it here now

MAUD He so sham'd me once,
Before an honest gentleman that knew me
When I was a maid

TIM These women must have all out !

MAUD *Quid est grammatica* ? says the gentleman
to him,—

I shall remember by a sweet, sweet token,—
But nothing could he answer

TUTOR How now, pupil, ha ?

Quid est grammatica ?

TIM *Grammatica* ? ha, ha, ha !

MAUD Nay, do not laugh, son, but let me hear
you say't now

There was one word went so prettily off
The gentleman's tongue, I shall remember it
The longest day of my life

TUTOR Come, *quid est grammatica* ?

TIM Are you not ashamed, tutor, *grammatica* ?
Why, *recte scribendi atque loquendi ars*,
Sir-reverence^u of my mother

MAUD That was it, i'faith why now, son,
I see you're a deep scholar — and, master tutor,
A word, I pray, let us withdraw a little
Into my husband's chamber, I'll send in
The North Wales gentlewoman to him, she looks for
wooing.

I'll put together both, and lock the door

TUTOR I give great approbation to your conclusion
[*Exeunt MAUDLIN and Tutor*

^u *sir-reverence*] See note, vol 1 p 171

TRU I mar'l' what this gentlewoman should be
That I should have in marriage, she s a stranger to
me,

I wonder what my parents mean, i'faith,
To match me with a stranger so,
A maid that's neither kiff nor kin^w to me
'Life, do they think I've no moie care of my body
Than to lie with one that I ne'er knew, a mere
stranger,

One that ne'er went to school with me neither,
Nor ever play-fellows together?
They're mightily o'erseen in it, methinks
They say she has mountains to her marriage,
She's full of cattle, some two thousand runts
Now, what the meaning of these runts^x should be,
My tutor cannot tell me, I have look'd
In Rider's Dictionary^y for the letter R,
And there I can hear no tidings of these runts
neither,
Unless they should be Romford hogs, I know them
not

Enter Welshwoman.

And here she comes If I know what to say to her
now

In the way of marriage, I'm no graduate

Methinks, i'faith, 'tis boldly done of her
To come into my chamber, being but a stranger,
She shall not say I am so proud yet but

^v *mar'l'*] 1 e marvel —I have deviated but slightly from the old ed in arranging the lines of this speech The probability is, that the genuine text has not come down to us

^w *kiff nor kin*] A not uncommon corruption of *kith nor kin*
^x *runts*] 1 e cattle of a small size

^y *Rider's Dictionary*] *A Dict Engl and Lat, and Lat and Engl*, by John Rider, first printed 1589, was a work once in great repute at Oxford

I'll speak to her marry, as I will order it,
 She shall take no hold of my words, I'll warrant
 her [Welshwoman curtsies

She looks and makes a curtsy —

*Salve tu quoque, puella pulcherrima, quid vis nescio
 nec sane curo,*—

Tully's own phrase to a heart

WELSH I know not what he means a suitor,
 quoth a?

I hold my life he understands no English [Aside

TIM *Fertur, mehercule, tu virgo,^a Walla ut opibus
 abundas maximis*

WELSH What's this *fertur* and *abundundis*?

He mocks me sure, and calls me a bundle of farts

TIM I have no Latin word now for their runts,
 I'll make some shift or other [Aside

Iterum dico, opibus abundas maximis, montibus, et fontibus, et ut ita dicam montibus, attamen vero homunculus ego sum natura, simul et arte baccalaureus, leccio profecto non parato^a

WELSH This is most strange may be he can
 speak Welsh —

Avedera whee comrage, der due cog foginus

TIM *Cog foggin?* I scorn to cog^b with her, I'll
 tell her so too in a word near her own language.—

Ego non cogo

WELSH *Rhegorn a whiggin harle ron corid ambro*

TIM By my faith, she's a good scholar, I see that
 already,

^a *tu virgo*, &c.] Old ed "abundis" as, in the next speech of Tim, the old ed has "abundat," I should have supposed, but for the lady's reply "abundandis," and what has been previously said of her wealth, that Middleton wrote here, "tua, virgo, Walla ut opibus abundat maximis"

^a *simul et parato*] Old ed "simule parata" I am by no means satisfied with my alterations, indeed, I do not quite understand the drift of Tim's oration

^b *cog*] i e he, deceive, wheedle

She has the tongues plain, I hold my life sh'as
 travell'd
 What will folks say? there goes the learned couple!
 Faith, if the truth were known, she hath proceeded^c

Re-enter MAUDLIN

MAUD How now? how speeds your business?
 TIM I'm glad
 My mother's come to part us [Aside
 MAUD How do you agree, forsooth?
 WELSH As well as e'er we did before we met
 MAUD How's that?
 WELSH You put me to a man I understand not,
 Your son's no Englishman, methinks
 MAUD No Englishman?
 WELSH Bless my boy, and born i' the heart of London!
 WELSH I ha' been long enough in the chamber
 with him,
 And I find neither Welsh nor English in him
 MAUD Why, Tim, how have you us'd the gentlewoman?
 TIM As well as a man might do, mother, in
 modest Latin
 MAUD Latin, fool?
 TIM And she recoil'd in Hebrew
 MAUD In Hebrew, fool? 'tis Welsh
 TIM All comes to one, mother
 MAUD She can speak English too
 TIM. Who told me so much?
 Heart, and^d she can speak English, I'll clap to her,
 I thought you'd marry me to a stranger
 MAUD You must forgive him, he's so mur'd to
 Latin

^c *proceeded*] 1 e taken a degree

^d *and*] 1 e if

He and his tutor, that he hath quite forgot
To use the Protestant tongue

WELSH 'Tis quickly pardon'd, forsooth

MAUD Tim, make amends and kiss her —
He makes towards you, forsooth

TIM O delicious!

One may discover her country by her kissing

'Tis a true saying, there's nothing tastes so sweet

As your Welsh mutton — 'Twas reported you could
sing

MAUD O rarely, Tim, the sweetest British songs!

TIM And 'tis my mind, I swear, before I marry,
I would see all my wife's good parts at once,
To view how rich I were

MAUD Thou shalt hear sweet music, Tim —
Pray, forsooth

WELSH [sings]^e

Cupid^f is Venus' only joy,

But he is a wanton boy,

A very, very wanton boy,

He shoots at ladies' naked breasts,

He is the cause of most men's crests,

I mean upon the forehead,

Invisible but horrid,

'Twas he first thought^g upon the way

To keep a lady's lips in play

Why should not Venus chide her son

For the pranks that he hath done,

^e *Welsh* [sings] Old ed "Musicke and Welch Song," —
the words probably being adapted to some Welsh air

^f *Cupid is Venus', &c*

To keep a lady's lips in play] This portion of the song,
with two additional lines, occurs in our author's *More Dissem-
blers besides Women*, vol III p 574

^g *thought*] Old ed. "taught" but see vol III p 575

*The wanton pranks that he hath done ?
 He shoots his fiery darts so thick,
 They hurt poor ladies to the quick,
 Ah me, with cruel nounding¹
 His darts are so confounding,
 That life and sense would soon decay,
 But that he keeps their lips in play
 Can there be any part of bliss
 In a quickly fleet'ng kiss,
 A quickly fleeting kiss ?
 To one's pleasure leisu'es are but waste,
 The stonest kiss makes too much haste,
 And lose it^h ere we find it
 The pleasing sport they only know
 That close above and close below*

TIM I would not change my wife for a kingdom
 I can do somewhat¹ too in my own lodging

Enter YELLOWHAMMER and ALLWIT

YEL Why, well said, Tim¹ the bells go merrily,
 I love such peals a' life¹—Wife, lead them in awhile,
 Here's a strange gentleman desires private conference —

[*Exeunt MAUDLIN, Welshwoman, and TIM*
 You're welcome, sir, the more for your name's sake,
 Good master Yellowhammer, I love my name well
 And which a' the Yellowhammers take you descent
 from,

If I may be so bold with you ? which, I pray ?

ALLWIT The Yellowhammers in Oxfordshire,
 near Abingdon

^h lose it] Qy "lost is?"

¹ I can do somewhat] Here, it would seem, from what Yellowhammer says on entering, that Tim either kisses the Welshwoman, or proceeds to sing

¹ a' life] i.e. as my life, extremely

YEL And those are the best Yellowhammers,
and truest bled,
I came from thence myself, though now a citizen
I will be bold with you, you are most welcome

ALLWIT I hope the zeal I bring with me shall
deserve it

YEL I hope no less what is your will, sir?

ALLWIT I understand, by rumours, you've a
daughter,

Which my bold love shall henceforth title cousin

YEL I thank you for her, sir

ALLWIT I heard of her virtues

And other confirm'd graces

YEL A plaguy girl, sir!

ALLWIT Fame sets her out with richer orna-
ments

Than you are pleas'd to boast of 'tis done mo-
destly

I hear she's towards marriage

YEL You hear truth, sir

ALLWIT And with a knight in town, sir Walter
Whorehound

YEL The very same, sir

ALLWIT I'm the sorrier for't

YEL The sorrier? why, cousin?

ALLWIT 'Tis not too far past, is't?

It may be yet recall'd?

YEL Recall'd? why, good sir?

ALLWIT Resolve^k me in that point, ye shall hear
from me

YEL There's no contract past

ALLWIT I'm very joyful, sir

YEL But he's the man must bed her

ALLWIT By no means, coz,

^k *Resolve*] i e satisfy, inform

She's quite undone then, and you'll curse the time
That e'er you made the match, he's an arrant
whoremaster,

Consumes his time and state ——¹

Whom in my knowledge he hath kept this seven
years,

Nay, coz, another man's wife too

YEL O, abominable!

ALLWIT Maintains the whole house, apparels the
husband,

Pays servants' wages, not so much, but ——^m

YEL Worse and worse, and doth the husband
know this?

ALLWIT Knows? ay, and glad he may too, 'tis
his living,

As other trades thrive, butchers by selling flesh,

Poulterers by vending comes,ⁿ or the like, coz

YEL What an incomparable wittol's^o this!

ALLWIT Tush, what cares he for that? believe
me, coz,

No more than I do

YEL What a base slave's that!

ALLWIT All's one to him, he feeds and takes his
ease,

Was ne'er the man that ever broke his sleep

To get a child yet, by his own confession,

And yet his wife has seven

YEL What, by sir Walter?

ALLWIT Sir Walter's like to keep 'em and main-
tain 'em

In excellent fashion, he dares do no less, sir.

YEL 'Life, has he children too?

¹ ——] So old ed ^m ——] So old ed

ⁿ Poulterers comes] ⁱ e Poulterers rabbits

^o wittol's] ⁱ e tame cuckold's

ALLWIT Children! boys thus high,
In their Cato^p and Corderius^q

YEL What? you jest, sir!

ALLWIT Why, one can make a verse, and's now
at Eton College

YEL O, this news has cut into my heart, coz!

ALLWIT 'Thad eaten nearer, if it had not been
prevented

One Allwit's wife

YEL Allwit! 'foot, I have heard of him,
He had a girl kursen'd^r lately?

ALLWIT Ay, that work
Did cost the knight above a hundred mark^s

YEL I'll mark him for a knave and villain for't,
A thousand thanks and blessings! I have done with
him

ALLWIT Ha, ha, ha! this knight will stick by
my ribs still,

I shall not lose him yet, no wife will come,
Where'er he woos, I find him still at home

Ha, ha! [Aside, and exit

YEL Well, grant all this, say now his deeds are
black,

Pray, what serves marriage but to call him back?

I've kept a whore myself, and had a bastard

By mistress Anne, in *anno* ——^t

I care not who knows it, he's now a jolly fellow,

Has been twice warden, so may his fruit be,

They were but base begot, and so was he

The knight ~~is~~ rich, he shall be my son-in-law,

^p Cato] i. e. the *Disticha de Moribus*, to which the name of
Cato is prefixed

^q Corderius] Old ed. "Cordelius"

^r kursen'd] i. e. christen'd

^s mark] See note, p. 10

^t anno ——] The player, perhaps, was to fill up the date

No matter, so the whore he keeps be wholesome,
 My daughter takes no hurt then, so let them wed
 I'll have him sweat well ere they go to bed

Re-enter MAUDLIN

MAUD O husband, husband!

YEL How now, Maudlin?

MAUD We are all undone, she's gone, she's
 gone!

YEL Again? death, which way?

MAUD Over the houses lay^a the water-side,
 She's gone for ever else

YEL O venturous baggage! *[Exeunt]*

SCENE II

Another room in YELLOWHAMMER's house

Enter TIM and Tutor severally

TIM. Thieves, thieves! my sister's stoln! some
 thief hath got her
 O how miraculously did my father's plate 'scape!
 'Twas all left out, tutor

TUTOR Is't possible?

TIM Besides three chains of pearl and a box of
 coral

My sister's gone, let's look at Trig-stairs for her,
 My mother's gone to lay the common stairs
 At Puddle-wharf, and at the dock below
 Stands my poor silly father; run, sweet tutor, run!
[Exeunt]

^a *lay*] See note, vol II p 11

SCENE III

*A street by the Thames**Enter TOUCHWOOD senior and TOUCHWOOD junior*

TOUCH SEN I had been taken, brother, by eight sergeants,
 But for the honest watermen, I'm bound to them;
 They are the most requitefull'st people living,
 For as they get their means by gentlemen,
 They're still the forwardest to help gentlemen
 You heard how one 'scap'd out of the Blackfriars,^v
 But a while since, from two or three varlets came
 Into the house with all their rapiers drawn,
 As if they'd dance the sword-dance on the stage,
 With candles in their hands, like chandlers' ghosts,
 Whilst the poor gentleman so pursu'd and banded,
 Was by an honest pair of oars safely landed

TOUCH JUN I love them with my heart for't!

Enter several Watermen

FIRST W Your first man, sir

SEC W Shall I carry you, gentlemen, with a pair of oars?

TOUCH SEN These be the honest fellows take one pair,

And leave the rest for her

TOUCH JUN Barn Elms

TOUCH SEN No more, brother [Exit

FIRST W Your first man.

SEC W Shall I carry your worship?

TOUCH JUN Go, and you honest watermen that stay,

Here's a French crown for you [gives money] there comes a maid

^v *Blackfriars*] i. e. Blackfriars' Theatre

With all speed to take water, row her lustily
To Barn Elms after me

SEC W To Barn Elms, good, sir —
Make ready the boat, Sam, we'll wait below

[Exeunt Watermen]

Enter MOLL

TOUCH JUN What made you stay so long?

MOLL I found the way more dangerous than I
look'd for

TOUCH JUN Away, quick, there's a boat waits
for you, and I'll

Take water at Paul's wharf, and overtake you

MOLL Good sir, do, we cannot be too safe

[Exeunt]

*Enter SIR WALTER WHOREHOUND, YELLOWHAMMER,
TIM, and Tutor*

SIR WAL Life, call you this close keeping?

YEL She was kept
Under a double lock.

SIR WAL A double devil!

TIM That's a buff sergeant, tutor, he'll ne'er
wear out

YEL How would you have women lock'd?

TIM With padlocks, father,
The Venetian uses it, my tutor reads it

SIR WAL Heart, if she were so lock'd up, how
got she out?

YEL There was a little hole look'd into the
gutter,

But who would have dreamt of that?

SIR WAL A wiser man would

TIM He says true, father, a wise man for love
Will seek every hole, my tutor knows it

TUTOR *Verum poeta dicit*

TIM *Dicit Virgilius*, father

YEL Prithce, talk of thy gills somewhere else,
sh'as play'd

The gill^w with me where's your wise mother now ?

TIM Run mad, I think, I thought she would
have drown'd herself,

She would not stay for oars, but took a smelt-boat,
Sure I think she be gone a-fishing for her

YEL She'll catch a goodly dish of gudgeons now,
Will seive us all to suppe

*Enter MAUDLIN drawing in MOLL by the hair, and
Watermen*

MAUD I'll tug thee home by the han

FIRST W Good mistress, spare hei !

MAUD Tend your own business

FIRST W You're a cruel mother

[Exeunt Watermen]

MOLL O, my heart dies !

MAUD I'll make thee an example

For all the neighbours' daughters

MOLL Farewell, life !

MAUD You that have tricks can counterfeit

YEL Hold, hold, Maudlin !

MAUD I've brought your jewel by the hair

YEL She's here, knight

SIR WAL Forbear, or I'll grow worse

TIM Look on her, tutor,

She hath brought her from the water like a mer-
maid,

She's but half my sister now, as far as the flesh goes,
The rest may be sold to fish-wives.

MAUD Dissembling, cunning baggage !

YEL Impudent strumpet !

SIR WAL Either give over, both, or I'll give
over —

^w gill] i e wanton

Why have you us'd me thus unkind[ly], mistress?
Wherein have I deserv'd?

YEL You talk too fondly, sir
We'll take another course and prevent all,
We might have done't long since, we'll lose no time
now,

Nor trust to't any longer to-morrow morn,
As early as sunrise, we'll have you join'd
MOLL O, bring me death to-night, love-pitying
fates,

Let me not see to-morrow up on^y the world!

YEL Are you content, sir? till then, she shall be
watch'd

MAUD Baggage, you shall

TIM Why, father, my tutor and I
Will both watch in armour

[*Exeunt MAUDLIN, MOLL, and YELLOWHAMMER*]

TUTOR How shall we do for weapons?

TIM Take you

No care for that, if need be, I can send
For conquering metal, tutor, ne'er lost day yet,
'Tis but at Westminster, I am acquainted
With him that keeps the monuments, I can borrow
Harry the Fifth's sword, it will serve us both
To watch with [Exeunt TIM and Tutor]

SIR WAL. I never was so near my wish
As this chance makes me ere to-morrow noon
I shall receive two thousand pound in gold,
And a sweet maidenhead worth forty

Re-enter TOUCHWOOD junior and Waterman

TOUCH JUN O, thy news splits me!

WATER Half-drown'd, she cruelly tugg'd her by
the hair,

Forc'd her disgracefully, not like a mother

^y up on] Old ed "vp vpon"

TOUCH JUN. Enough, leave me, like my joys —

[*Exit Waterman*]

Sir, saw you not a wretched maid pass this way?
Heart, villain, is it thou?

SIR WAL Yes, slave, 'tis I

TOUCH JUN I must break through thee then
there is no stop

That checks my tongue² and all my hopeful fortunes,
That breast excepted, and I must have way

SIR WAL Sir, I believe 'twill hold your life in
play

TOUCH JUN Sir, you will gain the heart in my
breast first²

SIR WAL There is no dealing then, think on the
dowry

For two thousand pounds [*They fight*]

TOUCH JUN O, now 'tis quit, sir

SIR WAL And being of even hand, I'll play no
longer

TOUCH JUN No longer, slave?

SIR WAL I've certain things to think on,
Before I dare go further

TOUCH JUN But one bout!
I'll follow thee to death, but ha' it out [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V SCENE I.

A room in ALLWIT's house

Enter ALLWIT, MISTRESS ALLWIT, and DAVY.

MIS ALL A misery of a house!

² *tongue*] i e perhaps, suit—if it be not a misprint.

² *first*] Old ed "at first"

ALLWIT What shall become of us !

DAVY I think his wound be mortal

ALLWIT Think'st thou so, Davy ?

Then am I mortal too, but a dead man, Davy,
This is no world for me, whene'er he goes,
I must e'en truss up all, and after him, Davy,
A sheet with two knots, and away

DAVY O see, sir !

*Enter SIR WALTER WHOREHOUND led in by two
Servants, who place him in a chair*

How faint he goes ! two of my fellows lead him

MIS ALL O me ! [Swoons]

ALLWIT Heyday, my wife's laid down too, here's
like to be

A good house kept, when we're all together down
Take pains with her, good Davy, cheer her up there,
Let me come to his worship, let me come

SIR WAL Touch me not, villain ! my wound aches
at thee,

Thou poison to my heart !

ALLWIT He raves already,

His senses are quite gone, he knows me not —

Look up, an't like your worship, heave those eyes,

Call me to mind, is your remembrance left ?

Look in my face, who am I, an't like your worship ?

SIR WAL If any thing be worse than slave or
villain,

Thou art the man !

ALLWIT Alas, his poor worship's weakness !

He will begin to know me by little and little

SIR WAL No devil can be like thee !

ALLWIT. Ah, poor gentleman,

Methinks the pain that thou endurest [mads thee]

SIR WAL Thou know'st me to be wicked, for thy
baseness

Kept the eyes open still on all my sins,
None knew the dear account my soul stood charg'd
with

So well as thou, yet, like hell's flattering angel,
Wouldst never tell me on't, lett'st me go on,
And join with death in sleep, that if I had not
Wak'd now by chance, even by a stranger's pity,
I had everlastingly slept out all hope
Of grace and mercy

ALLWIT Now he's worse and worse
Wife, to him, wife, thou wast wont to do good on
him

MIS ALL How is it with you, sir?

SIR WAL Not as with you,
Thou loathsome strumpet! Some good, pitying man,
Remove my sins out of my sight a little,
I tremble to behold her, she keeps back
All comfort while she stavs Is this a time,
Unconscionable woman, to see thee?
Art thou so cruel to the peace of man,
Not to give liberty now? the devil himself
Shews a far fairer reverence and respect
To goodness than thyself, he dares not do this,
But part[s] in time of penitence, hides his face,
When man withdraws from him, he leaves the place
Hast thou less manners and more impudence
Than thy instructor? prithee, shew thy modesty,
If the least grain be left, and get thee from me
Thou shouldst be rather lock'd many rooms hence
From the poor miserable sight of me,
If either love or grace had part in thee

MIS ALL He's lost for ever! [*Aside*

ALLWIT Run, sweet Davy, quickly,
And fetch the children hither, sight of them
Will make him cheerful straight [*Exit DAVY*

SIR WAL O death! is this

A place for you to weep? what tears are those!
 Get you away with them, I shall fare the worse
 As long as they're a-weeping, they work against me,
 There's nothing but thy appetite in that sorrow,
 Thou weep'st for lust, I feel it in the slackness
 Of comforts coming towards me, I was well
 Till thou begann'st t' undo me this shews like
 The fruitless sorrow of a careless mother,
 That brings her son with dalliance to the gallows,
 And then stands by and weeps to see him suffer

Re-enter DAVY with NICK, WAT, and other children

DAVY There are the children, sir, an't like your
 worship,
 Your last fine girl, in troth, she smiles,^x
 Look, look, in faith, sir

SIR WAT O my vengeance!
 Let me for ever hide my cursed face
 From sight of those that darken^y all my hopes,
 And stand^z between me and the sight of heaven!
 Who sees me now, O too,^a and those so near me,
 May rightly say I am o'ergrown with sin
 O, how my offences wrestle with my repentance!
 It hath scarce breath;
 Still my adulterous guilt hovers aloft,
 And with her black wings beats down all my prayers
 Ere they be half-way up What's he knows now
 How long I have to live? O, what comes then?
 My taste grows bitter, the round world all gall
 now,
 Her pleasing pleasures now have^b poison'd me,

^x *she smiles*] Qy "*she smiles* [on you]," for the measure?

^y *darken*] Old ed. "darkens"

^z *stand*] Old ed. "stands"

^a *O too*] I can make nothing else of the "ho to" of old ed.

^b *have*] Old ed. "hath"

Which I exchang'd my soul for
Make way a hundred sighs at once for me !

ALLWIT Speak to him, Nick

NICK I dare not, I'm afraid

ALLWIT Tell him he hurts his wounds, Wat, with
making moan

SIR WAL Wretched, death of seven !^c

ALLWIT Come, let's be talking

Somewhat to keep him alive Ah, sirrah Wat,

And did my lord bestow that jewel on thee

For an epistle thou mad'st in Latin? thou

Art a good forward boy, there's great joy on thee

SIR WAL O sorrow !

ALLWIT Heart, will nothing comfort him ?

If he be so far gone, 'tis time to moan [Aside

Here's pen and ink, and paper, and all things
ready,

Will't please your worship for to make your will ?

SIR WAL My will ! yes, yes, what else ? who
writes apace now ?

ALLWIT That can your man Davy, an't like your
worship,

A fair, fast, legible hand

SIR WAL Set it down then. [DAVY writes

Imprimis, I bequeath to yonder wittol^d

Three times his weight in curses

ALLWIT How !

SIR WAL All plagues

Of body and of mind.

ALLWIT Write them not down, Davy

DAVY It is his will, I must.

SIR WAL Together also

With such a sickness ten days ere his death

^c seven] 1 e the seven children see p 73, l 6 from bottom.
^d wittol] 1 e tame cuckold

ALLWIT There's a sweet legacy! I'm almost
chok'd with't [Aside]

SIR WAL Next, I bequeath to that foul whore
his wife

All barrenness of joy, a drouth of virtue,
And dearth of all repentance for her end,
The common misery of an English strumpet,
In French and Dutch, beholding, ere she dies,
Confusion of her brats before her eyes,
And never shed a tear for't

Enter third Servant

THIRD SER Where's the knight?—
O sir, the gentleman you wounded is
Newly departed!

SIR WAL Dead? lift, lift, who helps me?

ALLWIT Let the law lift you now, that must have
all,

I have done lifting on you, and my wife too

THIRD SER You were best lock yourself close

ALLWIT Not in my house, sir,
I'll harbour no such persons as men-slayers,
Lock yourself where you will

SIR WAL What's this?

MIS ALL Why, husband!

ALLWIT I know what I do, wife

MIS ALL You cannot tell yet,

For having kill'd the man in his defence,
Neither his life nor estate will be touch'd, husband

ALLWIT Away, wife! hear a fool! his lands will
hang him

SIR WAL Am I denied a chamber?—What say
you, forsooth?

MIS ALL Alas, sir, I am one that would have
all well,

But must obey my husband —Prithee, love,

Let the poor gentleman stay, being so sore wounded
 There's a close chamber at one end of the garret
 We never use, let him have that, I prithee

ALLWIT We never use? you forget sickness then,
 And physic-times, is't not a place for easement?

SIR WAL O, death! do I hear this with part^e
 Of former life in me?—

Enter Fourth Servant

What's the news now?

FOURTH SER Troth, worse and worse, you're
 like to lose your land,
 If the law save your life, sir, or the surgeon

ALLWIT Hark you there, wife

SIR WAL Why, how, sir?

FOURTH SER Sir Oliver Kix's wife is new
 quicken'd,
 That child undoes you, sir

SIR WAL All ill at once!

ALLWIT I wonder what he makes here with his
 consorts?

Cannot our house be private to ourselves,
 But we must have such guests? I pray, depart, sirs,
 And take your murderer along with you,
 Good he were apprehended ere he go,
 Has kill'd some honest gentleman, send for officers

SIR WAL I'll soon save you that labour

ALLWIT. I must tell you, sir,
 You have been somewhat bolder in my house
 Than I could well like of, I suffer'd you
 Till it stuck here at my heart, I tell you truly
 I thought y'had been familiar with my wife once

MIS ALL With me! I'll see him hang'd first, I
 defy him,
 And all such gentlemen in the like extremity

^e *with part*] Qy "any part"—for the measure?

SIR WAL If ever eyes were open, these are they
Gamesters, farewell, I've nothing left to play

ALLWIT And therefore get you gone, sir

[Exit SIR WALTER, led off by Servants]

DAVY Of all wittols^f

Be thou the head—thou the grand whore of spittles¹

[Exit]

ALLWIT So, since he's like now to be rid of all,
I am right glad I'm so well rid of him

MIS ALL I knew he durst not stay when you
nam'd officers

ALLWIT That stopp'd his spirits straight What
shall we do now, wife?

MIS ALL As we were wont to do

ALLWIT We're richly furnish'd, wife,
With household stuff

MIS ALL Let's let out lodgings then,
And take a house in the Strand

ALLWIT In troth, a match, wench
We're simply stock'd with cloth of-tissue cushions
To furnish out bay-windows, push,^s what not
That's quaint and costly, from the top to the bottom.
Life, for furniture we may lodge a countess
There's a close-stool of tawny velvet too,
Now I think on it, wife

MIS ALL There's that should be, sir,
Your nose must be in every thing

ALLWIT I've done, wench,
And let this stand in every gallant's chamber,—
There is no gamester like a politic sinner,
For whoe'er games, the box is sure a winner

[Exeunt]

^f wittols] i e tame cuckolds

^s push] See note, vol 1 p 29

SCENE II

A room in YELLOWHAMMER'S house

Enter YELLOWHAMMER and MAUDLIN

MAUD O husband, husband, she will die, she will die!

There is no sign but death

YEL 'Twill be our shame then

MAUD O, how she's chang'd in compass of an hour!

YEL Ah, my poor girl! good faith, thou wert too cruel

To drag her by the hair

MAUD You'd have done as much, sir,

To curb her of her humour

YEL 'Tis curb'd sweetly,

She catch'd her bane o' th' water

Enter TIM

MAUD How now, Tim?

TIM Faith, busy, mother, about an epitaph
Upon my sister's death

MAUD Death? she's not dead, I hope?

TIM No, but she means to be, and that's as good,
And when a thing's done, 'tis done, you taught me^s
that, mother.

YEL. What is your tutor doing?

TIM Making one too, in principal pure Latin,
Cull'd out of Ovid^h *de Tristibus*

YEL How does your sister look? is she not
chang'd?

TIM. Chang'd? gold into white money was ne'er
so chang'd

As is my sister's colour into paleness

^s *you taught me, &c*] Does he allude to the foolish game called *A thing done, &c*? See B Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels—Works*, vol. II. p. 306, ed. Giff

^h *Ovid*] Qy "Ovidius"—for the measure?

Enter MOLL, led in by Servants, who place her in a chair

YEL O, here she's brought, see how she looks
like death!

TIV Looks she like death, and ne'er a word
made yet?

I must go beat my brains against a bed-post,
And get before my tutor [Exit

YEL Speak, how dost thou?

MOL I hope I shall be well, for I'm as sick
At heart as I can be

YEL Las, my poor girl!

The doctor's making a most sovereign drink for thee,
The worst ingredience dissolv'd pearl and amber,
We spare no cost, girl

MOLL Your love comes too late,
Yet timely thanks reward it What is comfort,
When the poor patient's heart is past relief?
It is no doctor's art can cure my grief

YEL All is cast away, then,

[I] prithee, look upon me cheerfully

MALD Sing but a strain or two, thou wilt not
think

How 'twill revive thy spirits strive with thy fit,
Prithee, sweet Moll

MOLL You shall have my good will, mother

MALD Why, well said, wench

MOLL *[sings]*

Weep eyes, break heart!

My love and I must part

Cruel fates true love do soonest sever

O, I shall see thee never, never, never!

O, happy is the maid whose life takes end

Ere it knows parent's frown or loss of friend!

Weep eyes, break heart!

My love and I must part

MAUD O, I could die with music!—Well sung, girl

MOLI If you call't so, it was

YEL She plays the swan,
And sings herself to death

Enter TOUCHWOOD senior

TOUCH SEN By your leave, sir

YEL What are you, sir? or what's your business,
pray?

TOUCH SEN I may be now admitted, though the
brother

Of him your hate pursu'd it spreads no further,
Your malice sets in death, does it not, sir?

YEL In death?

TOUCH SEN He's dead 'twas a dear love to him,
It cost him but his life, that was all, sir,
He paid enough, poor gentleman, for his love

YEL There's all our ill remov'd, if she were well
now.— *[Aside*

Impute not, sir, his end to any hate
That sprung from us, he had a fair wound brought
that

TOUCH SEN That help'd him forward, I must
needs confess,

But the restraint of love, and your unkindness,
Those were the wounds that from his heart drew
blood,

But being past help, let words forget it too
Scarcely three minutes ere his eyelids clos'd,
And took eternal leave of this world's light,
He wrote this letter, which by oath he bound me
To give to her own hands, that's all my business

YEL You may perform it then, there she sits

TOUCH SEN O, with a following look!

YEL Ay, trust me, sir,

I think she'll follow him quickly

TOUCH SEN Here's some gold
He will'd me to distribute faithfully
Amongst your servants [*Gives gold to Servants*]

YEL 'Las, what doth he mean, sir?

TOUCH SEN How cheer you, mistress?

MOLL I must learn of you, sir

TOUCH SEN Here is a letter from a friend of
yours, [*Giving letter to MOLL*]

And where that fails in satisfaction,
I have a sad tongue ready to supply

MOLL How does he, ere I look on't?

TOUCH SEN Seldom better,
Has a contented health now

MOLL I'm most glad on't

MAUD Dead, sir?

YEL He is now, wife, let's but get the girl
Upon her legs again, and to church roundly with
her

MOLL O, sick to death, he tells me how does
he after this?

TOUCH SEN Faith, feels no pain at all, he's dead,
sweet mistress

MOLL Peace close mine eyes! [*Swoons*]

YEL The girl! look to the girl, wife!

MAUD Moll, daughter, sweet girl, speak! look
but once up,

Thou shalt have all the wishes of thy heart
That wealth can purchase!

YEL O, she's gone for ever!
That letter broke her heart

TOUCH SEN. As good now then
As let her lie in torment, and then break it

Enter SUSAN

MAUD O Susan, she thou loved'st so dear is gone!
SUSAN O sweet maid!

TOUCH SEN This is she that help'd her still —
I've a reward here for thee

YEL Take her in,
Remove her from our sight, our shame and sorrow
TOUCH SEN Stay, let me help thee, 'tis the last
cold kindness

I can perform for my sweet brother's sake
[*Exeunt TOUCHWOOD senior, SUSAN, and
Servants, carrying out MOLL.*]

YEL All the whole street will hate us, and the
world

Point me out cruel it's our best course, wife,
After we've given order for the funeral,
T' absent ourselves till she be laid in ground

MAUD Where shall we spend that time?

YEL I'll tell thee where, wench
Go to some private church, and marry Tim
To the rich Brecknock gentlewoman

MAUD Mass, a match,
We'll not lose all at once, somewhat we'll catch
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III

A room in SIR OLIVER KIX's house.

Enter SIR OLIVER KIX and Servants

SIR OL Ho, my wife's quicken'd, I'm a man for
ever!

I think I have bestirr'd my stumps, i'faith
Run, get your fellows all together instantly,
Then to the parish church and ring the bells

FIRST SER It shall be done, sir [Exit]

SIR OL Upon my love
I charge you, villain, that you make a bonfire
Before the door at night

SEC SER. A bonfire, sir?

SIR OL A thwacking one, I charge you

SEC SER This is monstrous [*Aside, and exit*

SIR OL Run, tell a hundred pound out ior the gentleman

That gave my wife the drink, the first thing you do

THIRD SER A hundred pounds, sir?

SIR OL A bargain as our joy^h grows,

We must remember still from whence it flows,

Or else we prove ungrateful multipliers

[*Exit Third Servant*

The child is coming, and the land comes after,

The news of this will make a poor sir Walter

I've strook it home, i'faith

FOURTH SER. That you have, marry, sir,

But will not your worship go to the funeral

Of both these lovers?

SIR OL Both? go both together?

FOURTH SER Ay, sir, the gentleman's brother will have it so,

'Twill be the pitifull'st sight¹ there is such running,

Such rumours, and such throngs, a pair of lovers

Had never more spectators, more men's pities,

Or women's wet eyes

SIR OL My wife helps the number then

FOURTH SER There is such drawing out of handkerchers,

And those that have no handkerchers lift up aprons

SIR OL Her parents may have joyful hearts at this

I would not have my cruelty so talk'd on

To any child of mine for a monopoly

FOURTH SER I believe you, sir

'Tis cast¹ so, too, that both their coffins meet,

Which will be lamentable

SIR OL Come, we'll see't

[*Exeunt*

^h joy] Old ed. "ioyes"

¹ cast] i. e. contrived

SCENE IV

Near a church

Recorders¹ dolefully playing, enter at one door the coffin of TOUCHWOOD junior, solemnly decked, his sword upon it, attended by many gentlemen in black, among whom are SIR OLIVER KIN, ALLWIT, and Parson, TOUCHWOOD senior being the chief mourner at the other door the coffin of MOIL, adorned with a garland of flowers, and epitaphs pinned on it,² attended by many matrons and maids, among whom are LADY KIN, MISTRESS ALLWIT, and SUSAN the coffins are set down, one right over against the other, and while all the company seem to weep and mourn, there is a sad song in the music-room¹

TOUCH SEN Never could death boast of a richer prize

From the first parent, let the world bring forth
A pair of truer hearts To speak but truth
Of this departed gentleman, in a brother
Might, by hard censure, be call'd flattery,
Which makes me rather silent in his right
Than so to be deliver'd to the thoughts
Of any envious hearer, starv'd in virtue,
And therefore pining to hear others thrive,
But for this maid, whom envy cannot hurt
With all her poisons, having left to ages

Recorders¹ i e flageolets

¹ *epitaphs pinned on it*] According to the custom of the time
¹ *music-room*] On the present stage-direction Mr J P Collier (*Hist of Engl Dram Poetry*, vol iii p 417) founds a conjecture, which, to me at least, is not quite satisfactory—viz that as in our early theatres the boxes were called *rooms*, one of them was probably appropriated to the musicians

The true, chaste monument of her living name,
 Which no time can deface, I say of her
 The full truth freely, without fear of censure
 What nature could there shew,¹ that might redeem
 Perfection home to woman, but in her
 Was fully glorious? beauty set in goodness
 Speaks what she was, that jewel so intr'd,
 There was no want of any thing of life
 To make these virtuous precedents man and wife

ALIVIT Great pity of their deaths!

FIRST MOURN Never more pity!

LADY K. It makes a hundred weeping eyes,
 sweet gossip

TOUCH SEN I cannot think there's any one
 amongst you

In this full fair assembly, maid, man, or wife,
 Whose heart would not have sprung with joy and
 gladness

To have seen their marriage day

SEC MOUR It would have made

A thousand joyful hearts

TOUCH SEN Up then apace,

And take your fortunes, make these joyful hearts,
 Here's none but friend's

[MOLL and TOUCHWOOD junior rise out of
 their coffins

THIRD MOUR Alive, sir?

FOURTH MOUR O sweet, dear couple!

TOUCH SEN Nay, do not hinder 'em now, stand
 from about 'em,

If she be caught again, and have this time,

¹ *What nature could there shew*] i. e., perhaps, what good qualities, &c.—A friend conjectures "shrine"

^m *First Mour*] Old ed. prefixes "All" to the speeches which I have assigned to different mourners

I'll ne'er plot further for 'em, nor this honest chambermaid,

That help'd all at a push

TOUCH JUNⁿ Good sir, apace

PARSON Hands join now, but hearts for ever,

[MOLL and TOUCHWOOD junior join hands

Which no parent's mood shall sever

You shall forsake all widows, wives, and maids—

You lords, knights, gentlemen, and men of trades,—

And if in haste any article misses,

Go interline it with a brace of kisses

TOUCH SEN Here's a thing troll'd nimbly —Give
you joy, brother,

Were't not better thou shouldst have her than the
maid should die?

MIS ALL To you, sweet mistress bride

FIRST MOUR^o Joy, joy to you both

TOUCH SEN Here be your wedding-sheets you
brought along with you,

You may both go to bed when you please too

TOUCH JUN My joy wants utterance

TOUCH SEN Utter all at night

Then, brother.

MOLL I am silent with delight.

TOUCH. SEN Sister, delight will silence any wo-
man,

But you'll find your tongue again 'mong maid ser-
vants,

Now you keep house, sister.

SEC MOUR Never was hour so fill'd with joy and
wonder

¹ *Touch jun*] Old ed "T S"

^o *First Mour*] Old ed "All" (see note in preceding page)
but as Mistress Allwit spoke last, the speech perhaps belongs
to her husband, though in this scene old ed gives the abbrevi-
ation of his name "Allw"

TOUCH SEN To tell you the full story of this chambermaid,
And of her kindness in this business to us,
'Twould ask an hour's discourse, in brief, 'twas she
That wrought it to this purpose cunningly

THIRD MOUR We shall all love her for't

FOURTH MOUR See, who comes here now'

Enter YELLOWHAMMER and MAUDLIN

TOUCH SEN A storm, a storm' but we are shelter'd for it

YEL I will prevent^p you all, and mock you thus,
You and your expectations, I stand happy,
Both in your lives, and your hearts' combination

TOUCH SEN Here's a strange day again'

YEL The knight's prov'd villain,
All's come out now, his niece an arrant baggage,
My poor boy Tim is cast away this morning,
Even before breakfast, married a whore
Next to his heart.

MOURNERS A whore'

YEL His niece, forsooth.

ALLWIT. I think we rid our hands in good time
of him

Mrs. ALL. I knew he was past the best when I
gave him over—

What is become of him, pray, sir?

YEL. Who, the knight?

He lies i' th' Knights' ward,^q—now your belly,
lady, [To LADY KIX

Begins to blossom, there's no peace for him,
His creditors are so greedy

SIR OL Master Touchwood,

Hear'st thou this news? I'm so endear'd to thee

^p *prevent*] i.e. anticipate

^q *Knight's ward*] See note, vol 1 p 392

For my wife's fruitfulness, that I charge you both,
Your wife and thee, to live no more asunder
For the world's frowns, I've purse, and bed, and
board for you

Be not afraid to go to your business roundly,
Get children, and I'll keep them

TOUCH SEN Say you so sir?

SIR OL Prove me with three at a birth, and
thou dar'st now

TOUCH SEN Take heed how you dare a man,
while you live, sir,
That has good skill at his weapon

SIR OL 'Foot, I dare you, sir!

Enter TIM, Welshman, and Tutor

WELSH Look, gentlemen, if e'er you saw^s the pic-
ture

Of the unfortunate marriage, yonder 'tis

WELSH Nay, good sweet Tim——

TIM Come from the university

To marry a whore in London, with my tutor too!
O tempora! O mores!

TUTOR Prithce, Tim, be patient

TIM I bought a jade at Cambridge,
I'll let her out to execution, tutor,
For eighteenpence a-day, or Brainford^t horse-races,
She'll serve to carry seven miles out of town well
Where be these mountains? I was promis'd moun-
tains,

But there's such a mist, I can see none of 'em
What are become of those two thousand runts?^u
Let's have a bout with them in the meantime,
A vengeance runt thee!

^r and] i e if

^s saw] Old ed "say"

^t Brainford] See note, p 37

^u runts] See note, p 66

MAID Good sweet Tim, have patience

TIM *Flectere^v si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo,*
mother

MAID I think you have married her in logic,
Tim

You told me once by logic you would prove
A whole an honest woman, prove her so, Tim,
And take her for thy labour

TIM Troth, I thank you

I warrant you, I may prove another man's wife so,
But not mine own

MAID There's no remedy now, Tim,
You must prove her so as well as you may

TIM Why then

My tutor and I will about her as well as we can
Uxor non est meretrix, ergo falleris^w

WEISH Sir, if your logic cannot prove me honest,
There's a thing call'd marriage, and that makes me
honest

MAID O, there's a trick beyond your logic, Tim!

TIM I perceive then a woman may be honest
According to the English print, when she's
A whore in the Latin, so much for marriage and
logic

I'll love her for her wit, I'll pick out my runts there,
And for my mountains, I'll mount upon ——^x

YEL So fortune seldom deals two marriages
With one hand, and both lucky, the best is,
One feast will serve them both marry, for room,
I'll have the dinner kept in Goldsmiths' Hall,
To which, kind gallants, I invite you all

[*Exeunt omnes*]

^v *Flectere*, &c.] Virg. *Æn.* vii 312

^w *falleris*] Old ed. "*fallacis*" Compare p. 62, where Tim
says "*tulleris sane*"

^x ——] So old ed.

THE SPANISH GIPSY

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

FERNANDO DE ALVARA, *brother of Maria*
 PEDRO COLTRES
 ELVINO DE ALVARA
 LUCAS
 LUCAS, *CAST*
 DIEGO, *son of*
 JUAN DE ALVARA
 SANCHEZ DE PEDRO
 SOTO, *his wife*
 ALVAREZ DE CASTILLA, *disguised as the father of the gypsies*
 CARLO,
 ANTONIO, } *disguised as gypsies*
and others,
 Servants
 MARIA, *wife to Pedro*
 CLARA, *their daughter*
 GUIMARA, *wife to Alvarez and sister to Fernando, disguised as*
the mother of the gypsies, and called by the name of Eugenia
 CONSTANZA, *daughter to Fernando, disguised as a gipsy, and*
called by the name of Prudosa
 CHRISTIANA, *disguised as a gipsy*
 CARDOCHIA, *hostess to Alvarez and his companions*

Scene, MADRID^a and its neighbourhood

^a *Scene, Madrid, &c*] Old eds "The Scene, Allegant"
 [i.e. Alicant]

THE SPANISH GIPSY.

ACT I SCENE I

The neighbourhood of Madrid

Enter RODRIGO, LOUIS, and DIEGO

LOUIS Roderigo¹

DIEGO Art mad?

ROD Yes, not so much with wine it's as rare to see a Spaniard a drunkard as a German sober, an Italian no whoremonger, an Englishman to pay his debts I am no borachio,^b sack, malaga, nor canary, breeds the calenture in my brains, mine eye mads me, not my cups

LOUIS What wouldst have us do?

ROD Do?

DIEGO So far as 'tis fit for gentlemen^c we'll venture

ROD I ask no more I ha' seen a thing has bewitched me, a delicate body, but this in the waist [*shewing the size by a sign*], foot and leg tempting, the face I had [*only*] a glimpse of, but the fruit must needs be delicious, the tree being so beautiful

LOUIS Prithee, to the point

ROD. Here 'tis an old gentleman—no matter

^b *borachio*] i. e. drunkard "A *borachio* is a vessel made of skins, in which wine is kept in Spain" Editor of 1816

^c *for gentlemen*] First ed "for a gentlemen" Ed 1661, "for a gentleman"

who he is—an old gentlewoman—I ha' nothing to do with her—but a young creature that follows them, daughter or servant, or whatsoever she be, her I must have they are coming this way, shall I have her? I must have her

DIEGO How, how?

LOUIS Thou speakest impossibilities

ROD Easy, easy, easy! I'll seize the young gill, stop you the old man, stay you the old woman

LOUIS How then?

ROD I'll fly off with the young bird, that's all, many of our Spanish gallants act these merry parts every night They are weak and old, we young and sprightly will you assist me?

LOUIS Troth, Rodrigo, any thing in the way of honour

ROD For a wench, man, any course is honourable

LOUIS Nay, not any, her father, if he be^c her father, may be noble

ROD I am as noble

LOUIS Would the adventure were so!

ROD Stand close, they come

Enter PEDRO, MARIA, and CLARA

PED 'Tis late, would we were in Madrill^{1d}

MAR Go faster, my lord

PED Clara, keep close

[LOUIS and DIEGO hold PEDRO and MARIA, while RODERIGO seizes CLARA]

CLA Help, help, help!

ROD Are you crying out? I'll be your midwife

[Exit, bearing off CLARA]

PED What mean you, gentlemen?

^c be] So ed 1661 Not in first ed

^d Madrill] i e Madrid—a form of the word repeatedly found in our early writers

MAR Villains! thieves! murderers!

PED Do you [not] know me? I am De Cortes,
Pedro de Cortes

LOUIS De Cortes?—Diego, come away
[Exit with DIEGO]

PED Clara!—where is my daughter?

MAR Clara!—these villains

Have robb'd us of our comfort, and will, I fear,
Her of her honour

PED This had not wont to be
Our Spanish fashion, but now our gallants,
Our gentry, our young dons, heated with wine,—
A fire our countrymen do seldom sit at,—
Commit these outrages —Clara!—Maria,
Let's homeward, I will raise Madrill to find
These traitors to all goodness —Clara!

MAR Clara! [Exeunt]

SCENE II

Another place in the neighbourhood of Madrid

Enter LOUIS and DIEGO

LOUIS. O Diego, I am lost, I am mad!

DIEGO. So we are all.

LOUIS 'Tis not with wine, I'm drunk with too
much horror,

Inflam'd with rage, to see us two made bawds
To Roderigo's lust did not the old man
Name De Cortes, Pedro de Cortes?

DIEGO Sure he did

LOUIS O Diego, as thou lov'st me, nay, on the
forfeit

Of thine own life or mine, seal up thy lips,
Let 'em not name De Cortes! stay, stay, stay,

Roderigo has into his father's house
A passage through a garden ——

DIEGO Yes, my lord

LOUIS. Thither I must, find Roderigo out,
And check him, check him home if he but dare—
No more!—Diego, along! my soul does fight
A thousand battles blacker than this night

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III

A bed-chamber in FERNANDO'S house.

RODERIGO and CLARA discovered

CLA Though the black veil of night hath over-
clouded

The world in darkness, yet ere many hours
The sun will rise again, and then this act
Of my dishonour will appear before you
More black than is the canopy that shrouds it
What are you, pray? what are you?

ROD Husht—a friend, a friend

CLA A friend? be then a gentle ravisher,
An honourable villain as you have
Disrob'd my youth of nature's goodliest portion,
My virgin purity, so with your sword
Let out that blood which is infected now
By your soul-staining lust

ROD Pish!

CLA Are you noble?

I know you then will marry me, say

ROD. Umh

CLA Not speak to me? are wanton devils dumb?
How are so many harmless virgins wrought
By falsehood of prevailing words to yield

Too easy forfeits of their shames and liberty,
 It every orator of folly plead
 In silence, like this untongu'd piece of violence?
 You shall not from me *[Holding him]*

ROD Phew!—no more

CLA You shall not

Whoe'er you are, disease of nature's sloth,
 Birth of some monstrous sin, or scourge of virtue,
 Heaven's wrath and mankind's burden, I will hold
 you,

I will be rough, and therein merciful,

I will not loose my hold else

ROD There, 'tis gold *[Offers money]*

CLA Gold? why, alas, for what? the hne of
 pleasure

Perhaps is payment, mine is misery,

I need no wages for a ruin'd name,

More than a bleeding heart

ROD Nay, then, you're troublesome,

I'll lock you safe enough *[Shakes her off, and exit]*

CLA They cannot fear

Whom grief hath arm'd with hate and scorn of life

Revenge, I kneel to thee! alas, 'gainst whom?

By what name shall I pull confusion down

From justice on his head that hath betray'd me?

I know not where I am up, I beseech thee,

Thou lady regent of the air, the moon,

And lead me by thy light to some brave vengeance!

It is a chamber sure, the guilty bed,

Sad evidence against my loss of honour,

Assures so much What's here, a window-curtain?

O heaven, the stars appear too! ha, a chamber,

A goodly one? dwells rape in such a paradise?

Help me, my quicken'd senses! 'tis a garden

To which this window guides the covetous prospect,

A large one and a fair one, in the midst

A curious alabaster^d fountain stands,
Fram'd like—like what? no matter—swift, remem-
brance'

Rich furniture within too? and what's this?
A precious crucifix' I have enough

[*Takes the crucifix, and conceals it in her bosom*]

Assist me, O you powers that guard the innocent'

Re enter RODERIGO

ROD Now

CLA Welcome, if you come armed in destruction
I am prepar'd to die

ROD Tell me your name,
And what you are

CLA. You urge me to a sin
As cruel as your lust, I dare not grant it
Think on the violence of my defame,
And if you mean to write upon my grave
An epitaph of peace, forbear to question
Or whence or who I am I know the heat
Of your desires is,^e after the performance
Of such a hellish act, by this time drown'd
In cooler streams of penance,^f and for my part,
I have wash'd off the leprosy that cleaves
To my just shame in true and honest tears,
I must not leave a mention of my wrongs,
The stain of my unspotted birth, to memory,
Let it lie buried with me in the dust,
That never time hereafter may report
How such a one as you have made me live.
Be resolute, and do not stagger, do not,
For I am nothing

^d *alabaster*] See note, vol 1 p 281

^e *is*] Old eds. "are" ^f *penance*] i. e. penitence

ROD Sweet, let me enjoy thee
Now with a free allowance

CLA Ha, enjoy me?
Insufferable villain!

ROD Peace, speak low,
I mean no second force, and since I find
Such goodness in an unknown frame of virtue,
Forgive my foul attempt, which I shall grieve for
So heartily, that could you be yourself
Eye-witness to my constant vow'd repentance,
Trust me, you'd pity me

CLA Sir, you can speak now

ROD So much I am the executioner
Of mine own trespass, that I have no heart
Nor reason to disclose my name or quality,
You must excuse me that, but, trust me, fair one,
Were this ill deed undone, this deed of wickedness,
I would be proud to court your love like him
Whom my first birth presented to the world.
This for your satisfaction what remains,
That you can challenge as a service from me,
I both expect and beg it

CLA First, that you swear,
Neither in riot of your mirth, in passion
Of friendship, or in folly of discourse,
To speak of wrongs done to a ravish'd maid.

ROD As I love truth, I swear!

CLA Next, that you lead me
Near to the place you met me, and there leave me
To my last fortunes, ere the morning rise

ROD Say more

CLA Live! a new man, if e'er you marry—

¹ *Live*] Is one of several important corrections made with a pen in a copy of the first 4to, by some early possessor, who, as he has also inserted some additions to the text, had, in all

O me, my heart's a-breaking'—but if e'er
 You marry, in a constant love to her
 That shall be then your wife, redeem the fault
 Of my undoing I am lost for ever
 Pray, use no more words

ROD You must give me leave
 To veil you close

CLA Do what you will, no time
 Can ransom me from sorrows or dishonours

[RODERIGO *throws a veil over her*
 Shall we now go?

ROD My shame may live without me,
 But in my soul I bear my guilt about me.
 Lend me your hand, now follow [Exeunt

SCENE IV.

Before FERNANDO's house

Enter LOUIS, DIEGO, and Servant

LOUIS Not yet come in, not yet?

SER. No, I'll assure your lordship, I've seldom
 known him

Keep out so long, my lord usually observes
 More seasonable hours.

LOUIS What time of night is't?

SER. On the stroke of three

LOUIS. The stroke of three? 'tis wondrous strange!

Dost hear? —

SER. My lord?

LOUIS. Ere six I will be here again,
 Tell thy lord so, ere six; 'a must not sleep,

probability, seen a manuscript of the piece — Both eds. "Lay,"
 which, before the copy just mentioned came into my hands, I
 had altered to "Play"

Or if 'a do, I shall be bold to wake him

Be sure thou tell'st him, do

SER My lord, I shall [Enters the house

LOUIS Diego,

Walk thou the street that leads about the Prado,

I'll round the west part of the city meet me

At the Inquisition-chapel, if we miss him,

We'll both back to his lodgings^f

DIEGO At the chapel?

LOUIS Ay, there we'll meet

DIEGO Agreed, I this way

[Exit LOUIS^g as DIEGO is going out,

Enter JOHN reading^h

JOHN She is not noble, true, wise nature meant

Affection should ennobleⁱ her descent,

For love and beauty keep^j as rich a seat

Of sweetness in the mean-born as the great

I am resolv'd [Exit.

^f lodgings] Must mean his apartments in Fernando's house
see p 106, l 1

^g Exit Louis, &c] At p 115, Diego tells Louis,

"as we parted, I perceiv'd

A walking thing before me," &c.,

but I cannot help suspecting (as there was no painted moveable scenery when this drama was written see notes, vol II pp 142, 147, and p 29 of the present vol.), that as soon as Diego had said, "I this way," the audience was to imagine a change in the place of action, and, perhaps, after these words, he made his exit "at one door," and "entered presently at the other" see note on the commencement of the 2d sc of act v

^h reading] By this direction we are to understand, perhaps, that John is looking on a paper which he afterwards gives to Constanza ("this paper tells you more," p 128), for, surely, the rhyming lines now spoken by him are a soliloquy

ⁱ ennoble] Old eds. "enable."

^j keep] Old eds. "keeps"

DIEGO. 'Tis Roderigo certainly,
 Yet his voice makes me doubt, but I'll o'erhear
 him [Exit

SCENE V

A street

Enter LOUIS

LOUIS That if [I], only I should be the man
 Made accessory and a party both
 To mine own torment, at a time so near
 The birth of all those comforts I have travail'd with
 So many, many hours of hopes and fears,
 Now at the instant—

Enter RODERIGO.

Ha' stand' thy name,

Truly and speedily

ROD Don Louis?

LOUIS The same;

But who art thou? speak!

ROD. Roderigo.

LOUIS Tell me,

As you're a noble gentleman, as ever
 You hope to be enroll'd amongst the virtuous,
 As you love goodness, as you wish t' inherit
 The blessedness and fellowship of angels,
 As you're my friend, as you are Roderigo,
 As you are any thing that would deserve
 A worthy name, where have you been to-night?
 O, how have you dispos'd of that fair creature
 Whom you led captive from me? speak, O speak!
 Where, how, when, in what usage have you left her?
 Truth, I require all truth

ROD Though I might question

The strangeness of your importunity,
 Yet, 'cause I note distraction in the height
 Of curiosity, I will be plain
 And brief

Louis I thank you, sir

Rod Instead of feeding

Too wantonly upon so rich a banquet,
 I found, even in that beauty that invited me,
 Such a commanding majesty of chaste
 And humbly glorious virtue, that it did not
 More check my rash attempt than draw to ebb
 The float¹ of those desires, which in an instant
 Were cool'd in their own streams of shame and folly

Louis Now all increase of honours
 Fall in full showers on thee, Roderigo, ●
 The best man living !

Rod You are much transported
 With this discourse, methinks

Louis Yes, I am
 She told ye her name too ?

Rod I could not urge it
 By any importunity

Louis Better still !
 Where did you leave her ?

Rod Where I found her, farther
 She would by no means grant me to wait on her
 O Louis, I am lost !

Louis This self-same lady
 Was she to whom I have been long a suiter,
 And shortly hope to marry.

Rod She your mistress, then ? Louis, since
 friendship

And noble honesty conjure^k our loves
 To a continu'd league, here I unclasp

¹ float] i e flow, flood.

^k conjure] Old eds "conjures"

The secrets of my heart O, I have had
 A glimpse of such a creature, that deserves
 A temple¹ if thou lov'st her—and I blame thee not,
 For who can look on her, and not give up
 His life unto her service?—if thou lov'st her,
 For pity's sake conceal her, let me not
 As much as know her name, there's a temptation^k in't,
 Let me not know her dwelling, birth, or quality,
 Or any thing that she calls hers, but thee,
 In thee, my friend, I'll see her and t' avoid
 The surfeits and¹ those rarities that tempt me,
 So much I prize the happiness of friendship,
 That I will leave the city —

Louis Leave it?

Rob. Stayed me

For Salamanca; court my studies now
 For physic 'gainst infection of the mind

Louis You do amaze me

Rob. Here to live, and live

Without her, is impossible and wretched
 For heaven's sake, never tell her what I was,
 Or that you know me¹ and when I find that absence
 Hath lost her to my memory, I'll dare
 To see ye again Meantime, the cause that draws
 me

From hence shall be to all the world untold,
 No friend but thou alone, for whose sake only
 I undertake this voluntary exile,
 Shall be partaker of my griefs thy hand,
 Farewell, and all the pleasures, joys, contents,
 That bless a constant lover, henceforth crown thee
 A happy bridegroom¹

^k *temptation*] Altered by the editor of 1816 to "temptation,"
 and, I believe, with similar inconsiderateness, by myself, in a
 prose passage of one of the preceding plays, though I cannot
 recollect where

¹ *and*] Qy "of?"

LOUIS You have conquer'd friendship
Beyond example

Enter DIEGO

DIEGO Ha, ha, ha! some one
That hath slept well to-night, should 'a but see me
Thus merry by myself, might justly think
I were not well in my wits

LOUIS Diego?

DIEGO Yes,
'Tis I, and I have had a fine fegary,^k
The rarest wild-goose chase!

LOUIS 'Thad made thee melancholy
DIEGO Don Roderigo here? 'tis well you met him,
For though I miss'd him, yet I met an accident
Has almost made me burst with laughter

LOUIS How so?

DIEGO I'll tell you as we parted, I perceiv'd
A walking thing before me, strangely tickled
With rare conceited raptures, him I dogg'd,
Supposing 't had been Roderigo landed
From his new pinnace, deep in contemplation
Of the sweet voyage^l he stole to-night

ROD You're pleasant

LOUIS Prithee, who was't?

ROD Not I

DIEGO You're i' the right, not you indeed,
For 'twas that noble gentleman Don John,
Son to the count Francisco de Carcomo

^k *fegary*] i e *vagary*

^l *Of the sweet voyage, &c*] Here the editor of 1816, "to complete the measure," prints,

"Of the sweet voyage [that] he stole to-night,"
and a little after,

"You're i' the right, [it was] not you indeed,"
but I apprehend that the speeches of Roderigo, "You're pleasant," and "Not I," make up the lines

LOUIS In love, it seems ?

DIEGO Yes, pepper'd, on my life,
Much good may't do him, I'd not be so lin'd¹
For my cap full of double pistolets

LOUIS What should his mistress be ?

DIEGO That's yet a riddle
Beyond my resolution, but of late
I have^m observ'd him oft to frequent the sports
The gipsies newly come to th' city present

LOUIS It is said there is a creature with 'em,
Though young of years, yet of such absolute beauty,
Dexterity of wit, and general qualities,
That Spain reports her not without admiration.

DIEGO Have you seen her ?

LOUIS Never.

DIEGO Nor you, my lord ?

ROD I not remember

DIEGO Why, then, you never saw the prettiest
toy
That ever sung or danc'd

LOUIS Is she a gipsy ?

DIEGO In her condition, not in her complexion
I tell you once more, 'tis a spark of beauty
Able to set a world at gaze, the sweetest,
The wittiest rogue¹ shall's see 'em ? they've fine
gambols,
Are mightily frequented, court and city
Flock to 'em, but the country does 'em worship

¹ *lin'd*] Qy "him'd?"

^m *I have, &c*] The editor of 1816, boldly deviating from the old eds., gives,

"I have observ'd him often to frequent
The sports the gipsies newly come present,"

which, as he thinks, "improves the measure without affecting the sense"

This little ape gets money by the sack-full,
It trolls upon her

LOUIS Will ye with us, friend?

ROD You know my other projects, sights to
me

Are but vexations

LOUIS O, you must be merry!—

DIEGO, we'll to th' gipsies.

DIEGO Best take heed

You be not snapp'd

LOUIS How snapp'd?

DIEGO By that little fairy,

'T has a shrewd tempting face and a notable tongue

LOUIS I fear not either

DIEGO Go, then

LOUIS Will you with us?

ROD I'll come after —

[*Exeunt LOUIS and DIEGO*]

Pleasure and youth like smiling evils woo us

To taste new follies, tasted, they undo us [*Exit.*]

ACT II SCENE I

A room in an Inn

Enter ALVAREZ, CARLO, and ANTONIO, disguised as gipsies

ALV Come, my brave boys! the tailor's shears
has cut us into shapes fitting our trades

CAR A trade free as a mason's

ANT A trade brave as a courtier's, for some of
them do but shark, and so do we

ALV Gipsies, but no tanned ones, no red-ochre

rascals umbered with soot and bacon as the English gipsies are, that sally out upon pullen,^a lie in am-buscado for a rope of onions, as if they were Welsh freebooters, no, our stile has higher steps to climb over, Spanish gipsies, noble gipsies

CAR I never knew nobility in baseness

ALV Baseness? the arts of *Cocoquismo* and *Germania*,^o used by our Spanish pickaroos^p—I mean filching, foisting,^q nimming, jilting—we defy,^r none in our college shall study 'em, such graduates we degrade

ANT I am glad Spain has an honest company

ALV We'll entertain no mountebanking stioil,
No piper, fiddler, tumbler through small hoops,
No ape-carrier, baboon-bearer,
We must have nothing stale, trivial, or base
Am I your major-domo, your teniente,^s
Your captain, your commander?

ANT Who but you?

ALV So then now being entered Madrill,^t the enchanted circle of Spain, have a care to your new lessons

^a *pullen*] i e poultry

^o *the arts of Cocoquismo and Germania, &c*] ALV proceeds to explain his meaning, but I may just observe that *Cocoquismo* should perhaps be *Cacoquismo*, formed from the Spanish *caco*, a pickpocket (unless indeed it has some affinity with the phrase *hacer cocos*, to wheedle), and that *Germania* signifies, in that language, the jargon of the gipsies see Neuman's *Span and Engl Dict* in vv

^p *pickaroos*] i e rogues — "*Picaro*, knavish, roguish," &c Neuman's *Span and Engl Dict* in v

^q *foisting*] See note, vol III p 544

^r *defy*] i e reject, renounce

^s *teniente*] "*Teniente de una compania*, lieutenant of a company" Neuman's *Span and Engl Dict* in v

^t *Madrill*] See note, p 104

CAR } We listen
ANT }

ALV Plough deep furrows, to catch deep root in th' opinion of the best, *grandees*,^u dukes, marquesses, condes, and other titulados, shew your sports to none but them what can you do with three or four fools in a dish, and a blockhead cut into *sppets*?

ANT Scurvy meat¹

ALV The Lacedemonians threw their beards over their shoulders, to observe what men did behind them as well as before, you must do[²t]

CAR We shall never do't

ANT Our muzzles are too shoit^v

ALV Be not English gipsies, in whose company a man's not sure of the ears of his head, they so pilfer¹ no such angling, what you pull to land catch fair there is no iron so foul but may be gilded, and our gipsy profession, how base soever in show, may acquire commendations

CAR Gipsies, and yet pick no pockets?

ALV Infamous and roguy¹ so handle your webs, that they never come to be woven in the loom of justice take any thing that's given you, purses, knives, handkerchers, rosaries, tweezer^w, any toy, any money, refuse not a *marvedi*,^x a blank^y feather

^u *grandees*] Old eds "grandos," which, perhaps, the author wrote.

^v *We shall* short] One speech in old eds., with the prefix "Both"

^w *tweezers*] i.e. tweezers

^x *marvedi*] Or *maravedi*—"an extremely small [copper] Spanish coin" Editor of 1816

^y *blank*] "*Blanquilla*, doit, a very small coin Neuman's *Span. and Engl. Dict.* in v—*Blanks* "are said to be coins struck by Henry V in France, of baser alloy than sterling [silver], and running for eightpence They were called Blanks or

by feather birds build nests, grain pecked up after
grain makes pullen² fat

ANT The best is, we Spaniards are no great
feeders

ALV If one city cannot maintain us, away to
another¹ our horses must have wings Does Ma-
drill yield no money? Seville shall, is Seville close-
fisted? Valladolid is open, so Cordova,^a so Toledo
Do not our Spanish wines please us? Italian can
then, French can Preferment's bow is hard to
draw, set all your strengths to it, what you get,
keep, all the world is a second Rochelle,^b make
all sure, for you must not look to have your dinner
served in with trumpets

CAR No, no, sack-butts^c shall serve us

ALV When you have money, hide it, sell all our
horses but one

ANT Why one?

ALV 'Tis enough to carry our apparel and trin-
kets, and the less our ambler eats, our cheer is the
better None be sluttish, none thievish, none lazy,
all bees, no drones, and our hives shall yield us
honey

Whites from their colour" Ruding's *Ann of the Coinage*,
vol II, p 8, ed 4to

² *pullen*] i e poultry

^a *Valladolid* *Cordova*] Old eds "Vallidoly Cor-
dica."

^b *Rochelle*] "In the time of our poets, seems to have been
a general asylum for those persecuted Protestants who knew
not where to go, and Alvarez intimates that the whole world
was equally open to people of their description, who had no
settled home" Editor of 1816,—whether rightly or not, I
cannot determine

^c *sack-butts*] See the same play on the meanings of the word
—*musical instruments* and *butts of sack*—in vol I p 177

*Enter GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, CHRISTIANA, disguised
as gypsies, and CARDOCHIA*

CONST See, father, how I'm fitted how do you
like

This our new stock of clothes ?

ALV My sweet girl, excellent —
See their old robes be safe

CARD That, sir, I'll look to,
Whilst in my house you lie, what thief soever
Lays hands upon your goods, call but to me,
I'll make the^d satisfaction

ALV Thanks, good hostess !

CARD People already throng into the inn,
And call for you into their private rooms

ALV No chamber-comedies hostess, ply you
your tide, flow let 'em to a full sea, but we'll shew
no pastime till after dinner, and that in a full ring
of good people, the best, the noblest, no closet-
sweetmeats, pray tell 'em so

CARD I shall

[*Exit*

ALV How old is Pretiosa ?

GUI Twelve and upwards

CONST I am in my teens, assure you, mother,
as little as I am, I have been taken for an elephant,
castles and lordships offered to be set upon me, if
I would bear 'em why, your smallest clocks are
the prettiest things to carry about gentlemen

GUI Nay, child, thou wilt be tempted

CONST Tempted ? though I am no mark in re-
spect of a huge butt, yet I can tell you great bub-
bers^e have shot at me, and shot golden arrows, but

^d *the*] Editor of 1816, "thee"

^e *bubbers*] Which Nares (*Gloss* in v) would alter to "lub-
bers"—is (see Grose's *Class Dict of Vulg Tongue*, in v) a
vulgarised form of *bibbers*, Constanza having used the word
butt in the double sense of *mark* and *liquor-vessel*

I myself gave am,^g thus,—wide, four bows, short,
three and a half they that crack me shall find me
as hard as a nut of Galicia, a parrot I am, but my
teeth too tender to crack a wanton's almond^h

ALV Thou art, my noble girlⁱ a many dons
Will not believe but that thou art a boy
In woman'sⁱ clothes, and to try that conclusion,^j
To see if thou be'st alcumy^k or no,
They'll throw down gold in musses,^l but, Pretiosa,
Let these proud sakers^m and gerfalcons fly,
Do not thou move a wing, be to thyself
Thyself,ⁿ and not a changeling

CONST How? not a changeling?
Yes, father, I will play the changeling,
I'll change myself into a thousand shapes,
To court our brave spectators, I'll change my pos-
tures

Into a thousand different variations,
To draw even ladies' eyes to follow mine,
I'll change my voice into a thousand tones,
To chain attention not a changeling, father?
None but myself^o shall play the changeling

^g gave am] See note, vol ii p 335 The editor of 1816 wrongly follows the reading of ed 1661, "give"

^h a parrot almond] See note, vol iii p 112

ⁱ woman's] Old eds "womens"

^j try that conclusion] i e make that experiment

^k alcumy] Or *alchemy*—a sort of base mixed metal (supposed originally to have been formed by the alchemist) Compare vol ii p 249, "here be the tavern beakers, and here peep out the fine *alchemy knaves*"

^l in musses] "i e to make a scramble of" Editor of 1816

^m sakers] "A species of hawk." Editor of 1816

ⁿ Thyself] A MS addition in copy of the first 4to see note, p 109

^o None but myself, &c] Here the editor of 1816 thinks that "perhaps the performer who personated Pretiosa [Con-

ALV Do what thou wilt, Pretiosa
 [*A knocking within*
 What noise is this ?

Re-enter CARDOCHIA

CARD Here's gentlemen swear all the oaths in Spain they have seen you, must see you, and will see you

ALV To drown this noise let 'em enter
 [*Exit CARDOCHIA*

Enter SANCHE and Soto

SAN Is your playhouse an inn, a gentleman cannot see you without crumpling his taffeta cloak ?

SOTO Nay, more than a gentleman, his man being a diminutive don too

SAN Is this the little ape does the fine tricks ?

CONST Come aloft,^p Jack little ape !

SAN Would my jack might come aloft ! please you to set the watermill with the ivory cogs^q in't a-grinding my handful of purging comfits

[*Offers comfits*

SOTO My master desires to have you loose from your company

CONST Am I a pigeon, think you, to be caught with cummin-seeds ?^r a fly to glue my wings to sweetmeats, and so be ta'en ?

SAN When do your gambols begin ?

ALV Not till we ha' dined

SAN 'Foot, then your bellies will be so full, you'll be able to do nothing —Soto, prithee, set a

stanza] had before met with applause in Antonio, the character in *The Changeling* that gives name to the piece "

^p *come aloft*] See note, vol III p 112

^q *cogs*] i e teeth of the wheels

^r *cummin-seeds*] Were used for luring pigeons to a dove-cote.

good face on't, for I cannot, and give the little monkey that letter

Soto. Walk off and hum to yourself [SANCHO retires]—I dedicate, sweet Destiny, into whose hand every Spaniard desires to put a distaff, these lines of love [Offering a paper to CONSTANZA

GUI What love? what's the matter?

Soto Grave mother Bumby,^s the mark's out a' your mouth

ALV What's the paper? from whom comes it?

Soto The commodity wrapped up in the paper are verses, the warming-pan that puts heat into 'em, yon^t fire-brained bastard of Helicon

SAN Hum, hum^u

ALV. What's your master's name?

Soto His name is Don Tomazo Portacareco, nuncle^v to young Don Horiado de Mendonza, cousin-german to the Conde de Tindilla, and natural brother to Francisco de Bavadilla, one of the commendadors of Alcantara, a gentleman of long standing

ALV And of as long a style^w

CONST Verses? I love good ones, let me see 'em [Taking paper

SAN [advancing] Good ones? if they were not good ones, they should not come from me, at the name of verses I can stand on no ground

^s *mother Bumby*] Or *Bomby*—was a wise or cunning woman of great celebrity, who told fortunes, cast waters, &c Lilly wrote a comedy called *Mother Bombie* (first ed 1594), in which she figures

^t *you*] Old eds "you."

^u *San Hum, hum*] A MS addition in copy of the first 4to see note, p 109

^v *nuncle*] i e uncle—contracted from *mine uncle*

^w *Alv And of as long a style*] A MS addition in copy of the first 4to see note, p 109

CONST Here's gold too¹ whose is this?

SAN Whose but yours? If there be^x any fault in the verses, I can mend it extempore, for a stitch in a man's stocking not taken up in time, ravel's out all the rest

SOTO Botcherly poetry, botcherly! [*Aside.*]

CONST Verses and gold! these then are golden verses

SAN Had every verse a pearl in the eye, it should be thine

CONST A pearl in mine eye! I thank you for that, do you wish me blind?^y

SAN Ay, by this light do I, that you may look upon nobody's rhymes^z but mine

CONST I should be blind indeed then^a

ALV Pray, sir, read your verses

SAN Shall I sing 'em or say 'em?

ALV Which you can best

SOTO Both scurvily [*Aside*]

SAN I'll set out a throat then

SOTO Do, master, and I'll run division behind your back^b

SAN [*sings*]

O that I were a bee, to sing

Hum, buz, buz, hum! I first would bring

Home honey to your hive, and there leave my sting

SOTO [*sings*] *He maunders*^c

^x *be*] Old eds "been"

^y *do you wish me blind*] "The whitish spots in the eye, arising from the small pox or other causes, and occasioning blindness, are still frequently called pearls" Editor of 1816

^z *rhymes*] A MS correction in copy of the first 4to see note, p 109 Old eds "crime"

^a *then*] A MS addition, *ibid*

^b *Soto Do, master, and I'll run division behind your back*] Another MS addition

^c *maunders*] "i e speaks obscurely [rather,—whines], as beggars do [See rote, vol ii p 536]" Editor of 1816

SAN [*sings*]

*O that I were a goose, to feed
At your barn-door! such corn I need,
Nor would I bite, but goslings breed*

SOTO [*sings*] *And ganders*

SAN [*sings*]

*O that I were your needle's eye!
How through your linen would I fly,
And never leave one stitch awry!*

SOTO [*sings*] *He'll touse ye*

SAN [*sings*]

*O would I were one of your hairs,
That you might comb out all my catres,
And kill the nits of my despairs!*

SOTO [*sings*] *O lousy!*

SAN How? lousy? can rhymes be lousy?

CONST

CAR, &c } No, no, they're excellent

ALV But are these all your own?

SAN Mine own? would I might never see ink
drop out of the nose of any goose-quill more, if
velvet cloaks have not clapped me for 'em! Do
you like 'em?

CONST Past all compare,
They shall be writ out when you've as good or better,
For these and those, pray, book me down your
debtor

Your paper is long-liv'd, having two souls,
Verses and gold

SAN Would both those were in thy^e pretty little
body, sweet gipsy!

CONST A pistolet^f and this paper? 'twould choke
me

^d *Const, Car, &c*] Old eds "Omnes"

^e *thy*] Old eds "thee"

^f *a pistolet*] A play on the word—which meant both a small
coin and a small pistol

Soto No more than a bribe does a constable the verses will easily into your head, then buy what you like with the gold, and put it into your belly I hope I ha' chawed a good reason for you

SAN Will you chaw my jennet ready, sir?

Soto And eat him down, if you say the word

[*Exit*

SAN Now the coxcomb my man is gone, because you're but a country company of strolls, I think your stock is threadbare, here mend it with this cloak

[*Giving his cloak*

ALV What do you mean, sir?

SAN This scarf, this feather, and this hat

[*Giving his scarf, &c*

ALV
CAR, &c } Dear signor! —

SAN If they be never so dear —pox o' this hot ruff! little gipsy, wear thou that

[*Giving his ruff*

ALV Your meaning, sir?

SAN. My meaning is, not to be an ass, to carry a burden when I need not If you shew your gambols forty leagues hence, I'll gallop to 'em —Farewell, old greybeard, —adieu, mother mumble-crust, —morrow, my little wart of beauty.

[*Exit*

Enter behind JOHN, muffled

ALV So, harvest will come in, such sunshine days

Will bring in golden sheaves, our markets raise
Away to your task

[*Exeunt ALVAREZ, CHRISTIANA, CARLO, and ANTONIO, and as GUIAMARA and CONSTANZA are going out, JOHN pulls the latter back*

§ *Alv, Car, &c*] Old eds "Omnes"

CONST Mother! grandmother!

JOHN Two rows of kindred in one mouth?

GUI Be not uncivil, sir, thus have you used her thrice

JOHN Thrice? three thousand more may I not use mine own?

CONST Your own! by what tenure?

JOHN Cupid entails this land upon me, I have wooed thee, thou art coy by this air, I am a bull of Tarifa, wild, mad for thee! you told^h I was some copper coin, I am a knight of Spain, Don Francisco de Carcomo my father, I Don John his son, this paper tells you more [*Gives paper*]^h—Grumble not, old granam, here's gold [*gives money*], for I must, by this white hand, marry this cherry-lipped, sweet-mouthed villan

CONST There's a thing called *quando*

JOHN. Instantly

GUI Art thou so willing?

JOHN Peace, threescore and five!

CONST Marry me? eat a chicken ere it be out o' th' shell? I'll wear no shackles, liberty is sweet, that I have, that I'll hold Marry me? can gold and lead mix together? a diamond and a button of crystal fit one ring? You are too high for me, I am too low, you too great, I too little

GUI I pray, leave her, sir, and take your gold again

CONST Or if you doat, as you say, let me try you do this

JOHN Any thing; kill the great Turk, pluck out the Mogul's eye-teeth, in earnest, Pretiosa, any thing!

CONST Your taskⁱ is soon set down, turn

^h *told*] Qy "trowed?"

ⁱ *task*] Old eds "taste" and "tast"

gipsy^j for two years, be one of us, if in that time
you mislike not me nor I you, here's my hand
farewell

GIR There's enough for your gold — Witty
child' [Exit
[*Aside, and exit*

JOHN Turn gipsy for two years? a capering
trade,
And I in th' end may keep a dancing-school,
Having serv'd for it, gipsy I must turn
O beauty, the sun's fires cannot so burn' [Exit

SCENE II

A room in the house of PEDRO

Enter CLARA

CLA I have offended, yet, O heaven, thou
know'st
How much I have abhorr'd, even from my birth,
A thought that tended to immodest folly'
Yet I have fallen, thoughts with disgraces strive,
And thus I live, and thus I die alive.

Enter PEDRO and MARIA

PED. Fie, Clara, thou dost court calamity too
much

MAR. Yes, girl, thou dost

PED Why should we fret our eyes out with our
tears,
Weary [heaven with^k] complaints? 'tis fruitless,
childish

^j *turn gipsy* "Vincent and Hilliard are required by Rachel and Meriel, in the *Jovial Crew* of Brome, to give a similar proof of their affection" Editor of 1816 If there be any imitation in the case, it is on the part of Brome

^k [*heaven with*] So the editor of 1816 There is certainly some imperfection in the line

Impatience, for when mischief hath wound up
 The full weight of the ravisher's foul life
 To an equal height of ripe iniquity,
 The poise will, by degrees, sink down his soul
 To a much lower, much more lasting ruin
 Than our joint wrongs can challenge

MAR¹ Darkness itself
 Will change night's sable brow into a sunbeam
 For a discovery, and be [thou] sure,
 Whenever we can learn what monster 'twas
 Hath robb'd thee of the jewel held so precious,
 Our vengeance shall be noble

PED Royal, any thing
 Till then let's live securely, to proclaim
 Our sadness were mere vanity

CLA 'A needs not,
 I'll study to be merry

PED We are punish'd,
 Maria, justly, covetousness to match
 Our daughter to that matchless piece of ignorance,
 Our foolish ward, hath drawn this curse upon us

MAR I fear it has

PED Off with this face of grief
 Here comes^m Don Louis

Enter LOUIS and DIEGO

Noble sir

LOUIS My lord,
 I trust I have you[r] and your lady's leave
 T' exchange a word with your fair daughter

PED Leave
 And welcome—Hark, Maria—Your ear too

¹ Mar] Old eds "Ped."

^m Here comes, &c] To this line old eds prefix DIE, which
 in copy of the first 4to (see note, p 109) is rightly drawn
 through with a pen

DIEGO Mine, my lord ?

LOUIS Dear Clara, I have often sued for love,
And now desire you would at last be pleas'd
To style me yours

CLA Mine eyes ne'er saw that gentleman
Whom I more nobly in my heart respected
Than I have you, yet you must, sir, excuse me,
If I resolve to use awhile that freedom
My younger days allow

LOUIS But shall I hope ?

CLA You will do injury to better fortunes,
To your own merit, greatness, and advancement,
Which I beseech you not to slack

LOUIS Then hear me,
If ever I embrace another choice,
Until I know you elsewhere match'd, may all
The chief of my desires find scorn and ruin !

CLA O me !

LOUIS Why sigh you, lady ?

CLA 'Deed, my lord,
I am not well

LOUIS Then all discourse is tedious,
I'll choose some fitter time, till when,^a fair

Clara ——

CLA You shall not be unwelcome hither, sir,
That's all that I dare promise

LOUIS Diego

DIEGO My lord ?

LOUIS What says Don Pedro ?

DIEGO He'll go with you

LOUIS Leave us —

[Exit DIEGO]

Shall I, my lord, entreat your privacy ?

PED Withdraw, Maria, we'll follow presently

[Exeunt MARIA and CLARA]

^a when] The editor of 1816 follows the reading of ed 1661,
“ then ”

LOUIS. The great corregidor, whose politic stream
 Of popularity glides on the shore
 Of every vulgar praise, hath often urg'd me
 To be a suitor to his Catholic Majesty
 For a repeal from banishment for him
 Who slew my father, compliments in vows
 And strange well-studied promises of friendship,
 But what is new to me, still as he courts
 Assistance for Alvarez, my grand enemy,
 Still he protests how ignorant he is
 Whether Alvarez be alive or dead
 To-morrow is the day we have appointed
 For meeting, at the lord Francisco's house,
 The earl of Carcomo now, my good lord,
 The sum of my request is, you will please
 To lend your presence there, and witness wherein
 Our joint accord consists

PED You shall command it

LOUIS But first, as you are noble, I beseech you
 Help me with your advice what you conceive
 Of great Fernando's importunity,
 Or whether you imagine that Alvarez
 Survive or not?

PED It is a question, sir,
 Beyond my resolution I remember
 The difference betwixt your noble father
 And Conde de Alvarez, how it sprung
 From a mere trifle first, a cast^o of hawks,
 Whose made the swifter flight, whose could mount
 highest,
 Lie longest on the wing from change of words
 Their controversy grew to blows, from blows
 To parties, thence to faction, and, in short,

^o cast] i e couple see Gifford's note on B Jonson's
Works, vol iii p 447, and my note on Webster's *Works*,
 vol iv p 295

I well remember how our streets were frighted
With brawls, whose end was blood, till, when no
friends

Could mediate their discords, by the king
A reconciliation was enforc'd,
Death threaten'd [to] the first occasioner
Of breach, besides the confiscation
Of lands and honours yet at last they met
Again, again they drew to sides, renew'd
Their ancient quarrel, in which dismal uproar
Your father hand to hand fell by Alvarez
Alvarez fled, and after him the doom
Of exile was se[n]t out he, as report
Was bold to voice, retir'd himself to Rhodes,
His lands and honours by the king bestow'd
On you, but then an infant

LOUIS Ha, an infant?

PED His wife, the sister to the corregidor,
With a young daughter and some few that follow'd
her,

By stealth were shipp'd for Rhodes, and by a storm
Shipwreck'd at sea but for the banish'd Conde,
'Twas never yet known what became of him
Here's all I can inform you

LOUIS A repeal?

Yes, I will sue for't, beg for't, buy it, any thing
That may by possibility of friends
Or money, I'll attempt

PED 'Tis a brave charity

LOUIS Alas, poor lady, I could mourn for her!
Her loss was usury more than I covet,
But for the man, I'd sell my patrimony
For his repeal, and run about the world
To find him out, there is no peace can dwell
About my father's tomb, till I have sacrific'd

Some portion of revenge to his wrong'd ashes
You will along with me?

PED You need not question it

LOUIS I have strange thoughts about me two
such furies

Revel amidst my joys as well may move
Distraction in a saint, vengeance and love
I'll follow, sir

PED Pray, lead the way, you know it —

[Exit LOUIS]

Enter SANCHO without his cloak, &c, ^p and Soto

How^a now? from whence come you, sir?

SAN From flaying myself, sir

SOTO From playing with fencers, sir, and they
have beat him out of his clothes, sir

PED Cloak, band, rapier, all lost at dice?

SAN Nor cards neither

SOTO This was one of my master's dog-days,
and he would not sweat too much

SAN It was mine own goose, and I laid the
giblets upon another coxcomb's trencher you are
my guardian, best beg me for a fool^r now

SOTO He that begs one begs t'other [Aside]

PED Does any gentleman give away his things
thus?

SAN Yes, and gentlewomen give away their
things too

* SOTO To gulls sometimes, and are cony-catched^s
for their labour

PED Wilt thou ever play the coxcomb?

^p *without his cloak, &c*] See p 125

^a *How, &c*] Given to "*Soto*," in old eds

^r *beg me for a fool*] See note, vol iii p 16

^s *cony-catched*] i e cheated, deceived see vol i p 290

SAN If no other parts be given me, what would you have me do?

PED Thy father was as brave a Spaniard
As ever spake the haut^t Castilian tongue

SAN Put me in clothes, I'll be as braveⁿ as he

PED This is the ninth time thou hast play'd
the ass,

Flinging away thy trappings and thy cloth^v

To cover others, and go nak'd thyself

SAN I'll make 'em up ten, because I'll be even
with you

PED Once more your broken walls shall have
new hangings

SOTO To be well hung is all our desire

PED And what course take you next?

SAN What couise? why, my man Soto and I
will go make some maps

PED What maps?

SOTO Not such maps^w as you wash houses with,
but maps of countries

SAN I have an uncle in Seville, I'll go see him,
an aunt in Siena in Italy, I['ll] go see her

SOTO. A cousin of mine in Rome, I['ll] go to him
with a mortar^x

^t *haut*] i. e. high, lofty "to brave his enemy in the rich
and lofty Castilian [tongue]" Dekker's *English Villaines*, &c
sig. M 4, ed. 1632

ⁿ *brave*] A play on the word—fine

^v *cloth*] Improperly altered by the editor of 1816 to^d
"clothes"

^w *maps*] i. e. mops

^x *in Rome, I'll go to him with a mortar*] "The clown in
Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*, act v sc 2, makes use of a
similar expression 'He did measure the stars with a false
yard, and may now travel to Rome with a mortar on's head,
to see if he can recover his money' On this Mason observes,
'One class of presidents in the parliament of Paris were styled
presidents a mortier, for a cap they wore resembling in shape

SAN There's a courtesan in Venice, I'll go tackle her

SORO Another in England, I'll go tackle her

PED So, so! and where's the money to do all this?

SAN. If my woods,^y being cut down, cannot fill this pocket, cut 'em into trapsticks

SORO And if his acres, being sold for a marved,^z a turf, for larks^a in cages, cannot fill this pocket, give 'em to gold-finders

PED You'll gallop both to the gallows, so fare you well [Exit

SAN And be hanged you ' new ' clothes, you'd best

SORO Four cloaks, that you may give away three, and keep one

SAN We'll live as merrily as beggars, let's both turn gipsies

SORO By any means, if they cog,^b we'll lie, if they toss, we'll tumble

SAN Both in a belly, rather than fail

SORO Come then, we'll be gipsified

SAN And tipsified too

SORO And we will shew such tricks and such rare gambols,

As shall put down the elephant and camels^c

[Exeunt

a mortar''' Editor of 1816 See also Cotgrave's *Fr Engl Dict.* in *v mortier*, but in this expression, which seems to have been proverbial, does *mortar* mean a cap? "So that methinks I could flye to Rome (at least hop to Rome, as the olde Prouerb is) with a morter on my head" *Dedicatory Epistle to Kemps nine daies wonder*, 1600

^y woods] Old eds "wookes."

^z marved] See note, p 119

^a larks] So editor of 1816 Old eds "markes"

^b cog] See note, p 67

^c the elephant and camels] The writer thought only of Lon-

ACT III SCENE I

*A street**Enter RODERIGO disguised as an Italian*

ROD A thousand stings are in me O, what vild^d
prisons

Make we our bodies to our immortal souls '
Brave tenants to bad houses , 'tis a dear rent
They pay for naughty lodging the soul, the mistress,
The body, the caroch that carries her ,
Sins the swift wheels that hurrv her away ,
Our will, the coachman rashly driving on,
Till coach and carriage both are quite o'erthrown
My body yet 'scapes bruises , that known thief
Is not yet call'd to th' bar there's no true sense
Of pain but what the law of conscience
Condemns us to , I feel that Who would lose
A kingdom for a cottage ? an estate
Of perpetuity for a man's life
For annuity of that life, pleasure ? a spark
To those celestial fires that burn about^e us ,
A painted star to that bright firmament
Of constellations which each night are set
Lighting our way , yet thither how few get '
How many thousand in Madrill^f drink off
The cup of lust, and laughing, in one month,
Not whining as I do ! Should this sad lady
Now meet me, do I know her ? should this temple,
By me profan'd, lie in the runs here,

don, where such shows were much followed see Gifford's notes
on B Jonson's *Works*, vol II pp 149, 152, and Chalmers's
Suppl Apol, p 208

^d vild] i e vile—a form common in our old authors

^e about] Qy "above?"

^f Madrill] See note, p 104

The pieces would scarce shew her me would they
did!

She's mistress to Don Louis, by his steps,
And this disguise, I'll find her To Salamanca
Thy father thinks thou'rt gone, no, close here stay,
Where'er thou travell'st, scorpions stop thy way
Who are^s these?

Enter SANCHE and SOTO disguised as gipsies

SAN Soto, how do I shew?

SOTO Like a rusty armour new scoured, but,
master, how shew I?

SAN Like an ass with a new piebald saddle on
his back

SOTO If the devil were a tailor, he would scarce
know us in these gaberdines^h

SAN If a tailor were the devil, I'd not give a
louse for him, if he should bring up this fashion
amongst gentlemen, and make it common.

ROD The freshness of the morning be upon you
both!

SAN The saltness of the evening be upon you
single!

ROD Be not displeas'd, that I abruptly thus
Break in upon your favours, your strange habits
Invite me with desire to understand
Both what you are and whence, because no
country—

And I have measur'd some—shew[s] me your like

SOTO Our like? no, we should be sorry we or
our clothes should be like fish, new, stale, and
stinking in three days

SAN. If you ask whence we are, we are Egyptian

^s *Who are*] A MS addition in copy of the first 4to see
note, p 109 The editor of 1816 supplied "But who are"

^h *gaberdines*] i e coarse loose frocks

Spaniards, if what we are, *ut, re, mi, fa, sol*, jugglers, tumblers, any thing, any where, every where

Rod A good fate hither leads me by the hand —

[*Aside*

Your quality I love, the scenical school
Has been my tutor long in Italy,
For that's my country, there have I put on
Sometimes the shape of a comedian;

And now and then some other

SAN A player! a brother of the tiring-house!¹

SOTO A bird of the same feather!

SAN Welcome! wu't turn gipsy?

Rod I can nor dance nor sing, but if my pen
From my invention can strike music-tunes,
My head and brains are yours

Soto A calf's head and brains were better for
my stomach

SAN A rib of poetry!

Soto A modicum of the Muses! a horse-shoe of
Helicon!

SAN A magpie of Parnassus! welcome again!
I am a firebrand of Phœbus myself, we'll invoke
together, so you will not steal my plot

Rod 'Tis not my fashion

SAN But now-a-days 'tis all the fashion

Soto What was the last thing you writ? a
comedy?

Rod No, 'twas a sad, too sad a tragedy
Under these eaves I'll shelter me

SAN See, here comes our company, do our tops²
spin as you would have 'em?

Soto If not, whip us round

¹ *tiring-house*] i e the dressing-room—in theatrical language

² *do our tops, &c*] Qy ought Alvarez and his companions to enter before these words?

Enter ALVAREZ, GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, CHRISTIANA,
CARLO, ANTONIO, *and others, disguised as before*

SAN I sent you a letter to tell you we were upon
a march

ALV And you are welcome — Yet these fools
will trouble us ! [*Aside*

GUI Rich fools shall buy our trouble

SAN Hang lands ! it's nothing but trees, stones,
and dirt Old father, I have gold to keep up our
stock Precious Pretiosa, for whose sake I have
thus transformed myself out of a gentleman into a
gipsy, thou shalt not want sweet rhymes, my little
musk-cat, for besides myself, here's an Italian poet,
on whom I pray throw your welcomes

ALV.

GUI, &c ^k } He's welcome !

CONST Sir, you're most welcome, I love a poet,
So he writes chastely, if your pen can sell me
Any smooth quaint romances, which I may sing,
You shall have bays and silver

ROD Pretty heart, no selling,
What comes from me is free

SAN And me too

ALV. We shall be glad to use you, sir our sports
Must be an orchard, bearing several trees,
And fruits of several taste, one pleasure dulls
A time may come when we, besides these pastimes,
May from the grandees¹ and the dons of Spain
Have leave to try our skill even on the stage,
And then your wits may help us.

SAN. And mine too

ROD They are your servants

^k *Alv Gui, &c*] Old eds "Omnes"

¹ *grandeas*] Old eds "grandoes" see note, p 119

CONST Trip softly through the streets till we
arrive,
You know at whose house, father

SAN [*sings*^m]

*Trip it, gipsies, trip it fine,
Shew tricks and lofty capers,
At threading-needlesⁿ we repine,
And leaping over rapiers
Pindy pandy rascal toys!
We scorn cutting purses,
Though we live by making noise,
For cheating none can curse us*

*Over high ways, over low,
And over stones and gravel,
Though we trip it on the toe,
And thus for silver travel,
Though our dances waste our backs,
At night fat capons mend them,
Eggs well brew'd in butter'd sack
Our wenches say befriend them*

*O that all the world were mad!
Then should we have fine dancing,
Hobby-horses would be had,
And brave girls keep a-prancing,
Beggars would on cock-horse ride,
And boobies fall a-roaring,
And cuckolds, though no horns be spied,
Be one another goring*

*Welcome, poet, to our gang^o
Make rhymes, we'll give thee reason,*

^m San [*sings*] I suspect that only a portion of this song should be assigned to Sancho

ⁿ *threading-needles*] "*Thread my needle* is yet a common sport, and to this, probably, the song alludes" Editor of 1816

^o *gang*] i e gang see note, vol II p 532

*Canary bees thy brains shall sting,
 Mull-sack^p did ne'er speak treason,
 Peter-see-me^q shall nash thy noul,^r
 And malaga glasses fox^s thee,
 If, poet, thou toss not bowl for bowl,
 Thou shalt not kiss a doozy* [Exeunt

SCENE II

A garden^t belonging to FRANCISCO's house

*Enter FERNANDO, FRANCISCO, JOHN, PEDRO, MARIA,
 LOUIS, and DIEGO*

FER Louis de Castro, since you circled are
 In such a golden ring of worthy friends,
 Pray, let me question you about that business
 You and I last conferr'd on

LOUIS My lord, I wish it

FER Then, gentlemen, though you all know this
 man,

Yet now look on him well, and you shall find
 Such mines of Spanish honour in his bosom
 As but in few are treasur'd.

LOUIS O, my good lord ——

FER He's son to that De Castro o'er whose
 tomb

Fame stands writing a book, which will take up
 The age of time to fill it with the stories
 Of his great acts, and that his honour'd father

^p *Mull-sack*] A familiar contraction so "mull-wines,"
 vol i p 391

^q *Peter-see-me*] A corruption of *Pedro-Ximenes* see note,
 vol iii p 213.

^r *noul*] i e noddle, head.

^s *fox*] "i e intoxicate" Editor of 1816

^t *A garden, &c*] See note, p 154

Fell in the quarrel of those families,
His own and Don Alvarez de Castilla[^s]

FRAN The volume of those quarrels^u is too large
And too wide printed in our memory

LOUIS Would it had ne'er come forth !

FRAN } So wish we all
PED, &c }

FER But here's a son as matchless as the father,
For his^v mind's bravery, he lets blood his spleen,
Tears out the leaf in which the picture stands
Of slain De Castro, casts a hill of sand
On all revenge, and stifles it

FRAN } 'Tis done nobly !
PED, &c }

FER For I by him am courted to solicit
The king for the repeal of poor Alvarez,
Who lives a banish'd man, some say, in Naples

PED Some say in Arragon

LOUIS No matter where,
That paper folds in it my hand and heart,
Petitioning the royalty of Spain
To free the good old man, and call him home
But what hope hath your lordship that these beams
Of grace shall shine upon me ?

FER The word royal

FRAN } And that's enough
PED, &c }

LOUIS Then since this sluice is drawn up to in-
crease

The stream, with pardon of these honour'd friends
Let me set ope another, and that's this,
That you, my lord don Pedro, and this lady

^u *quarrels*] Old eds "families"—"I have no doubt the printer caught the word from the preceding lines" Editor of 1816

^v *his*] Old eds "he"

Your noble wife, would in this fair assembly,
 If still you hold me tenant to your favour,
 Repeat the promise you so oft have made me,
 Touching the beauteous Clara for my wife

PED What I possess in her, before these lords
 I freely once more give you

MAR^w And what's mine,
 To you, as right heir to it, I resign

FER }
 FRAN, &c } What would you more?

LOUIS What would I more? the tree bows down
 his head

Gently to have me touch it, but when I offer
 To pluck the fruit, the top branch grows so high,
 To mock my reaching hand, up it does fly,
 I have the mother's smile, the daughter's frown

FRAN }
 PED, &c } O, you must woo hard!

FER Woo her well, she's thine own

JOHN That law holds not 'mongst gipsies, I shoot
 hard,
 And am wide off from the mark

[*Aside*
Flourish within]

FER Is this, my lord, your music?

FRAN None of mine

Enter Soto disguised as before, with a cornet in his hand

SOTO A crew of gipsies with desire
 To shew their sports are at your gates a-fire.

FRAN How, how, my gates a-fire, knave?

JOHN Art panting? I am a-fire I'm sure! [*Aside*]

FER. What are the things they do?

SOTO They frisk, they caper, dance and sing,
 Tell fortunes too, which is a very fine thing;

^w Mar] Old ed "Al"

They tumble—how? not up and down,
 As tumblers do, but from town to town
 Antics they have and gipsy-masquing,
 And toys which you may have for asking
 They come to devour nor wine nor good cheer,
 But to earn money, if any be here,
 But being ask'd, as I suppose,
 Your answer will be, in your t'other hose,^w
 For there's not a gipsy amongst 'em that begs,
 But gets his living by his tongue and legs
 If therefore you please, dons, they shall come in
 Now I have ended, let them begin

FER }
 PED, &c } Ay, ay, by any means

FRAN But, fellow, bring you music along with
 you too?

SOTO Yes, my lord, both loud music and still
 music, the loud is that which you have heard, and
 the still is that which no man can hear [Exit

FER A fine knave!

FRAN There's report^x of a fair gipsy,
 A pretty little toy, whom all our gallants
 In Madrill^y flock to look on this she, trow,^z

JOHN Yes, sure^a 'tis she—I should be sorry else.
 [Aside

^w in your t'other hose]—*hose*, i e breeches—a sort of proverbial expression compare vol 1 p 262, and B Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*,

"We robb'd in St John's wood! In my t'other hose!"

Works (by Gifford), vol vi p 164

^x report] Ed 1661, "a report"

^y Madrill] See note, p 104

^z trow] i e think you

^a Yes, sure, &c] To this line, which in old eds forms part of Francisco's speech, the prefix "*Joh*" is added with a pen in copy of the first 4to see note, p 109

*Enter ALVAREZ, GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, CHRISTIANA,
CARLO, ANTONIO, RODERIGO, SANCHE, SOTO, and
others, disguised as before, with the following*

Song

*Come, follow your leader, follow,
Our convoy be Mars and Apollo '
The van comes brave up here ,
As hotly^a comes the rear*

Chorus

*Our knackers are the fifes and drums,
Sa, sa, the gipsies' army comes '*

*Horsemen we need not fear,
There's none but footmen here ,
The horse sure charge without ,
Or if they wheel about,*

Chorus

*Our knackers are the shot that fly,
Pit-a-pat rattling in the sky*

*If once the great ordnance play,
That's laughing, yet run not away,
But stand the push of pike,
Scorn can but basely strike ,*

Chorus

*Then let our armies join and sing,
And pit-a-pat make our knackers ring*

*Arm, arm ! what bands are those ?
They cannot be sure our foes ,
We'll not draw up our force,
Nor muster any horse ,*

^a *As hotly, &c*] To this line in old eds is prefixed " Ans "
i e , perhaps, the *Answer* of those who form the rear

Chorus

*For since they pleas'd to view our sight,
Let's this way, this way give delight*

*A council of war let's call,
Look either to stand or fall,
If our weak army stands,
Thank all these noble hands,*

Chorus

*Whose gates of love being open thrown,
We enter, and then the town's our own*

FER A very dainty thing!

FRAN A handsome creature!

PED^b Look what a pretty pit there's in her chin!

JOHN Pit? 'tis a grave to bury lovers in

ROD My father?^c disguise guard me! [*Aside*

SAN Soto, there's De Cortes my guardian, but
he smells not us

Soto Peace, brother gipsy — Would any one
here know his fortune?

FER

FRAN, &c } Good fortunes all of us!

PED 'Tis I, sir, need^d a good one come, sir,
what's mine?

MAR Mine and my husband's fortunes keep to-
gether,
Who isn't tells mine?

SAN I, I, hold up, madam, fear not your
pocket, for I ha' but two hands

[*Examining her hands*

You are sad, or mad, or glad,

For a couple of cocks that cannot be had,

Yet when abroad they have pick'd store of gram,

Doodle-doo they will cry on your dunghills again

^b *Ped*] Old eds "Ro" ^c *father*] Old eds "fathers."

^d *need*] Old eds "needs"

MAR Indeed I miss an idle gentleman,
And a thing of his a fool, but neither sad
Nor mad for them would that were all the lead
Lying at my heart!

PED [*while Soto examines his hand*] What look'st
thou on so long?

SOTO So long! do you think good fortunes are
fresh herrings, to come in shoals? bad fortunes are
like mackerel at midsummer you have had a sore
loss of late

PED I have indeed, what is't?

SOTO I wonder it makes you not mad, for—
Through a gap in your ground thence late have^e
been stole

A very fine ass and a very fine foal
Take heed, for I speak not by habs and by nabs,
Ere long you'll be horribly troubled with scabs

PED I am now so, go, silly fool

SOTO I ha' gr'n't him [*Aside*

SAN O Soto, that ass and foal fattens me!

FER The mother of the gipsies, what can she do?
I'll have a bout with her

JOHN I with the gipsy daughter

FRAN To her, boy!

GUI [*examining FERNANDO's hand*]
From you went a dove away,

Which ere this had been more white
Than the silver robe of day,

Her eyes, the moon has none so bright
Sate she now upon your hand,

Not the crown of Spain could buy it,
But 'tis flown to such a land,

Never more shall you come nigh it.
Ha! yes, if palmistry tell true,
This dove again may fly to you.

^e *have*] Old eds "hath"

FER Thou art a lying witch, I'll hear no more
 SAN If you be so hot, sir, we can cool you with
 a song

SOTO And when that song's done, we'll heat you
 again with a dance

LOUIS Stay, dear sir, send for Clara, let her know
 Her fortune.

MAR 'Tis too well known

LOUIS 'Twill make her

Merry to be in this brave company

PED Good Diego, fetch her [Exit DIEGO

FRAN What's that old man? has he cunning too?

GUI }
 CAR, &c. } More than all we!

LOUIS Has he? I'll try his spectacles

FER Ha! Roderigo there? the scholar
 That went to Salamanca, takes he degrees
 I' th' school of gipsies? let the fish alone,
 Give him line this is the dove,—the dove?—the
 raven

That beldam mock'd me with [Aside

LOUIS [while ALVAREZ examines his hand] What
 worms pick you out there now?

ALV This

When this line the other crosses,
 Art tells me 'tis a book of losses —
 Bend your hand thus —O, here I find
 You have lost a ship in a great wind

LOUIS Lying rogue, I ne'er had any

ALV Hark, as I gather,

That great ship was De Castro call'd, your father

LOUIS And I must hew that rock that split him

ALV Nay, and^s you threaten — [Retires

FRAN And what's, Don John, thy fortune?

Thou'rt long fumbling at it

^t Gu Car, &c] Old eds "Omnes" ^s and] i e f

JOHN She tells me tales of the moon, sir
 CONST And now 'tis come to the sun, sir
 [To FRAN] Your son would ride, the youth would
 run,
 The youth would sail, the youth would fly,
 He's tying a knot will ne'er be done,
 He shoots, and yet has ne'er an eye
 You have two, 'twere good you lent him one,
 And a heart too, for he has none
 FRAN Hoyday! lend one of mine eyes?
 SAN They give us nothing, we'd^h best put on a
 bold face and ask it [Sings]

*Now that from the hive
 You gather'd have the honey,
 Our bees but poorly thrive
 Unless the banks be sunny,
 Then let your sun and moon,
 Your gold and silver shine,
 My thanks shall humming fly to you,*

Chorus

And mine, and mine, and mine

[FRAN, FER, &c give money]

ALV [sings]

*See, see, yourⁱ gipsy-toys,
 You mad girls, you merry boys,
 A boon voyage we have made,
 Loud peals must then be had,
 If I a gipsy be,
 A crack-rope I'm for thee
 O, here's a golden ring!
 Such clappers please a king,*

Chorus

Such clappers please a king.

^h we'd } Old eds "hee'd"

ⁱ your } Qy "you?" compare p 145, 3d line from bottom

ALV [*sings*]
You pleas'd may pass away ,
Then let your bell-ropes stay ,
Now chime, 'tis holyday,
Chorus

Now chime, 'tis holyday

CONST No more of this, pray, father, fall to your dancing [CONST, CAR, &c dance

LOUIS Clara will come too late now.

FER 'Tis great pity,
 Besides your songs, dances, and other pastimes,
 You do not, as our Spanish actors do,
 Make trial of a stage

ALV We are, sir, about it,
 So please your high authority to sign us
 Some warrant to confirm us

FER My hand shall do't,
 And bring the best in Spain to see your sports

ALV Which to set off, this gentleman, a scholar —

ROD Pox on you ! [*Aside*

ALV Will write for us

FER A Spaniard, 'sir ?

ROD No, my lord, an Italian

FER Denies

His country too ? my son sings gipsy-ballads ! [*Aside*
 Keep as you are, we'll see your poet's vein,
 And your's for playing time is not ill spent
 That's thus laid out in harmless merriment

[*Exeunt* ALVAREZ, GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA,
 CHRISTIANA, CARLO, ANTONIO, RODERIGO,
 SANCHE, SOTO, and others, dancing

PED My lord of Carcomo, for this entertainment
 You shall command our loves

FRAN You're nobly welcome

PED The evening grows upon us lords, to all
 A happy time of day

FER The like to you, Don Pedro

LOUIS To my heart's sole lady

Pray let my service humbly be remember'd,

We only miss'd her presence

MAR I shall truly

Report your worthy love

[*Exeunt PEDRO and MARIA*]

FER You shall no further,

Indeed, my lords, you shall not

FRAN With your favour,

We will attend you home

Re-enter DIEGO

DIEGO Where's Don Pedro? — O sir!

LOUIS Why, what's the matter?

DIEGO The lady Clara,

Passing near to my lord corregidor's house,

Met with a strange mischance

FER How? what mischance?

DIEGO The jester that so late arriv'd at court,

And there was welcome for his country's sake,

By importunity of some friends, it seems,

Had borrow'd from the gentleman of your horse

The backing of your mettled Barbary,

On which being mounted, whilst a number gaz'd

To hear what jests he could perform on horseback,

The headstrong beast, unus'd to such a rider,

Bears the press of people [on] before him,

With which throng the lady Clara meeting,

Fainted, and there fell down, not bruised, I hope,

But frighted and entranc'd

LOUIS Ill-destin'd mischief!

FER Where have you left her?

DIEGO At your house, my lord,

A servant coming forth, and knowing who

The lady was, convey'd her to a chamber,

A surgeon, too, is sent for.

FER Had she been my daughter,
My care could not be greater than it shall be
For her recure

LOUIS But if she miscarry,
I am the most unhappy man that lives [Exit

FER Diego, [straightway^c] coast about the fields,
And overtake Don Pedro and his wife,
They newly parted from us

DIEGO I'll run speedily [Exit

FER A strange mischance but what I have, my
lord

Francisco, this day noted, I may tell you,
An accident of meiriment and wonder

FRAN Indeed, my lord !

FER I have not thoughts enough
About me to imagine what th' event
Can come to, 'tis indeed about my son,
Hereafter you may counsel me

FRAN Most gladly —

Re-enter LOUIS

How fares the lady ?

LOUIS Callèd back to life,
But full of sadness

FER Talks she nothing ?

LOUIS Nothing,
For when the women that attend on her
Demanded how she did, she turn'd about,
And answer'd with a sigh when I came near,
And by the love I bore her begg'd a word
Of hope to comfort me in her well-doing,
Before she would reply, from her fair eyes
She greets me with a bracelet of her teais,
Then wish'd me not to doubt she was too well,

^c [straightway] Inserted by the editor of 1816

Entreats that she may sleep without disturbance
Or company until her father came
And thus I left her

FRAN Sir,^d she's past the worst
Young maids are oft so troubled

FER Here come they
You talk of —

Re-enter PEDRO and MARIA

Sir, your daughter, for your comfort,
Is now upon amendment

MAR O, my lord,
You speak an angel's voice !

FER Pray, in and visit her ,
I'll follow instantly [*Exeunt PEDRO and MARIA*]—

You shall not part^e
Without a cup of wine, my lord

FRAN 'Tis now
Too troublesome a time — Which way take you,
Don Louis ?

LOUIS No matter which, for till I hear
My Clara be recover'd, I am nothing —
My lord corregidor, I am your servant
For this free entertainment

FER You have conquer'd me
In noble courtesy

LOUIS O, that no art
But love itself can cure a love-sick heart ! [*Exeunt*

^d *Sir*] A MS correction in copy of the first 4to see note,
p 109 Old eds "For" The editor of 1816 makes "For
she's past the worst" the conclusion of Louis's speech

^e *You shall not part, &c*] The audience, it seems, was to
suppose that, after Francisco (p 152) had said,

"With your favour,
We will attend you home,"

the scene had changed to the neighbourhood of Fernando's
house !

SCENE III

A room in FERNANDO'S house

CLARA *discovered seated in a chair, PEDRO and
MARIA standing by*

MAR Clara, hope of mine age¹

PED Soul of my comfort¹

Kill us not both at once why dost thou speed
Thine eye in such a progress 'bout these walls?

CLA Yon large window
Yields some fair prospect, good my lord, look out
And tell me what you see there

PED Easy suit

Clara, it overviews a spacious garden,
Amidst which stands an alabaster² fountain,
A goodly one

CLA Indeed, my lord¹

MAR Thy griefs grow wild,³
And will mislead thy judgment through thy weakness,
If thou obey thy weakness

CLA Who owns these glorious buildings?

PED Don Fernando

De Azevida,⁴ the corregidor
Of Madrill,⁵ a true noble gentleman

CLA May I not see him?

MAR. See him, Clara? why?

CLA A truly noble gentleman, you said, sir?

PED I did. lo, here he comes in person—

Enter FERNANDO.

We are,

My lord, your servants

¹ *alabaster*] See note, vol 1 p 281

² *Thy griefs grow wild*] So editor of 1816 Old eds "The
griefs grow wide"

³ *Azevida*] A MS correction in copy of the first 4to see
note, p 109 Old eds "Azeutda."

⁴ *Madrill*] See note, p 109

FER Good, no compliment —
 Young lady, there attends below a surgeon
 Of worthy fame and practice, is't your pleasure
 To be his patient?

CLA With your favour, sir,
 May I impart some few but needful words
 Of secrecy to you, to you yourself,
 None but yourself?

FER You may

PED Must I not hear 'em?

MAR Nor I?

CLA O yes — Pray, sit, my lord

FER Say on

CLA You have been married?

FER. To a wife, young lady,¹
 Who, whiles the heavens did lend her me, was fruitful
 In all those virtues which style² woman good

CLA And you had children by her?

FER Had, 'tis true,
 Now have but one, a son, and he yet lives,
 The daughter, as if in her birth the mother
 Had perfected the errand she was sent for
 Into the world, from that hour took her life
 In which the other that gave it her lost hers,
 Yet shortly she unhappily, but fatally,
 Perish'd at sea

CLA Sad story!

FER Roderigo,
 My son —

CLA How is he call'd, sir?

FER Roderigo
 He lives at Salamanca, and I fear
 That neither time, persuasions, nor his fortunes,
 Can draw him thence

¹ *a wife, young lady*] The editor of 1816 strangely follows the reading of ed 1661, "*a wise young lady*"

² *style*] Old eds "stiles"

CLA My lord, d'ye know this crucifix?^s

[*Shewing the crucifix*

FER You drive me to amazement! 'twas my son's,

A legacy bequeath'd him from his mother
Upon her deathbed, dear to him as life,
On earth there cannot be another treasure
He values at like rate as he does this

CLA O, then I am a cast-away!

MAR How's that?

PED Alas, she will grow frantic!

CLA In my bosom,
Next to my heart, my lord, I have laid up,
In bloody characters, a tale of horror
Pray, read the paper, and if there you find

[*Giving a paper*

Ought that concerns a maid undone and miserable,
Made so by one^h of yours, call back the piety
Of nature to the goodness of a judge,
An upright judge, not of a partial father,
For do not wonder that I live to suffer
Such a full weight of wrongs, but wonder rather
That I have liv'd to speak them thou, great man,
Yet read, read on, and as thou read'st consider
What I have suffer'd, what thou ought'st to do,¹
Thine own name, fatherhood, and my dishonour -
Be just as heaven and fate are, that by miracle
Have in my weakness wrought a strange discovery
Truth copied from my heart is texted there
Let now my shame be thoroughly understood,
Sins are heard farthest when they cry in blood

FER True, true, they do not cry but holla here,

^s *crucifix*] See p 108

^h *one*] Qy "son?"

¹ *What I have suffer'd, what thou ought'st to do*] "I cannot but believe that the line that should follow this has been lost." Editor of 1816—I see no reason for believing so

This is the trumpet of a soul drown'd deep
 In the unfathom'd seas of matchless sorrows
 I must lock fast the door [Exit

MAR I have no words
 To call for vengeance
 PED I am lost in marvel

Re-enter FERNANDO

FER Sir,¹ pray sit as you sat before White paper,
 This should be innocence, these letters gules²
 Should be the honest oracles of revenge
 What's beauty but a perfect white and red ?
 Both here well mix'd linn truth so beautiful,
 That to distrust it, as I am a father,
 Speaks me as foul as rape hath spoken my son,
 'Tis true

CLA 'Tis true

FER Then mark me how I kneel
 Before the high tribunal of your injuries [Kneels
 Thou too, too-much-wrong'd maid, scorn not my
 tears,

For these are tears of rage, not tears of love,—
 Thou father of this too, too-much-wrong'd maid,—
 Thou mother of her counsels and her cares,
 I do not plead for pity to a villain,
 O, let him die as he hath liv'd, dishonourably,
 Basely and cursedly¹ I plead for pity
 To my till now untainted blood and honour
 Teach me how I may now be just and cruel,
 For henceforth I am childless.

CLA Pray, sir, rise,
 You wrong your place and age

FER [*rising*] Point me my grave

¹ *Sir*] Qy "Sit?"

² *gules*] i e, in heraldic language, red

In some obscure by-path, where never memory
Nor mention of my name may be found out

CLA My loid, I can weep with you, nay, weep
for ye,

As you for me, your passions are instructions,
And prompt my faltering tongue to beg at least
A noble satisfaction, though not revenge

FER Speak that again

CLA Can you procure no balm
To heal a wounded name?

FER O, thou'rt as fair
In mercy as in beauty! wilt thou live,
And I'll be thy physician?

CLA I'll be yours

FER Don Pedro, we'll to counsel,
This^k daughter shall be ours — Sleep, sleep, young
angel,

My care shall wake about thee

CLA Heaven is gracious,
And I am eas'd!

FER We will be yet more private;
Night^l curtains o'er the world, soft dreams rest
with thee!

The best revenge is to reform our crimes,
Then time crowns sorrows, sorrows sweeten times

*[Exeunt all except CLARA, on whom the scene
shuts*

^k *Thus*] The editor of 1816 prints "Thy"

^l *Night*] Old eds. "Might."

ACT IV SCENE I

A court before an inn

ALVAREZ, GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, CHRISTIANA, SANCHO, SOTO, ANTONIO, CARLO, RODERIGO, *and others discovered, disguised as before* *A shout within*
Enter JOHN

ALV }
 GUI, &c } Welcome, welcome, welcome !

SOTO More sacks to the mill

SAN More thieves to the sacks

ALV Peace !

CONST I give you now my welcome without
 noise

JOHN 'Tis music to me [*Offering to kiss* CONST

ALV }
 GUI, &c } O sir !

SAN You must not be in your mutton^m before
 we are out of our veal

SOTO Stay for vinegar to your oysters, no opening till then

GUI No kissing till you're sworn

JOHN Swear me then quickly,
 I have brought gold for my admission

ALV What you bring leave, and what you leave
 count lost

SAN I brought all my teeth, two are struck out,
 them I count lost, so must you

SOTO I brought all my wits, half I count lost,
 so must you

JOHN To be as you are, I lose father, friends,
 Birth, fortunes, all the world what will you do
 With the beast I rode on hither ?

¹ *Alv, Gui, &c.*] Old ed here and afterwards, "All"

^m *mutton*] See note, vol III p 102

SAN A beast? is't a mule? send him to Muly
Crag a whee^m in Barbary

SOTO Is't an ass? give it to a lawyer, for in
Spain they ride upon none else

JOHN Kill him by any means, lest, being pursu'd,
The beast betray me

SOTO He's a beast betrays any man

SAN Except a bailiff to be pumped

JOHN Pray, bury the carcass and the furniture

SAN Do, do, bury the ass's household stuff, and
in his skin sew any man that's mad for a woman

ALV Do so then, bury it now to your oath

GUI All things are ready

ALV [*sings*ⁿ]

Thy best^o hand lay on this turf of grass,

There thy heart lies, vow not to pass

From us two years for sun nor snow,

For hill nor dale, howe'er winds blow,

Vow the hard earth to be thy bed,

With her green cushions under thy head,

Flower-banks or moss to be thy board,

Water thy wine —

SAN [*sings*] *And drink like a lord*

Chorus

Kings can have but coronations,

We are as proud of gipsy-fashions

Dance, sing, and in a well-mix'd border

Close this new brother of our order.

ALV [*sings*]

What we get with us come share,

You to get must vow to care,

^m *Muly Crag a whee*] A corrupted name probably, used with a quibble

ⁿ [*sings*] Had there not been a "Chorus" (in old eds "Omnes"), I should have supposed that the rhyming lines in this initiation-scene were spoken, not sung

^o *best*] Qy "left?"

*Nor strike gipsy, nor stand by
 When strangers strike, but fight or die,
 Our gipsy-wenches are not common,
 You must not kiss a fellow's leman,^o
 Nor to your own, for one you must,
 In songs send errands of base lust*

Chorus

*Dance, sing, and in a well-mix'd border
 Close this new brother of our order*

JOHN [*sings*]

*On this turf of grass I vow
 Your laws to keep, your laws allow*

ALL. A gipsy! a gipsy! a gipsy!

GUI [*sings*]

*Now choose what maid has yet no mate,
 She's yours*

JOHN [*sings*] *Here then fix I my fate*

*[Takes CONSTANZA by the hand, and offers
 to kiss her]*

SAN Again fall to before you ha' washed?

SOTO Your nose in the manger before the oats
 are measured, jade so hungry?

ALV. [*sings*]

*Set foot to foot, those garlands hold,
 Now mark^d [*well*] what more is told
 By cross arms, the lover's sign,
 Vow, as these flowers themselves entwine,
 Of April's wealth building a throne
 Round, so your love to one or none,
 By those touches of your feet,
 You must each night embracing meet,*

*Chaste, howe'er disjoin'd by day,
 You the sun with her must play,
 She to you the marigold,
 To none but you her leaves unfold,
 Wake she or sleep, your eyes so charm,
 Want, woe, nor weather do her harm.*

CAR P [sings]

*This is your market now of kisses,
 Buy and sell free each other blisses*

JOHN Most willingly

Chorus

*Holydays, high days, gipsy-fairs,
 When kisses are fairings, and hearts meet in pairs*

ALV All ceremonies end here welcome, brother
 gipsy!

SAN And the better to instruct thee, mark what
 a brave life 'tis all the year long [Sings]

*Brave don, cast your eyes
 On our gipsy fashions
 In our antic hey-de-guize^a
 We go beyond all nations,
 Plump Dutch
 At us grutch,
 So do English, so do French,
 He that lopes^r
 On the ropes,
 Shew me such another wench^s*

^p Car] Old eds "Cla"

^a hey-de-guize] A kind of rural dance—a word variously
 spelt, and of doubtful etymology

^r lopes] i e leaps

^s wench] Qy "wrench?" Compare Sir John Davies's
Orchestra, or a Poeme of Dauncing,

"Such winding sleights, such turns and tricks he hath,
 Such creeks, such wenchies, and such dalliaunce" St. 53

*We no camels have to shew,
 Nor elephant with growt^t head,
 We can dance, he cannot go,
 Because the beast is corn-fed,^u
 No blind bears
 Shedding tears,
 For a collier's whipping,
 Apes nor dogs,
 Quick as frogs,
 Over cudgels skipping
 Jack[s]-in-boxes,^v nor decoys,
 Puppets, nor such poor things,*

^t *growt*] a corruption of *great*

^u *because the beast is corn-fed*] "This seems so odd a reason why the elephant could not go, that I believe we should read, 'is not fed.'" Editor of 1816 — But does not *corn fed* mean, even in the present day, fattened up? and, perhaps, there is a quibble—*cornified* (having corns)

^v *Jack[s] in-boxes*] I have to regret that the following passage does not well admit of abridgment "This Jacke in a Boxe, or this Diuell in mans shape, wearing (like a player on a stage, good clothes on his backe) comes to a Goldsmiths Stall, to a Drapers, a Habberdashers, or into any other shoppe, where he knowes good store of siluer faces are to be seene And there drawing foorth a faire new boxe, hammered all out of Siluer plate, he opens it, and powres forth twenty or forty Twenty-shillings pieces in new Gold. To which heape of worldly temptation thus much hee addes in words, that either he himselfe, or such a Gentleman (to whom he belongs) hath an occasion for foure or fve dayes to vse forty pound But because he is very shortly (nay he knowes not how suddenly) to trauaile to Venice, to Jerusalem or so, and would not willingly bee disfurnished of Gold, he doth therefore request the Citizen to lend (vpon those Forty Twenty-shilling pieces) so much in white money (but for foure, or fve, or sixe dayes at the most) and for his good will he shall receiue any reasonable satisfaction The Citizen (knowing the pawne to be better then a Bond) powreth downe forty pound in siluer the other drawes it, and hauing so much gold in hostage, marcheth away with Bag and Baggage Fve dayes being expired, Jacke in a Boxe (according to his bargaine) beeing a man of his

*Nor are we those roaring boys
That cozen fools with gilt rings,*^s

word, comes againe to the shop or stall, (at which he Angles for fresh Fish) and there casting out his line with a siluer hooke, that is to say, powring out the forty pound which he borrowed The Citizen sends in, or steppes himselfe for the Boxe with the Golden Deuill in it it is opened, and the army of Angels being mustered together, they are all found to be there The Boxe is shut againe and set on the stal whilest the Citizen is telling of his mony But whilest the musicke is sounding, Jacke in a Boxe actes his part in a dumbe shew thus, he shifts out of his fingers another Boxe of the same mettall and making that the former beares, which second Boxe is filled only with shillings, and being poized in the hand, shall seeme to carry the weight of the former, and is clapt downe in place of the first The Citizen in the meane time (whilest this Pitfall is made for him) telling the forty pounds, misseth thirty or forty shillings in the whole summe at which the Jacke in a Boxe starting backe (as if it were a matter strange vnto him) at last (making a gathering with himselfe for his wits) he remembers, he sayes, that he layd by so much money as is wanting (of the forty pounds) to dispatch some businesse or other, and forgot to put it into the bag againe, notwithstanding, he intreats the Citizen to keepe his Gold still, he will take the white money home to fetch the rest and make vp the summe, his absence shall not bee about an houre or two before which time hee shall bee sure to heare of him, and with this the little Deuil vanissheth carrying that away with him which in the end will send him to the Gallowes, (that is to say, his owne Gold) and forty pound besides of the Shop-keepers which he borrowed, the other being glad to take forty shillings for the whole debt, and yet is soundly boxt for his labor" *English Villaines, &c*, sig. A, ed 1632

^s *cozen fools with gilt rings*] "You haue another kind of Lifter, or more properly a cunning night shifter, and it is thus You shall haue a fellow that in an euening or night time, or some time at noone dayes, as hee likes the company and sorts his opportunity, that will wilfully drop sometime a spoone, other while a ring or else some peece of coyned money, as the likenes of gold and siluer, and so spurning it afore them in the view of others, to the end they should cry halfe part, which he taking hold of, sayth, nay by my troth, what will you giue me and take it all? and so some greedy fooles offer thus much, thinking it gold, which the Lifter takes as

*For an ocean,
Not^s such a motion
As the city Nineveh,^t
Dancing, singing,
And fine ringing,
You these sports shall hear and see*

Come now, what shall his name be?

CONST His name shall now be Andrew — Friend
Andrew, mark me

Two years I am to try you, prove fine gold,
The uncrack'd diamond of my faith shall hold

JOHN My vows are rocks of adamant

CONST Two years you are to try me black^u
when I turn

May I meet youth and want, old age and scorn¹

JOHN Kings' diadems shall not buy thee

CAR^v Do you think

You can endure the life, and love it?

JOHN As usurers doat upon their treasure.

SORO But when your face shall be tann'd

Like a sailor's worky-day hand —

SAN When your feet shall be gall'd,

And your noddle be mall'd^w —

SORO When the woods you must forage,

And not meet with poor pease-porridge —

SAN. Be all to-be-dabbled,^x yet lie in no
sheet —

Knowing it counterfeit, and so are they cunny-caught" Dekker's *Belman of London*, sig. c 4, ed. 1608

^s Not] Ed. of 1816, "Rot," mistaking for an r the broken n of ed. 1661

^t such a motion as the city Nineveh] See note, vol. 1 p. 229

^u black] May be the right reading but qy "back?"

^v Car] Old eds. "Cla"

^w mall'd] So written for the rhyme

^x all to-be-dabbled] A writer in the additions to Boucher's *Gloss* (new ed. in v. *All*) has well observed, that in such expressions as this it is a mistake to suppose that *all* is coupled

SOTO With winter's frost, hail, snow, and sleet,
What life will you say it is then?

JOHN As now, the sweetest

DIEGO [*within*] Away! away! the corregidor has
sent for you

SAN [*sings*]

*Hence merrily fine to get money!
Dry are the fields, the banks are sunny,
Silver is sweeter far than honey,*

*Fly like swallows,
We for our cones must get mallows,
Who loves not his dull,² let him die at the gallows
Hence, bonny girls, foot it trimly,
Smug up your beetle-brows, none look grimly,
To shew a pretty foot, O 'tis seemly!*

[*Exeunt all except SOTO as he is going out,*

Enter CARDOCHIA, who stays him

CARD Do you hear, you gipsy? gipsy!

SOTO Me?

CARD There's a young gipsy newly entertain'd,
Sweet gipsy, call him back for one two words,
And here's a jewel for thee.

SOTO I'll send him

CARD What's his name?

SOTO Andrew

CARD A very handsome fellow, I ha' seen
courtiers

Jet¹ up and down in their full bravery,²
Yet here's a gipsy worth a drove of 'em

with *to*, and that it becomes equivalent to *omnino* from being
thus conjoined the *to* is connected with the following participle
as a prefix

¹ *dull*] 1 e, perhaps, darling see Nares's *Gloss* in v *Dull-
ing*, and Moor's *Suff Words* in v *Dills*, or, perhaps, another
form of *dell*—see note, vol 11 p 538

² *Jet*] 1 e. strut.

² *bravery*] 1 e finery

Re-enter JOHN

JOHN With me, sweetheart ?

CARD Your name is Andrew ?

JOHN Yes

CARD You can tell fortunes, Andrew ?

JOHN I could once,

But now I ha' lost that knowledge, I'm in haste,
And cannot stay to tell you yours

CARD I cannot tell yours then,
And 'cause you're in haste, I'm quick, I am a
maid —

JOHN So, so, a maid quick ?

CARD Juanna Cardochia,
That's mine own name, I am my mother's heir
Here to this house, and two more

JOHN I buy no lands

CARD They shall be given you, with some plate
and money,

And free possession during life of me,
So the match like* you, for so well I love you,
That I, in pity of this trade of gipsying,
Being base, idle, and slavish, offer you
A state to settle you, my youth and beauty,
Desir'd by some brave Spaniards, so I may call you
My husband shall I, Andrew ?

JOHN 'Las, pretty soul,
Better stars guide you ! may that hand of Cupid
Ache, ever shot this arrow at your heart !
Sticks there one such indeed ?

CARD I would there did not,
Since you'll not pluck it out

JOHN Good sweet, I cannot,
For marriage, 'tis a law amongst us gipsies

* like] i e please

We match in our own tribes, for me to wear you,
I should but wear you out

CARD I do not care,
Wear what you can out, all my life, my wealth,
Ruin me, so you lend me but your love,
A little of your love!

JOHN Would I could give it,
For you are worth a world of better men,
For your free noble mind! all my best wishes
Stay with you, I must hence

CARD Wear for my sake
This jewel

JOHN I'll not rob you, I'll take nothing

CARD Wear it about your neck but one poor
moon,

If in that time your eye be as 'tis now,
Send my jewel home again, and I protest
I'll never more think on you, deny not this,
Put it about your neck

JOHN Well then, 'tis done [*Putting on jewel*]

CARD And vow to keep it there

JOHN By all the goodness
I wish attend your fortunes, I do vow it! [*Exit*]

CARD Scorn'd! thou hast temper'd poison to kill
me

Thyself shall drink, since I cannot enjoy thee,
My revenge shall

Enter DIEGO

DIEGO Where are the gipsies?

CARD Gone

DIEGO, do you love me?

DIEGO Love thee, Juanna?
Is my life mine? it is but mine so long
As it shall do thee service

CARD There's a young^b gipsy newly entertain'd

DIEGO A handsome rascal, what of him?

CARD That slave in obscene language courted me,
Drew reals^c out, and would have bought my body,
Diego, from thee

DIEGO Is he so itchy? I'll cure him

CARD Thou shalt not touch the villain, I'll spin
his fate,

Woman strikes sure, fall the blow ne'er so late

DIEGO Strike on, since^d thou wilt be a striker^e
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II

A room in FERNANDO's house

Enter FERNANDO, FRANCISCO, PEDRO, and LOUIS

FER See, Don LOUIS, an arm,^f

The strongest arm in Spain, to the full length
Is stretch'd to pluck old count Alvarez home
From his sad banishment

LOUIS With longing eyes,

My lord, I expect the man your lordship's pardon,
Some business calls me from you

^b *young*] A MS correction in copy of the first 4to, see note,
p 109, and so the editor of 1816 Old eds "younger"

^c *reals*] "*Real*, a Spanish sixpence" Minshew, *Guide into
Tongues* in v — "A coin worth forty maravedis" Neuman's
Span and Engl Dict in v

^d *since*] A MS correction *ubi sup*, and so the editor of 1816
Old eds "sinne," and "sin"

^e *a striker*] A quibble

"nor was old Lais liker

Unto herselfe then shew is to a *striker*"

Brathwait's *Honest Ghost*, 1658, p 167

The word is more frequently applied to the dissolute of the
other sex see note, vol ii p 454

^f *arm*] A MS correction *ubi sup* Old eds "army," which
the editor of 1816 vainly endeavoured to explain

FER Prithee, Don Louis,
Unless th' occasion be too violent,
Stay and be merry with us, all the gipsies
Will be here presently

LOUIS I'll attend your lordship
Before their sports be done

FER Be your own carver [Exit LOUIS
[To FRAN] Not yet shake off these fetters? I see
a son

Is heavy when a father carries him
On his old heart

FRAN Could I set up my rest
That he were lost, or taken prisoner,
I could hold truce with sorrow, but to have him
Vanish I know not how, gone none knows whither,
'Tis that mads me

PED You said he sent a letter

FRAN A letter? a mere riddle, he's gone to see[k]
His fortune in the wars, what wars have we?
Suppose we had, goes any man to th' field
Naked, unfurnish'd both [of] arms and money?

FER Come, come, he's gone a-wenching, we in
our youth
Ran the self-same bias

Enter DIEGO

DIEGO. The gipsies, my lord, are come

FER Are they? let them enter [Exit DIEGO
My lord De Cortes, send for your wife and
daughter,
Good company is good physic take the pains
To seat yourselves in my great chamber See,
They^f are here —

[Exeunt FRANCISCO and PEDRO

^f See they, &c] Given to "Al" in first ed by a mistake,
which is corrected in ed 1661

Enter ALVAREZ, GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, CHRISTIANA, JOHN, RODERIGO, ANTONIO, CARLO, SANCHE, and Soto, *disguised as before*

What's your number?

SAN The figure of nine casts us all up, my lord

FER Nine? let me see—you are ten, sure

SOTO That's our poet, he stands for a cipher

FER Ciphers make numbers — what plays have you?

ALV Five or six, my lord

FER It's well so many already

SOTO We are promised a very merry tragedy, if all hit right, of Cobby Nobby

FER So, so, a merry tragedy! there is a way Which the Italians and the Frenchmen use, That is, on a word given, or some slight plot, The actors will extempore fashion out Scenes neat and witty

ALV We can do that, my lord, Please you bestow the subject

FER Can you?—Come hither, You master poet to save you a labour, Look you, against your coming I projected This comic passage [*producing a paper*], your drama, that's the scene —

ROD Ay, ay, my lord.

FER I lay in our own country, Spain

ROD 'Tis best so

FER Here's a brave part for this old gipsy, look you,

The father read the plot, this young she-gipsy, This lady now the son, play him yourself

ROD. My lord, I am no player

FER Pray, at this time, The plot being full, to please my noble friends,

Because your brains must into theirs put language,
Act thou the son's part, I'll reward your pains

ROD Protest, my lord —

FER Nay, nay, shake off protesting,
When I was young, sir, I have play'd myself

SAN Yourself, my lord? you were but a poor
company then

FER Yes, full enough, honest fellow — Will you
do it?

ROD I'll venture

FER I thank you let this father be a don
Of a brave spirit — Old gipsy, observe me —

ALV Yes, my lord

FER Play him up high, not like a pantaloons,^s
But hotly, nobly, checking this his son,
Whom make a very rake-hell, a debosh'd fellow —
This point, I think, will shew well

ROD This of the picture?

It will indeed, my lord

SAN My lord, what part play I?

FER What parts dost use to play?

SAN If your lordship has ever a coxcomb, I
think I could fit you

FER I thank your coxcombship

SOTO Put a coxcomb upon a lord!

FER There are parts to serve you all, go, go,
make ready,

And call for what you want [Exit.

ALV Give me the plot, our wits are put to trial
What's the son's name? Lorenzo that's your part,

[To RODERIGO

Look only you to that, these I'll dispose

^s *not like a pantaloons*] "I e represent him in the full possession of his strength and mental faculties, and not like a feeble old man 'The lean and shipper'd pantaloons' of Shakespeare will occur to every reader" Editor of 1816

Old Don Avero, mine, Hialdo, Lollo,
Two servants,—you for them

[*To SANCHE and SOTO*

SAN One of the foolish knaves give me, I'll be
Hialdo.

SOTO And I, Lollo

SAN Is there a banquet in the play? we may
call for what we will

ROD Yes, here is a banquet

SAN I'll go, then, and bespeak an ocean of sweet-
meats, marmalade, and custards

ALV Make haste to know what you must do

SAN Do? call for enough, and when my belly
is full, fill my pockets.

SOTO To a banquet there must be wine, fortune's
a scurvy whore, if she makes not my head sound
like a rattle, and my heels dance the canaries^s

ALV So, so, despatch, whilst we employ our
brains

To set things off to th' life

ROD I'll be straight with you —

[*Exeunt all except RODERIGO*

Why does my father put this trick on me?

Spies he me through my vizard? if he does,

He's not the king of Spain, and 'tis no treason,

If his invention jet^h upon a stage,

Why should not I use action? A debosh'd fellow!

A very rake-hell! this reflects on me,

And I'll retort it grown a poet, father?

No matter in what strain your play must run,

But I shall fit you for a roaring son [Exit

^s canaries] A quick and lively dance see note, vol III
p 39

^h jet] i.e. strut.

SCENE III

A large apartment in FERNANDO's house

*Enter FERNANDO, FRANCISCO, PEDRO, DIEGO, MARIA,
CLARA, and Servants*

FER Come, ladies, take your places [*Flourish
within*] This their music?

'Tis very handsome O, I wish this room
Were freighted but with [pleasures^h], noble friends,
As are to you my welcomes!—Begin there, masters

SAN [*nithin*] Presently, my lord, we want but
a cold capon for a property¹

FER Call, call for one

Enter SANCHE as Prologue

Now they begin

SAN *Both short and sweet some say is best,
We will not only be sweet, but short*

Take you pepper in the nose,³ you mar our sport

FER By no means pepper

SAN *Of your love measure us forth but one span,
We do, though not the best, the best we can* [*Exit.*]

FER A good honest gipsy!

Enter ALVAREZ (as AVERO), and SOTO (as LOLLIO)

ALV *Slave, where's my son Lorenzo?*

SOTO *I have sought him, my lord, in all four
elements in earth, my shoes are full of gravel, in
water, I drop at nose with sweating, in air, where-
soever I heard noise of fiddlers, or the wide mouths*

^h [*pleasures*] Compare p 172, last line, but I am by no means confident that I have supplied the right word

¹ *property*] 1 e in theatrical language, a thing necessary for the scene

³ *Take you pepper in the nose*] "1 e if you be captious and ready to take offence" Editor of 1816

of gallon-pots roaring, and in fire, what chimney soever I saw smoking with good cheer, for my master's dinner, as I was in hope

ALV *Not yet come home? before on this old tree
Shall grow a branch so blasted, I'll hew it off,
And bury it at my foot ' Didst thou inquire
At my brother's?*

SOTO *At your sister's*

ALV *At my wife's father's?*

SOTO *At your uncle's mother's no such sheep
has broke through their hedge, no such calf as you
son sucks or bleats in their ground*

ALV *I am unblest'd to have but one son only,
One staff to bear my age up, one taper left
To light me to my grave, and that burns dimly,
That leaves me darkling hid in clouds of woe
He that should prop me is mine overthrow*

FER *Well done, old fellow! is't not?*

FRAN } *Yes, yes, my lord*
PED, &c }

SOTO *Here comes his man Hialdo*

Enter SANCHE (as HIALDO)

ALV *Where's the prodigal your master, sirrah?*

SAN *Eating acorns amongst swine, draff amongst
hogs, and gnawing bones amongst dogs, has lost all
his money at dice, his wits with his money, and his
honesty with both, for he bum-fiddles me, makes the
drawers curvet, pitches the plate over the bar, scores
up the vintner's name in the Ram-head, flirts his
wife under the nose, and bids you with a pox send
him more money*

ALV *Art thou one of his curs to bite me too?
To nail thee to the earth were to do justice*

SAN *Here comes Bucephalus my prancing mas-
ter, nail me now who dares.*

Enter RODERIGO (as LORENZO)

ROD *I sit like an owl^k in the ivy-bush of a tavern, Hualdo, I have drawn red wine from the vintner's own hogshead*

SAN *Here's two more, pierce them too*

ROD *Old don, whom I call father, am I thy son? if I be, flesh me with gold, fat me with silver, had I Spain in this hand, and Portugal in this, puff it should fly where's the money I sent for?—I'll tickle you for a rake-hell!* [Aside

SAN *Not a *marvedi*¹*

ALV *Thou shalt have none of me*

SOTO *Hold his nose^m to the grin's stone, my lord*

ROD *I shall have none?*

ALV *Charge me a caseⁿ of pistols, What I have built I'll ruin shall I suffer A slave to set his foot upon my heart?*

A son? a barbarous villain! or if heaven save thee Now from my justice, yet my curse pursues thee

ROD. *Hualdo, carbonado thou the old rogue my father*

SAN *Whilst you slice into collops the rusty gammon his man there.*

ROD *No money? Can taverns stand without anon, anon?° fiddlers live without scraping? taffeta girls look plump without pampering? If you will*

^k *like an owl, &c*] "To look like an owl in an ivy-bush" is a proverbial expression see Ray's *Proverbs*, p 61, ed 1768 A tuft or bush of ivy was formerly hung out at the door of a vintner

¹ *marvedi*] See note, p 119

^m *Hold his nose, &c*] 1 e "confine him to a short allowance" Editor of 1816

ⁿ *case*] 1 e pair

^o *anon, anon*] "Was the reply of the waiters [drawers] when called, as sufficiently appears in act 11 sc 14 of the *First Part of Henry IV*" Editor of 1816

not lard me with money, give me a ship, furnish me to sea.

ALV *To have thee hanged for piracy ?*

SAN *Trim, tram, hang master, hang man !*

ROD *Then send me to the West Indies, buy me some office there*

ALV *To have thy throat cut for thy quarrelling ?*

ROD *Else send me and my ningle^o Hialdo to the wars.*

SAN. *A match, we'll fight dog, fight bear*

Enter ANTONIO (as HERNANDO)

ALV ^P *O dear Hernando, welcome !—Clap wings to your heels,* [To SOTO

And pray my worthy friends bestow upon me Their present visitation^q— [Exit SOTO

Lorenzo, see the anger of a father, Although it be as loud and quick as thunder, Yet 'tis done instantly, cast off thy wildness, Be mine, be mine, for I to call thee home Have, with my honour'd friend here Don Hernando, Provided thee a wife

ROD. *A wife ! is she handsome ? is she rich ? is she fair ? is she witty ? is she honest ? hang honesty ! has she a sweet face, cherry-cheek, strawberry-lip, white skin, dainty eye, pretty foot, delicate legs, as there's a girl now ?*

ANT *It is a creature both for birth and fortunes, And for most excellent graces of the mind, Few like her are in Spain*

ROD *When shall I see her ?— Now, father, pray take your curse off*

ALV. *I do the lady*

^o *ningle*] i e intimate, favourite see note, vol II p 498

^P *Alv*] Old eds "An"

^q *visitation*] Ed. 1661, "visitations"

*Lives from Madrill^a very near fourteen leagues,
But thou shalt see her picture*

ROD *That! that! most ladies in these days are
but very fine pictures*

*Enter CARLO, JOHN, GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, and
CHRISTIANA (as friends of AVERO)*

ALV *Ladies, to you first welcome, my lords,
Alonzo,*

*And you worthy marquess, thanks for these honours —
Away you!* [Exit SANCHE^r

*To th' cause now of this meeting My son Lorenzo,
Whose wildness you all know, comes now to th' lure,
Sits gently, has call'd home his wandering thoughts,
And now will marry*

CONST *A good wife fate send him!*

GUI *One stand may settle him*

ROD *Fly to the mark, sir, shew me the wench,
or her face, or any thing I may know 'tis a woman
fit for me*

ALV *She is not here herself, but here's her pic-
ture* [Shews a picture.

FER. *My lord De Carcomo, pray, observe this*

FRAN *I do, attentively — Don Pedro, mark it.*

Re-enter Soto

SOTO [to John] *If you ha' done your part, yon-
der's a wench would ha' a bout with you* [Exit.

JOHN *Me?* [Exit

DIEGO *A wench!* [Exit

ALV *Why stand you staring at it? how do you
like her?*

^a *Madrill*] See note, p 104

^r *Exit Sancho*] So the editor of 1816 but I suspect a mis-
print in the words "Away you" It is necessary, however,
that Sancho should quit the stage see p 180

ROD *Are you in earnest?*

ALV *Yes, sir, in earnest*

ROD *I am not so hungry after flesh to make the devil a cuckold*

ANT *Look not upon the face, but on the goodness That dwells within her*

ROD *Set fire on the tenement!*

ALV *She's rich, nobly descended*

ROD *Did ever nobility look so scurvily?*

ALV *I'm sunk in fortunes, she may raise us both*

ROD *Sink let her to her granam! marry a witch? have you fetched a wife for me out of Lapland? an old midwife in a velvet hat were a goddess to this that a red lip?*

CONST *There's a red nose*

ROD *That a yellow hair?*

GUI. *Why, her teeth may be yellow*

ROD *Where's the full eye?*

CHRIS *She has full blabber-cheeks*

ALV *Set up thy rest, her marriest thou or none*

ROD *None then were all the water in the world one sea, all kingdoms one mountain, I would climb on all four up to the top of that hill, and headlong hurl myself into that abyss of waves, ere I would touch the skin of such rough haberdaine,* for the breath of her picture stinks hither*

A noise within *Re-enter, in a hurry, JOHN, DIEGO, SANCHE, and SOTO, with CARDOCHIA*

FER *What tumult's this?*

SAN *Murder, murder, murder!*

SOTO *One of our gipsies is in danger of hanging, hanging!*

PED *Who is hurt?*

* *haberdaine*] See note, p. 64

- DIEGO 'Tis I, my lord, stabbed by this gipsy.
 JOHN He struck me first, and I'll not take a
 blow
 From any Spaniard breathing.
 PED Are you so brave ?
 FER Break up your play , lock all the doors
 DIEGO I faint, my lord
 FRAN Have him to a surgeon —
 [*Servants remove* DIEGO
 How fell they out ?
 CARD O, my good lord, these gipsies, when they
 lodg'd
 At my house, I had a jewel from my pocket
 Stolen by this villain
 JOHN 'Tis most false, my lords ,
 Her own hands gave it me
 CONST She that calls him villain,
 Or says he stole ——
 FER Hoyday ! we hear your scolding
 CARD And the hurt gentleman finding it in his
 bosom,
 For that he stabb'd him
 FER Hence with all the gipsies !
 PED Ruffians and thieves, to prison with 'em
 all !
 ALV My lord, we'll leave engagements in plate
 and money
 For all our safe forthcomings , punish not all
 For one's offence , we'll prove ourselves no thieves
 SAN O Soto, I make buttons !^t
 SOTO Would I could make some, and leave this
 trade !
 FER Iron him then, let the rest go free , but stir
 not

^t *I make buttons*] Compare vol 1 p 135 and note
 VOL IV R

One foot out of Madrill^a Bring you in your witness

[*Exeunt JOHN in custody of servants, ALVAREZ, GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, CHRISTIANA, ANTONIO, CARLO, and CARDOCHIA*]

SOTO Prick him with a pin, or pinch him by the elbow, any thing

SAN My lord Don Pedro, I am your ward, we have spent a little money to get a horrible deal of wit, and now I am weary of it

PED My runaways turn'd jugglers, fortune-tellers?

SOTO No great fortunes

FER To prison with 'em both a gentleman play the ass!

SAN If all gentlemen that play the ass should to prison, you must widen your jails — Come, Soto, I scorn to beg, set thy foot to mine, and kick at shackles

FER So, so, away with 'em!

SOTO Send all our company after, and we'll play there, and be as merry as you here

[*Exeunt SANCHE and SOTO with Servants*]

FER. Our comedy turn'd tragical! Please you, lords, walk

This actor here and I must change a word,
And I come to you

FRAN } Well, my lord, your pleasure
PED, &c }

[*Exeunt all except FERNANDO and RODERIGO*]

FER Why, couldst thou think in any base disguise

To blind my sight? fathers have eagles' eyes.

^a *Madrill*] See note, p 104.

But pray, sir, why was this done? why, when I
thought you

Fast lock'd in Salamanca at your study,
Leap'd you into a gipsy?

ROD Sir, with your pardon,
I shall at fit time to you shew cause for all
FER Meantime, sir, you have got a trade to live
by

Best to turn player; an excellent ruffian, ha!
But know, sir, when I had found you out, I gave
you

This project of set purpose, 'tis all myself,
What the old gipsy spake must be my language,
Nothing are left me but my offices
And thin-fac'd honours, and this very creature,
By you so scorn'd, must raise me by your marrying
her

ROD You would not build your glory on ~~my~~
ruins?

FER The rascal has belied the lady,
She is not half so bad, all's one, she's rich

ROD O, will you sell^v the joys of my full youth
To dunghill muck? seek out some wretch's daughter,
Whose soul is lost for gold then you're more
noble

Than t' have your son, the top-branch of your
house,

Grow in a heap of rubbish I must marry a thing
I shall be asham'd to own, asham'd to bring her
Before a sunbeam

FER I cannot help it, sir,
Resolve upon't, and do't

ROD And do't and die!

^v *sell*] A MS correction in copy of the first 4to see note,
p 109 Old eds "see"

Is there no face in Spain for you to pick out
 But one to fright me? when you sat the play here,
 There was a beauty, to be lord of which
 I would against an army throw defiance

FER She? alas!

ROD How? she^w at every hair of hers
 There hangs a very angel, this! I'm ready
 To drop down looking at it sir, I beseech you
 Bury me in this earth [*kneels*], on which I'm
 humbled

To beg your blessing on me, for a gipsy,
 Rather than—O, I know not what to term it!
 Pray, what is that young pensive piece of beauty?
 Your voice for her, I ey'd her all the scene

FER. I saw you did

ROD. Methought 'twas a sweet creature

FER Well, though my present state stands now
 * on ice,

I'll let it crack and fall rather than bar thee
 Of thy content, this lady shall go by then

ROD Hang let her there, or any where!

FER That young lannard,^z

Whom you have such a mind to, if you can whistle
 her

To come to fist, make trial, play the young fal-
 coner,

I will nor mar your marriage nor yet make,
 Beauty, no wealth,—wealth, ugliness,—which you
 will, take

ROD I thank you, sir [*Exit FERNANDO*].—Put
 on your mask, good madam, [*To the picture*
 The sun will spoil your face else [*Exit*

^w she] A MS correction *ubi sup* Old eds "how"

^z lannard] "Or laner, is a species of hawk." Editor of
 1816

ACT V SCENE I

A room in FERNANDO'S house

FERNANDO, FRANCISCO, PEDRO, RODERIGO, CLARA,
and MARIA, *pass over the stage from church as*
the others exeunt, FERNANDO stays RODERIGO

FER. Thou hast now the wife of thy desires

ROD Sir, I have,

And in her every blessing that makes life
Loath to be parted with

FER Noble she is,

And fair, has to enrich her blood and beauty,
Plenty of wit, discourse, behaviour, carriage

ROD I owe you duty for a double birth,
Being in this happiness begot again,
Without which I had been a man of wretchedness

FER Then henceforth, boy, learn to obey thy
fate,

'Tis fallen upon thee, know it, and embrace it,
Thy wife's a wanton

ROD A wanton?

FER Examine through the progress of thy youth
What capital sin,* what great one 'tis, for 'tis
A great one, thou'st committed.

ROD I a great one?

FER Else heaven is not so wrathful to pour on
thee

A misery so full of bitterness

I am thy father, think on't, and be just;
Come, do not dally

ROD Pray, my lord ——

FER Fool, 'twere

Impossible that justice should rain down

* *sin*] Old eds "sins"

In such a frightful horror without cause
 Sir, I will know it, rather blush thou didst
 An act thou dar'st not name, than that it has
 A name to be known by

ROD Turn from me then,
 And as my guilt sighs out this monster,—rape,
 O, do not lend an ear!

FER Rape? fearful!

ROD Hence,
 Hence springs my due reward

FER Thou'lt none of mine,
 Or if thou be'st, thou dost belie the stamp^x
 Of thy nativity

ROD Forgive me!

FER Had she,
 Poor wrongèd soul, whoe'er she was, no friend,
 Nor father, to revenge? had she no tongue
 To roar her injuries?

ROD Alas, I know her not!

FER Peace! thou wilt blaze a sin beyond all
 precedent
 Young man, thou shouldst have married her, the
 devil

Of lust that riots in thy eye should there
 Have let fall^y love and pity, not on this stranger
 Whom thou hast doted on

ROD O, had I married her,
 I had been then the happiest man alive!

*Re-enter CLARA, MARIA, and PEDRO, from behind
 the arras*

CLA As I the happiest woman, being married
 Look on me, sir

PED You shall not find a change

^x stamp] So ed 1661 First ed "stamps"

^y fall] Old eds "full"

So full of fears as your most noble father,
In his wise trial, urg'd

MAR Indeed you shall not,
The forfeit of her shame shall be her pawn

ROD Why, pray, d'ye mock my sorrows? now,
O, now,

My horrors flow^r about me!

FER No, thy comforts,
Thy blessings, Roderigo.

CLA By this crucifix [Shewing crucifix
You may remember me

ROD Ha! art thou
That lady wrongèd?

CLA I was, but now am
Righted in noble satisfaction

ROD How can I turn mine eyes, and not behold
On every side my shame!

FER No more hereafter
We shall have time to talk at large of all
Love her that's now thine own, do, Roderigo,
She's far from what I character'd

CLA My care
Shall live about me to deserve your love

ROD Excellent Clara!—Fathers both, and mother,

I will redeem my fault

FER	} Our blessings dwell on ye!
PED	
MAR	

Re-enter FRANCISCO with LOUIS

LOUIS Married to Roderigo?

FRAN Judge yourself,
See where they are

[Exit

^r flow] Old eds "flew"

LOUIS Is this your husband, lady?

CLA He is, sir heaven's great hand, that on record

Fore-points the equal union of all hearts,
Long since decreed what this day hath been perfected

LOUIS 'Tis well then, I am free, it seems

CLA Make smooth,

My lord, those clouds, which on your brow deliver
Emblems of storm,⁷ I will, as far as honour
May privilege, deserve a noble friendship,
As you from me deserve a worthy memory

LOUIS Your husband has prov'd himself a friend
[to me],

Trusty and tried, he's welcome, I may say,
From the university

ROD To a new school
Of happy knowledge, Louis

LOUIS Sir, I am²

Not so poor to put this injury up,
The best blood flows within you is the price

ROD Louis, for this time calm your anger, and if
I do not give you noble satisfaction,
Call me to what account you please

LOUIS So, so—I come for justice t'ye,
And you shall grant it

FER Shall and will

LOUIS. With speed too,
My poor friend bleeds the whales

FER. You shall yourself,

⁷ *storm*] Ed 1661, "storms"

² *Sir, I am, &c*] Qy

"*Sir, I'm not*

So poor in spirit to put this injury up?"

Six lines after, the metre is imperfect

Before we part, receive the satisfaction
You come for — Who attends ?

SERVANT [*within*] My lord ?

FER The prisoner !

SERVANT [*within*] He attends your lordship's
pleasure

Enter CONSTANZA, GUIAMARA, and ALVAREZ.

LOUIS What would this girl ?

Foh, no tricks, get you to your cabin, huswife,
We have no ear for ballads

FER Take her away

CLA A wondrous lovely² creature !

CONST Noble gentlemen,

If a poor maid's, a gipsy-virgin's tears

May soften the hard edge of angry justice,

Then grant me gracious hearing, as you're merciful,

I beg my husband's life !

FER Thy husband's, little one ?

CONST Gentle sir, our plighted troths are chro-
nicked

In that white book above which notes the secrets

Of every thought and heart, he is my husband,

I am his wife

LOUIS Rather his whore

CONST Now, trust me,

You're no good man to say so, I am honest,

'Deed, la, I am, a poor soul, that deserves not

Such a bad word were you a better man

Than you are, you do me wrong

LOUIS The toy grows angry !

CLA And it becomes her sweetly, troth, my lord,
I pity her

² *lovely*] So MS correction in copy of the first 4to see
note, p 109 Old eds "lively"

ROD I thank you, sweet ^a

LOUIS Your husband,

You'll say, is no thief

CONST Upon my conscience,

He is not

LOUIS Dares not strike a man

CONST Unworthily

He dares not, but if trod upon, a worm

Will turn again

LOUIS That turning turns your worm
Off from the ladder, minion.

CONST Sir, I hope

You're not his judge, you are too young, too cho-
leric,

Too passionate, the price of life or death
Requires a much more grave consideration
Than your years warrant here sit they,^a like gods,
Upon whose head[s] the reverend badge of time
Hath seal'd the proof of wisdom; to these oracles
Of riper judgment, lower in my heart [*Kneels*
Than on my knees, I offer up my suit,
My lawful suit, which begs they would be gentle
To their own fames, their own immortal stories
O, do not think, my lords, compassion thrown
On a base low estate, on humble people,
Less meritorious than if you had favour'd
The faults of great men¹ and indeed great men
Have oftentimes great faults he whom I plead for
Is free, the soul of innocence itself .
Is not more white^b will you pity him?

^a *sweet*] A MS correction *ubi sup* Old eds "sir"

^a *here sit they*] A MS correction *ubi sup* First ed "he
sit they" Ed 1661 has only "they sit"

^b *white*] Qy for the metre, "whiter"? The double comp
was common "his more braver daughter" Shakespeare's
Tempest, act II sc I

I see it^b in your eyes, 'tis a sweet sunbeam,
 Let it shine out, and to adorn your praise,
 The prayers of the poor shall crown your days,
 And theirs are sometimes heard^c

FER Beshrew the girl,
 She has almost melted me to tears¹

LOUIS Hence, trifle¹—Call in my friends^{1d}—

Enter JOHN, DIEGO, CARDOCHIA, and Servants

What hope of ease?

DIEGO Good hope, but still I smart,
 The worst is in my pain

LOUIS The price is high
 Shall buy thy vengeance to receive a wound
 By a base villain's hand, it mad[den]s me

JOHN Men subject to th' extremity of law
 Should carry peace about 'em to their graves,
 Else, were you nobler than the blood you boast of
 Could any way, my lord, derive you, know
 I would return sharp answer to your slanders,
 But it suffices, I am none of ought
 Your rage miterms me

LOUIS None of 'em? no rascal?

JOHN No rascal

LOUIS Nor no thief?

JOHN Ask her that's my accuser could your eyes
 Pierce through the secrets of her foul desires,
 You might without a partial judgment look into
 A woman's lust and malice.

CARD My good lords,
 What I have articed against this fellow,
 I justify for truth

^b *it*] Old eds "*it is*"

^c *sometimes heard*] A MS correction *ubt sup*, which the editor of 1816 had anticipated Old eds "*something hard*"

^d *friends*] Qy "*friend*"

JOHN On then, no more
This being true she says, I have deserv'd
To die

FER We sit not here to bandy words,
But minister [the] law, and that condemns thee
For theft unto the gallows

CONST O my misery !
Are you all marble-breasted ? are your bosoms
Hoop'd round with steel ? to cast away a man,
More worthy life and honours than a thousand
Of such as only pray unto the shadow
Of abus'd greatness !

JOHN 'Tis in vain to storm,
My fate is here determinèd

CONST Lost creature,
Art thou grown dull too ? is my love so cheap
That thou court'st thy destruction 'cause I love
thee ?—

My lords, my lords !—Speak, Andrew, prithee, now,
Be not so cruel to thyself and me ;
One word of thine will do't

FER Away with him !
To-morrow is his day of execution

JOHN Even when you will
CONST Stay, man, thou shalt not go,
Here are more women yet — Sweet madam, speak !
You, lady, you methinks should have some feeling
Of tenderness, you may be touch'd as I am .
Troth, were't your cause, I'd weep with you, and
join

In earnest suit for one you held so dear

CLA My lord, pray speak in his behalf
ROD I would,

But dare not, 'tis a fault so clear and manifest

LOUIS Back with him to his dungeon !

JOHN Heaven can tell

I sorrow not to die, but to leave her
Who whiles I live is my life's comforter

[*Exit with Servants*]

CARD Now shall I be reveng'd !

[*Aside, and exit with DIEGO*]

CONST O me unhappy ! [Swoons]

FER See, the girl falls !

Some one look to her

CLA 'Las, poor maid !

GUI Pretiosa !

She does recover mine honourable lord ——

FER In vain, what is't ?

GUI Be pleas'd to give me private audience,
I will discover something shall advantage
The noblest of this land

FER Well, I will hear thee,
Bring in the girl

[*Exeunt FERNANDO, MARIA, PEDRO, CLARA,*

RODERIGO, GUAMARA, and CONSTANZA

ALVAREZ stays LOUIS

LOUIS Ought with me ? what is't ?

I care not for thy company, old ruffian,
Rascal, art impudent ?

ALV. To beg your service.

LOUIS Hang yourself !

ALV By your father's soul, sir, hear me !

LOUIS Despatch !

ALV First promise^c me you'll get reprieve
For the condemn'd man, and by my art
I'll make you master of what your heart on earth
Can wish for or desire

LOUIS Thou liest, thou canst not !

^c *First promise, &c*] The editor of 1816 gives the line thus

First, promise me [that] you will get reprieve,"
but the preceding "Despatch" makes up the measure

ALV Try me

LOUIS Do that, and then, as I am noble,
I will not only give thy friend his life,
But royally reward thee, love thee ever

ALV I take your word, what would you?

LOUIS If thou mock'st me,
'Twere better thou wert damn'd!

ALV Sir, I am resolute

LOUIS Resolve me, then, whether the count Al-
varez,

Who slew my father, be alive or dead?

ALV Is this the mighty matter? the count lives

LOUIS How?

ALV The count lives.

LOUIS O fate! Now tell me where,

And be my better genius

ALV I can do't

In Spain 'a lives, more, not far from Madrill,^d

But in disguise, much alter'd

LOUIS Wonderful scholar!

Miracle of artists! Alvarez living?

And near Madrill too? now, for heaven's sake,
where?

That's all, and I am thine

ALV Walk off, my lord,

To the next field, you shall know all

LOUIS Apace, then!

I listen to thee with a greedy ear

The miserable and the fortunate

Are alike in this, they cannot change their fate

[*Exeunt*]

^d *Madrill*] See note, p 104

SCENE II

A field^e*Enter ALVAREZ and LOUIS*

ALV Good, good you would fain kill him, and
revenge

Your father's death?

LOUIS I would

ALV Bravely, or scurvily?^f

LOUIS Not basely, for the world!

ALV We are secure [*Produces two swords*
Young Louis, two more trusty blades than these
Spain has not in her arm[or]y with this
Alvarez slew thy father, and this other
Was that the king of France wore when great
Charles

In a set battle took him prisoner,
Both I resign to thee

LOUIS This is a new mystery

ALV Now see this naked bosom, turn the points
Of either on this bulwark, if thou covet'st,
Out of a sprightly youth and manly thirst
Of vengeance, blood, if blood be thy ambition,
Then call to mind the fatal blow that struck
De Castro, thy brave father, to his grave,
Remember who it was that gave that blow,
His enemy Alvarez hear, and be sudden,
Behold Alvarez!

^e *Scene II A field*] Old eds have only "*Et at one done, Enter presently at the other*" (a stage-direction which occurs again in *The Changeling*) as there was no moveable painted scenery (see notes, vol II pp 142, 147, and pp 29, 111, 154, of this vol), the audience was to suppose that, on the re-entrance of Alvarez and Louis, the stage represented a field

^f *scurvily*] A MS correction in copy of the first 4to see note, p 109 Old eds "*securely*"

LOUIS Death, I am deluded !

ALV Thou art incredulous , as fate is certain,
I am the man

LOUIS Thou that butcher ?

ALV Tremble not, young man , trust me, I have
wept

Religiously to wash off from my conscience
The stain of my offence twelve years and more,
Like to a restless pilgrim I have run
From foreign lands to lands to find out death
I'm weary of my life , give me a sword
That thou mayst know with what a perfect zeal
I honour old De Castro's memory,
I'll fight with thee , I would not have thy hand
Dipp'd in a wilful murder , I could wish
For one hour's space I could pluck back from time
But thirty of my years, that in my fall
Thou might'st deserve report now if thou conquer'st,

Thou canst not triumph, I'm half dead already,
Yet I'll not start a foot

LOUIS Breathes there a spirit
In such a heap of age ?⁸

ALV O, that I had
A son of equal growth with thee, to tug
For reputation ' by thy father's ashes,
I would not kill thee for another Spain,
Yet now I'll do my best. Thou art amaz'd,
Come on

LOUIS Twelve tedious winters' banishment ?
'Twas a long time

ALV Could they redeem thy father,

⁸ *age*] A MS correction *ubi sup* Old eds "rage," which the editor of 1816 altered to "rags" Compare *The Old Law* ,

"Take hence that *pile of years*" Vol 1 p 81

Would every age had been twelve ages, Louis,
And I for penance every age a-dying!¹
But 'tis too late to wish

LOUIS I am o'ercome,
Your nobleness hath conquer'd me here ends
All strife between our families, and henceforth
Acknowledge me for yours

ALV O, thou reviv'st
Flesh horrors to my fact! for in thy gentleness
I see my sin anew

LOUIS Our peace is made,
Your life shall be my care 'twill be glad news
To all our noble friends

ALV Since heaven will have it so,
I thank thee, glorious majesty! My son,
For I will call thee [so], ere the next morrow
Salute the world, thou shalt know stranger mysteries

LOUIS I have enough to feed on sin, I'll follow
ye [Exeunt

SCENE III

A room in FERNANDO's house

Enter FERNANDO, GUIAMARA, and CONSTANZA

FER Don John, son to the count of Carcomo?
Woman, take heed thou trifle not

GUI Is this,
My lord, so strange?

FER Beauty in youth, and wit
To set it forth, I see, transform^b the best
Into what shape love fancies

CONST Will you yet
Give me my husband's life?

^b *transform*] Old eds "transforms"

FER Why, little one,
He is not married to thee.

CONST In his faith
He is, and faith and troth I hope bind faster
Than any other ceremonies can,
Do they not, pray, my lord?

FER Yes, where the parties
Pledg'd are not too unequal in degree,
As he and thou art

CONST This is new divinity
GUI My lord, behold this child well in her face
You may observe, by curious insight, something
More than belongs to every common birth

FER True, 'tis a pretty child
GUI The glass of misery
Is, after many a change of desperate fortune,
At length run out you had a daughter call'd
Constanza?

FER Ha!
GUI A sister, Guamara,
Wife to the count Alvarez?

FER Peace, O, peace!
GUI And to that sister's charge you did commit
Your infant daughter, in whose birth your wife,
Her mother, died?

FER. Woman, thou art too cruel!
CONST What d'ye mean, granam? 'las, the noble-
man
Grows angry!

FER Not I, indeed I do not —
But why d'ye use me thus?

GUI Your child and sister,
As you suppos'd, were drown'd?

FER Drown'd? talking creature!
Suppos'd?

GUI. They live, Fernando, from my hand,

Thy sister's hand, receive thine own Constanza,
The sweetest, best child living

CONST Do you mock me?

FER Torment me on, yet more, more yet, and
spare not,

My heart is now a-breaking, now!

GUI O brother!

Am I so far remov'd off from your memory,

As that you will not know me? I expected

Another welcome home look on this casket,

[Shewing casket]

The legacy your lady left her daughter,

When to her son she gave her crucifix

FER Right, right, I know ye now

GUI In all my sorrows,

My comfort has been here, she should be [yours],

Be yours [at last] — Constanza, kneel, sweet child,

To thy old father

CONST How? my father?

[Kneels]

FER Let not

Extremity of joys ravish life from me

Too soon, heaven, I beseech thee! Thou art my
sister,

My sister Guamara! How have mine eyes

Been darken'd all this while! 'tis she!

GUI 'Tis, brother,

And this Constanza, now no more a stranger,

No Pretiosa henceforth

FER My soul's treasure,

Live to an age of goodness, and so thrive

In all thy ways, that thou mayst die to live!

CONST But must I call you father?

FER Thou wilt rob me else

Of that felicity, for whose sake only

I am ambitious of being young again

Rise, rise, mine own Constanza!

CONST [*rising*] 'Tis a new name,
But 'tis a pretty one, I may be bold
To make a suit t'ye?

FER Any thing

CONST O father,
And if you be my father, think upon
Don John my husband¹ without him, alas,
I can be nothing¹

FER As I without thee,
Let me alone, Constanza — Tell me, tell me,
Lives yet Alvarez?

GUI In your house

FER Enough
Cloy me not, let me by degrees digest¹
My joys — Within, my lords Francisco, Pedro¹
Come all at once¹ I have a world within me,
I am not mortal sure, I am not mortal

Enter FRANCISCO, PEDRO, MARIA, RODERIGO, and
CLARA

My honourable lord[s], partake my blessings,
[The] count Alvarez lives here in my house,
Your son, my lord Francisco, Don John, is
The condemn'd man falsely accus'd of theft,
This, my lord Pedro, is my sister Guamara,
Madam, this [is] Constanza, mine own child,
And I am a wondrous merry man — Without¹
The prisoner¹

Enter ALVAREZ, LOUIS, JOHN, DIEGO, SANCHE, SOTO,
and CARDOCHIA

LOUIS Here, free and acquitted,
By her whose folly drew her to this error,

¹ *digest*] Frequently used for *digest* by our old writers.

And she for satisfaction is assur'd^k
To my wrong'd friend

CARD I crave your pardons,
He whose I am speaks for me

DIEGO We both beg it!

FER Excellent! admirable! my dear brother!

ALV Never a happy man till now, young Louis
And I are reconcil'd

LOUIS For ever, faithfully,
Religiously

FRAN }
PED, &c } My noble lord, most welcome!

ALV To all my heart pays what it owes, due
thanks,

Most, most, brave youth, to thee!

JOHN I all this while

Stand but a looker-on, and though my father

May justly tax the violence of my passions,

Yet if this lady, lady of my life,

Must be denied, let me be as I was,

And die betimes

CONST You promis'd me ——

FER I did —

My lord of Carcomo, you see their hearts

Are join'd already, so let our consents

To this wish'd marriage

FRAN I forgive thine errors,

Give me thy hand

FER Me thine^m — But wilt thou love

My daughter, my Constanza?

^k *assur'd*] i e affianced

^l *Fran, Ped, &c*] Old eds "*Omnes*"

^m *Me thine*] For these words the editor of 1816 rashly substituted "And me," observing, in a note, "'Me thine' is the reading of the quartos, but as Francisco and Fernando both address Don John, the change was, I think, necessary to make

JOHN As my bliss

CONST I thee as life, youth, beauty, any thing
That makes life comfortable

FER Live together

One, ever one !

FRAN }
ROD., &c n } And heaven crown your happiness !

PED Now, sir, how like you a prison ?

SAN As gallants do a tavern, being stopped for
a reckoning, scurvily

Soto Though you caged us up never so close,
we sung like cuckoos

FER Well, well, you be^o yourself now

SAN Myself?—am I out of my wits, Soto ?

FER Here now are none but honourable friends
Will you, to give a farewell to the life
You ha' led as gipsies, these being now found none,
But noble in their births, alter'd in fortunes,
Give it a merry shaking by the hand,
And cry adieu to folly ?

SAN We'll shake our hands, and our heels, if
you'll give us leave [A dance

FER On, brides and bridegrooms ! to your Spa-
nish feasts

Invite with bent knees^p all these noble guests

[*Exeunt omnes*

sense of the passage" Fernando evidently addresses Con-
stanza, and taking her hand, gives it to John

ⁿ *Fran, Rod, &c*] Old eds "*Omnes*"

^o *you be*] Qy "*be you*"

^p *bent knees*] Here, of course, the performers were to kneel
—perhaps, to pray, according to the old custom see note,
vol u p 418

THE CHANGELING.

The Changeling As it was Acted (with great Applause) at the Privat house in Drury-Lane, and Salisbury Court

Written by $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{Thomas Middleton,} \\ \text{and} \\ \text{William Rowley} \end{array} \right\}$ Gent

Never Printed before London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at his shop at the sign of the Princes-Arms in St Pauls Church-yard, 1653 4to The edition just described was put forth with a new title-page in 1668,—*The Changeling As it was Acted (with great Applause) by the Servants of His Royal Highness the Duke of York, at the Theatre in Lincolns-Inn Fields, &c*

The Changeling has been reprinted in the 4th vol of *A Continuation of Dodsley's Old Plays*, 1816

"The foundation of the Play," says Langbaine, "may be found in Reynold[s]'s *Gods Revenge against Murther* See the Story of Alsemero and Beatrice Joanna, Book I Hist 4" *Acc of Engl Dram Poets*, p 371 To the story in Reynolds's work the following Argument is prefixed "Beatrice-Joana, to marry Alsemero, causeth De Flores to murder Alfonso Piracquo, who was a Suiter to her Alsemero marries her, and finding De Flores and her in adultery, kills them both Thomaso Piracquo challengeth Alsemero for his Brothers death Alsemero kills him treacherously in the field, and is beheaded for the same, and his body thrown into the Sea At his Execution he confesseth that his Wife and De Flores murdered Alfonso Piracquo their bodies are taken up out of their graves, then burnt, and their Ashes thrown into the Air" The authors of *The Changeling*, as the reader will perceive, have deviated in some important points from the prose narrative of Reynolds, nor are they indebted to that source for the characters of Jasperino, Alibius, Lollo, Pedro, Antonio, Franciscus, and Isabella.

An edition (I believe, the earliest) of the First Book of *The Triumphs of Gods Revenge against Murther*, was printed in 1621 see *Cat Bibl Bodlei*

A "Note of such playes as were acted at court in 1623 and 1624," in Sir Henry Herbert's Office-book, records "Upon the Sonday after, beinge the 4 of January 1623, by the Queene

of Bohemias company, *The Changelinge*, the prince only being there Att Whitehall" Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol III p 227

The part of Antonio, from which this once-popular drama has its name (*Changeling*—i e idiot, fool), appears to have been much relished by the audience the last comic performer before the Civil Wars who obtained reputation in it was Robins see Collier's *Hist of Engl Dram Poetry*, vol II p 107 Downes mentions that Betterton, when about twenty-two years of age, was highly applauded in the character of De Floies, and that Sheppy gave great satisfaction in that of Antonio see *Roscius Anglicanus*, p 26, ed Waldron Pepys has noted, under date of 23d Feb 1660-1, "To the Playhouse, and there saw *The Changeling*, the first time it hath been acted these twenty years, and it takes exceedingly" *Diary*, vol I p 179, ed Svo

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VERMANDERO, *governor of the castle of Alicante*

ALONZO DE PIRACQUO, }
TOMASO DE PIRACQUO, } *brothers*

ALSEMERO

JASPERINO, *his friend*

ALIBIUS, *a doctor, who undertakes the cure of fools and madmen*

LOLLIO, *his man*

ANTONIO, *a pretended changeling*

PEDRO, *his friend*

FRANCISCUS, *a counterfeit madman*

DE FLORES, *an attendant on Vermandero*

Madmen

Servants

BEATRICE-JOANNA, *daughter to Vermandero*

DIAPHANTA, *her waiting-woman*

ISABELLA, *wife to Alibius*

Scene, ALICANT

THE CHANGELING

ACT I SCENE I

A street

Enter ALSEMERO

ALS 'Twas in the temple where I first beheld hei,
And now again the same what omen yet
Follows of that ? none but imaginary,
Why should my hopes or fate be timorous ?
The place is holy, so is my intent
I love her beauties to the holy purpose,
And that, methinks, admits comparison
With man's first creation, the place blessed,
And is his right home back, if he achieve it
The church hath first begun our interview,
And that's the place must join us into one,
So there's beginning and perfection too

Enter JASPERINO

JAS O sir, are you here ? come, the wind's fan
with you,
You're like to have a swift and pleasant passage
ALS Sure, you're deceiv'd, friend, it is contrary,
In my best judgment
JAS What, for Malta ?^a

^a *Malta*] " Yet his [Alsemero's] thoughts ran still on the Wars, in which Heroick and Illustrious profession he conceived his chiefest delight and felicity, and so taking order for his Lands and affairs, he resolves to see Malta, that inex-

If you could buy a gale^b amongst the witches,
 They could not seive you such a lucky pennyworth
 As comes a' God's name

ALs Even now I observ'd
 The temple's vane to turn full in my face,
 I know it is against me

JAs Against you?
 Then you know not where you are

ALs Not well, indeed

JAs Are you not well, sir?

ALs Yes, Jasperino,
 Unless there be some hidden malady
 Within me, that I understand not

JAs And that
 I begin to doubt, sir I never knew
 Your inclination to travel^c at a pause,
 With any cause to hinder it, till now
 Ashore you were wont to call your servants up,
 And help to trap your horses for the speed,
 At sea I've seen you weigh the anchor with 'em,
 Hoist sails for fear to lose the foremost breath,
 Be in continual prayers for fair winds,
 And have you chang'd your orisons?

ALs No, friend,
 I keep the same church, same devotion

pugnable Rampier of Mars, the glory of Christendome and the terrour of Tuikey, to see if he could gain any place of command and honour either in that Island or in their Gallies . and so building many Castles in the air, he comes to Alicant, hoping to find passage there for Naples, and from thence to shup himself upon the Neapolitan Gallies for Malta." Reynolds's *Triumphs of God's Revenge against Murther*, p. 34, ed. 1726—See note, p. 205

^b *buy a gale, &c*] "It has been observed by Steevens, in a note on *Macbeth*, act 1 sc 3, that the selling of winds was an usual practice amongst the witches," &c &c Editor of 1816

^c *inclination to travel*] Old ed "inclinations to travels."

JAS Lover I'm sure you're none, the stoic was
Found in you long ago, your mother nor
Best friends, who have set snares of beauty, ay,
And choice ones too, could never trap you that way
What might be the cause?

ALS Lord, how violent
Thou art! I was but meditating of
Somewhat I heard within the temple

JAS Is this
Violence? 'tis but idleness compar'd
With your haste yesterday

ALS I'm all this while
A-going, man

JAS Backwards, I think, sir Look, your servants

Enter Servants

FIRST SER The seamen call, shall we board your trunks?

ALS No, not to-day

JAS 'Tis the critical day, it seems, and the sign
in Aquarius

SEC SER We must not to sea to-day, this smoke
will bring forth fire

ALS Keep all on shore, I do not know the end,
Which needs I must do, of an affair in hand
Ere I can go to sea

FIRST SER Well, your pleasure

SEC SER Let him e'en take his leisure too, we
are safer on land. [*Exeunt Servants*]

Enter BEATRICE, DIAPHANTA, and Servants ALSE-
MERO accosts BEATRICE and then kisses her

JAS How now? the laws of the Medes are
changed sure, salute a woman! he kisses too,
wonderful! where learnt he this? and does it per-
fectly too, in my conscience, he ne'er rehearsed it

before Nay, go on, this will be stranger and better news at Valencia than if he had ransomed half Greece from the Turk [Aside

BEAT You are a scholar, sir?

ALS A weak one, lady

BEAT Which of the sciences is this love you speak of?

ALS From your tongue I take it to be music

BEAT You're skilful in it, can sing at first sight

ALS And I have shew'd you all my skill at once, I want more words to express me further, And must be forc'd to repetition, I love you dearly

BEAT Be better advis'd, sir

Our eyes are sentinels unto our judgments, And should give certain judgment what they see, But they are rash sometimes, and tell us wonders Of common things, which when our judgments find, They can then check the eyes, and call them blind

ALS But I am further, lady, yesterday Was mine eyes' employment, and hither now They brought my judgment, where are both agreed Both houses then consenting, 'tis agreed, Only there wants the confirmation By the hand royal, that is your part, lady

BEAT There's one^c above me, sir—O, for five days past

To be recall'd¹ sure mine eyes were mistaken, This was the man was meant me that he should come

So near his time, and miss it! [Aside

JAS We might have come by the carriers from Valencia, I see, and saved all our sea-provision,

^c *There's one, &c*] So editor of 1816 old ed ,

" Oh there's one above me, sir, for five dayes past "

we are at farthest sure methinks I should do something too,

I meant to be a venturer in this voyage
Yonder's another vessel, I'll board her,
If she be lawful prize, down goes her topsail

[*Accosts* DIAPHANTA

Enter DE FLORES

DE F Lady, your father —

BEAT Is in health, I hope

DE F Your eye shall instantly instruct you, lady,
He's coming hitherward

BEAT What needed then

Your duteous preface? I had rather
He had come unexpected, you must stale^d
A good presence with unnecessary blabbing,
And how welcome for your part you are,
I'm sure you know

DE F Will't never mend this scoin,
One side nor other? must I be enjoin'd
To follow still whilst she flies from me? well,
Fates, do your worst, I'll please myself with sight
Of her at all opportunities,
If but to spite her anger I know she had
Rather see me dead than living, and yet
She knows no cause for't but a peevish will [*Aside*

ALS You seem'd displeased, lady, on the sudden

^d *you must stale*] "The quartos [there is but one 4to see note, p 205] read 'you must *stall*,' and it may be understood for *forestall*, I have no doubt, however, that the right word is restored So Montaigne, in the *Unnatural Combat* of Massinger, act iv sc 11

—— 'I'll not *stale* the jest

By my relation'

[1 e "render flat, deprive it of zest by previous intimation"
Gifford *ad loc*] And many other places" Editor of 1816

BEAT Your pardon, sir, 'tis my infirmity,
 Not can I other reason render you,
 Than his or hers, of^d some particular thing
 They must abandon as a deadly poison,
 Which to a thousand other tastes were wholesome,
 Such to mine eyes is that same fellow there,
 The same that report speaks of the basilisk

ALS This is a frequent frailty in our nature,
 There's scarce a man amongst a thousand found
 But hath his imperfection one distastes
 The scent of roses, which to infinites
 Most pleasing is and odoriferous,
 One oil, the enemy of poison,
 Another wine, the cheerer of the heart
 And lively refresher of the countenance
 Indeed this fault, if so it be, is general,
 There's scarce a thing but is both lov'd and loath'd
 Myself, I must confess, have the same frailty

BEAT And what may be your poison, sir? I'm
 bold with you

ALS What^e might be your desire, perhaps, a
 cherry

BEAT I am no enemy to any creature
 My memory has, but yon gentleman

ALS He does ill to tempt your sight, if he knew
 it

BEAT He cannot be ignorant of that, sir,
 I have not spar'd to tell him so, and I want
 To help myself, since he's a gentleman
 In good respect with my father, and follows him.

ALS He's out of his place then now
 [*They talk apart*]

JAS I am a mad wag, wench

DIA So methinks, but, for your comfort, I can

^d of] Old ed. "or"

^e What] Old ed "And what"

tell you, we have a doctor in the city that undertakes the cure of such

JAS Tush, I know what physic is best for the state of mine own body.

DIA 'Tis scarce a well-governed state, I believe

JAS I could shew thee such a thing with an ingredience^e that we two would compound together, and if it did not tame the maddest blood i' th' town for two hours after, I'll ne'er profess physic again

DIA A little poppy, sir, were good to cause you sleep

JAS Poppy? I'll give thee a pop i' th' lips for that first, and begin there poppy is one simple indeed, and cuckoo-what-you-call't another I'll discover no more now, another time I'll shew thee all
[Exit

BEAT My father, sir

Enter VERMANDERO and Servants

VER O Joanna, I came to meet thee,
Your devotion's ended?

BEAT For this time, sir —
I shall change my saint, I fear me, I find
A giddy turning in me [Aside]—Sir, this while
I am beholding^f to this gentleman, who
Left his own way to keep me company,
And in discourse I find him much desirous
To see your castle,^g he hath deserv'd it, sir,
If ye please to grant it

VER With all my heart, sir
Yet there's an article between, I must know

^e *ingredience*] Compare p 88, l 14 Old ed "ingredian"

^f *beholding*] See note, p 40

^g *your castle*] "He [Vermandero] being Captain of the castle of that City [Alicant]" Reynolds's *Triumphs of God's Revenge against Murder*, p 34, ed 1726—See note, p 205

Your country, we use not to give survey
Of our chief strengths to strangers, our citadels
Are plac'd conspicuous to outward view,
On promonts'^h tops, but within are secrets

ALS A Valencian, sir

VER A Valencian?

That's native, sir of what name, I beseech you?

ALS Alsemero, sir

VER Alsemero? not the son

Of John de Alsemero?

ALS The same, sir

VER My best love bids you welcome

BEAT He was wont

To call me so, and then he speaks a most
Unfeign'd truth

VER O sir, I knew your father,
We two were in acquaintance long ago,
Before our chins were worth iulan¹ down,
And so continu'd till the stamp of time
Had coin'd us into silver well, he's gone,
A good soldier went with him

ALS You went together in that, sir

VER No, by Saint Jaques, I came behind him,
Yet I've done somewhat too an unhappy day
Swallowed him at last at Gibraltar,
In fight with those rebellious Hollanders,
Was it not so?

ALS Whose death I had reveng'd,²

^h *promonts*] i e promontories

¹ *iulan down*] i e the first tender down (Gr *Youlos*)—a somewhat pedantic expression Old ed has "Julan," and the editor of 1816, thinking that the word was a dissyllable, and that it contained an allusion to the beard of the emperor *Julian*, printed "[the] Julian," &c

² *Whose death I had reveng'd*, &c] "Boiling thus in the heat of his youthful blood, and contemplating often on the death of his father, he [Alsemero] resolves to go to Validolyd,

Or follow'd him in fate, had not the late league
Prevented me

VER Ay, ay, 'twas time to breathe —
O, Joanna, I should ha' told thee news,
I saw Piracquo lately

BEAT That's ill news [Aside

VER He's hot preparing for this^h day of triumph
Thou must be a bride within this sevennight

ALS Ha' [Aside

BEAT Nay, good sir, be not so violent, with
speed

I cannot render satisfaction
Unto the dear companion of my soul,
Virginity, whom I thus long have liv'd with,
And part with it so rude and suddenly,
Can such friends divide, never to meet again,
Without a solemn farewell?

VER Tush, tush! there's a toy¹

ALS I must now part, and never meet again
With any joy on earth [Aside]—Sir, your pardon,
My affairs call on me

VER How, sir? by no means
Not chang'd so soon, I hope? you must see my
castle,

And her best entertainment, ere we part,

and to imploy some Grandee either to the King or the Duke
of Lerma his great favourit, to procure him a Captains place
and a Company under the Arch-Duke Albertus, who at that
time made bloody Wars against the Netherlands, thereby to
draw them to obedience But as he began this sute, a general
truce of both sides laid aside Arms, which (by the mediation
of England and France) was shortly followed by a peace, as a
Mother by the Daughter, which was concluded at the Hague
by his Excellency of Nassaw and Marquess Spinold, being
chief Commissioners of either party" Reynolds's *Triumphs
of God's Revenge against Murther*, p 34, ed. 1726 —See note,
p 205

^h this] Qy "his"

¹ toy] i e trifle

I shall think myself unkindly usèd else
 Come, come, let's on, I had good hope your stay
 Had been a while with us in Aligant,¹

I might have bid you to my daughter's wedding
 ALS He means to feast me, and poisons me be-
 forehand — [Aside

I should be dearly glad to be there, sir,
 Did my occasions suit as I could wish

BEAT I shall be sorry if you be not there
 When it is done, sir, but not so suddenly

VER I tell you, sir, the gentleman's complete,
 A courtier and a gallant, enrich'd
 With many fair and noble ornaments,
 I would not change him for a son-in-law
 For any he in Spain, the proudest he,
 And we have great ones, that you know

ALS He's much
 Bound to you, sir

VER He shall be bound to me
 As fast as this tie can hold him, I'll want
 My will else

BEAT I shall want mine, if you do it [Aside

VER But come, by the way I'll tell you more of
 him

ALS How shall I dare to venture in his castle,
 When he discharges murderers² at the gate?

But I must on, for back I cannot go [Aside

BEAT Not this serpent gone yet? [Aside Drops a glove

VER Look, girl, thy glove's fallen
 Stay, stay, De Flores, help a little

[Exeunt VERMANDERO, ALSEMER, and Servants

DE F Here, lady. [Offers her the glove

¹ *Aligant*] i e Allicant compare vol iii p 8, and note.

² *murderers*] The same as *murdering-pieces* see note, vol

BEAT Mischief on your officious forwardness !
 Who bade you stoop ? they touch my hand no more
 There ' for the other's sake I part with this ,
 [Takes off and throws down the other glove]
 Take 'em, and draw thine own skin off with 'em !

[Exit with DIAPHANTA and Servants]

DE F Here's a favour come with a mischief now !

I know

She had rather wear my pelt¹ tann'd in a pair
 Of dancing pumps, than I should thrust my fingers
 Into her sockets here I know she hates me,
 Yet cannot choose but love her no matter
 If but to vex her, I will haunt her still,
 Though I get nothing else, I'll have my will *[Exit]*

SCENE II

A room in the house of ALIBIUS

Enter ALIBIUS and LOLLIO

ALIB Lollio, I must trust thee with a secret,
 But thou must keep it

LOL I was ever close to a secret, sir

ALIB The diligence that I have found in thee,
 The care and industry already past,
 Assure^k me of thy good continuance
 Lollio, I have a wife

LOL Fie, sir, 'tis too late to keep her secret, she's
 known to be married all the town and country over

ALIB Thou goest too fast, my Lollio, that
 knowledge

I allow no man can be barrèd it,
 But there is a knowledge which is nearer,
 Deeper, and sweeter, Lollio

¹ *pelt*] 1 e skin

^k *Assure*] Old ed "Assures"

LOL Well, sir, let us handle that between you and I

ALIB. 'Tis that I go about, man Lollo,
My wife is young

LOL So much the worse to be kept secret, sir

ALIB Why, now thou meet'st the substance of
the point,

I am old, Lollo

LOL No, sir, 'tis I am old Lollo

ALIB Yet why may not these^k concord and sym-
pathise?

Old trees and young plants often grow together,
Well enough agreeing

LOL Ay, sir, but the old trees raise themselves
higher and broader than the young plants

ALIB Shrewd application!^l there's the fear, man,
I would wear my ring on my own finger,
Whilst it is borrow'd, it is none of mine,
But his that useth it

LOL You must keep it on still then, if it but
lie by, one or other will be thrusting into 't

ALIB Thou conceiv'st me, Lollo, here thy
watchful eye

Must have employment, I cannot always be
At home

LOL I dare swear you cannot

ALIB I must look out

LOL I know't, you must look out, 'tis every
man's case

ALIB Here, I do say, must thy employment be,
To watch her treadings, and in my absence
Supply my place

^k these] Old ed "this"

^l Shrewd application] "The 'shrewd application' meant is, I conceive, to that perpetual jest of the age, the cuckold's horns, which Lollo supposes might raise Alibius's head above his wife's" Editor of 1816

LOL I'll do my best, sir, yet surely I cannot see who you should have cause to be jealous of

ALIB Thy reason for that, Lollio, it is
A comfortable question

LOL We have but two sorts of people in the house, and both under the whip, that's fools and madmen, the one has not wit enough to be knaves, and the other not knavery enough to be fools

ALIB Ay, those are all my patients, Lollio, I do profess the cure of either sort,
My trade, my living 'tis, I thrive by it,
But here's the care that mixes with my thrift,
The daily visitants, that come to see
My brain-sick patients, I would not have
To see my wife gallants I do observe
Of quick enticing eyes, rich in habits,
Of stature and proportion very comely
These are most shrewd temptations, Lollio

LOL They may be easily answered, sir, if they come to see the fools and madmen, you and I may serve the turn, and let my mistress alone, she's of neither sort

ALIB 'Tis a good ward,¹ indeed, come they to see
Our madmen or our fools, let 'em see no more
Than what they come for, by that consequent
They must not see her, I'm sure she's no fool

LOL And I'm sure she's no madman

ALIB Hold that buckler fast, Lollio, my trust
Is on thee, and I account it firm and strong
What hour is't, Lollio?

LOL Towards belly-hour, sir

ALIB Dinner-time? thou mean'st twelve a'clock?

LOL Yes, sir, for every part has his hour we wake at six and look about us, that's eye-hour, at

¹ ward] i e guard—(in fencing)

seven we should pray, that's knee-hour, at eight walk, that's leg-hour, at nine gather flowers and pluck a rose,^k that's nose-hour, at ten we drink, that's mouth-hour, at eleven lay about us for vic-tuals, that's hand-hour, at twelve go to dinner, that's belly-hour

ALIB Profoundly, Lollio¹ it will be long Ere all thy scholars learn this lesson, and I did look to have a new one enter'd, — stay, I think my expectation is come home

Enter PEDRO, and ANTONIO disguised as an idiot

PED Save you, sir, my business speaks itself, This sight takes off the labour of my tongue

ALIB Ay, ay, sir, it is plain enough, you mean Him for my patient

PED And if your pains prove but commodious, to give but some little strength to the¹ sick and weak part of nature in him, these are [*gives him money*] but patterns to shew you of the whole pieces that will follow to you, beside the charge of diet, washing, and other necessities, fully defrayed

ALIB Believe it, sir, there shall no care be wanting

LOL Sir, an officer in this place may deserve something, the trouble will pass through my hands

PED 'Tis fit something should come to your hands then, sir [*Gives him money*]

LOL Yes, sir, 'tis I must keep him sweet, and read to him what is his name?

PED His name is Antonio, marry, we use but half to him, only Tony.

LOL Tony, Tony, 'tis enough, and a very good name for a fool — What's your name, Tony?

^k *pluck a rose*] See Grose's *Class Dict of Vulgar Tongue*, in v *Pluck* ¹ *the*] Old ed "his"

ANT He, he, he ' well, I thank you, cousin, he, he, he '

LOL Good boy! hold up your head — He can laugh, I perceive by that he is no beast

PED Well, sir,
If you can raise him but to any height,
Any degree of wit, might he attain,
As I might say, to creep but on all four
Towards the chain of wit, or walk on crutches,
'Twould add an honour to your worthy pains,
And a great family might pray for you,
To which he should be heir, had he discretion
To claim and guide his own assure you, sir,
He is a gentleman

LOL Nay, there's nobody doubted that, at first sight I knew him for a gentleman, he looks no other yet

PED Let him have good attendance and sweet lodging

LOL As good as my mistress lies in, sir, and as you allow us time and means, we can raise him to the higher degree of discretion

PED Nay, there shall no cost want, sir

LOL He will hardly be stretched up to the wit of a magnifico

PED O no, that's not to be expected, far shorter will be enough

LOL I'll warrant you [I'll] make him fit to bear office in five weeks, I'll undertake to wind him up to the wit of constable

PED If it be lower than that, it might serve turn

LOL No, fie, to level him with a headborough, beadle, or watchman, were but little better than he is constable I'll able¹ him, if he do come to be a

¹ *able*] i e warrant, answer for

justice afterwards, let him thank the keeper or I'll go further with you, say I do bring him up to my own pitch, say I make him as wise as myself

PED Why, there I would have it

LOL Well, go to, either I'll be as arrant a fool as he, or he shall be as wise as I, and then I think 'twill serve his turn

PED Nay, I do like thy wit passing well

LOL Yes, you may, yet if I had not been a fool, I had had more wit than I have too remember what state^m you find me in

PED I will, and so leave you your best cares, I beseech you

ALIB Take you none with you, leave 'em all with us [Exit PEDRO

ANT O, my cousin's gone! cousin, cousin, O!

LOL Peace, peace, Tony, you must not cry, child, you must be whipped if you do, your cousin is here still, I am your cousin, Tony

ANT He, he! then I'll not cry, if thou be'st my cousin, he, he, he!

LOL I were best try his wit a little, that I may know what form to place him in

ALIB Ay, do, Lollio, do

LOL I must ask him easy questions at first — Tony, how many trueⁿ fingers has a tailor on his right hand?

ANT As many as on his left, cousin

LOL Good and how many on both?

ANT Two less than a deuce, cousin

LOL Very well answered I come to you again, cousin Tony, how many fools go^o to a wise man?

^m what state] "I e as a keeper of fools and madmen" Editor of 1816

ⁿ true] "I e honest" Editor of 1816

^o go] Old ed "goes"

ANT Forty in a day sometimes, cousin

LOL Forty in a day? how prove you that?

ANT All that fall out amongst themselves, and go to a lawyer to be made friends

LOL A parlous^o fool! he must sit in the fourth form at least, I perceive that—I come again, Tony, how many knaves make an honest man?

ANT I know not that, cousin

LOL No, the question is too hard for you I'll tell you, cousin, there's three knaves may make an honest man, a sergeant, a jailor, and a beadle, the seigeant catches him, the jailor holds him, and the beadle lashes him, and if he be not honest then, the hangman must cure him

ANT Ha, ha, ha! that's fine sport, cousin

ALIB This was too deep a question for the fool, Lollo

LOL Yes, this might have served yourself, though I say't—Once more, and you shall go play, Tony

ANT Ay, play at push-pin, cousin, ha, he!

LOL So thou shalt say how many fools are here—

ANT Two, cousin, thou and I

LOL Nay, you're too forward there, Tony mark my question, how many fools and knaves are here? a fool before a knave, a fool behind a knave, between every two fools a knave, how many fools, how many knaves?

ANT I never learnt so far, cousin

ALIB Thou puttest too hard questions to him, Lollo

LOL I'll make him understand it easily—Cousin, stand there

ANT Ay, cousin

LOL Master, stand you next the fool

^o *parlous*] A corruption of *perilous*,—dangerously shrewd.

ALIB Well, Lollio

LOL Here's my place mark now, Tony, there'[s]
a fool before a knave

ANT That's I, cousin

LOL Here's a fool behind a knave, that's I, and
between us two fools there is a knave, that's my
master, 'tis but we three, that's all

ANT We three, we three,^p cousin

FIRST MAD [*within*] Put's head i' th' pillory, the
bread's too little

SEC MAD [*within*] Fly, fly, and he catches the
swallow

THIRD MAD [*within*] Give her more onion, or
the devil put the rope about her crag^q

LOL You may hear what time of day it is, the
chimes of Bedlam go^r

ALIB Peace, peace, or the wire^s comes!

THIRD MAD [*within*] Cat whore, cat whore! her
parmasant, her parmasant!^t

ALIB Peace, I say!—Their hour's come, they
must be fed, Lollio

LOL There's no hope of recovery of that Welsh
madman, was undone by a mouse that spoiled him
a parmasant, lost his wits for't

ALIB Go to your charge, Lollio, I'll to mine

LOL Go you to your madmen's ward, let me
alone with your fools

ALIB And remember my last charge, Lollio

[*Exit*

^p *we three*] "Antonio probably alludes to the old sign of
two idiots' heads, with an inscription,

We three

Loggerheads be "

Editor of 1816—

Perhaps the allusion is to some song

^q *crag*] i e neck

^s *wire*] i e whip

^t *parmasant*] i e Parmesan cheese compare Ford's *Works*,
vol 1 p 148, ed Giff

^r *go*] Old ed. "goes"

LOL Of which your patients do you think I am?
—Come, Tony, you must amongst your school-fellows now, there's pretty scholars amongst 'em, I can tell you, there's some of 'em at *stultus, stulta, stultum*

ANT I would see the madmen, cousin, if they would not bite me

LOL No, they shall not bite thee, Tony

ANT They bite when they are at dinner, do they not, coz?

LOL They bite at dinner indeed, Tony Well, I hope to get credit by thee, I like thee the best of all the scholars that ever I brought up, and thou shalt prove a wise man, or I'll prove a fool myself
[*Exeunt*]

ACT II SCENE I

An apartment in the castle

Enter BEATRICE and JASPERINO severally

BEAT O sir, I'm ready now for that fair service
Which makes the name of friend sit glorious on you!
Good angels and this conduct be your guide!

[*Giving a paper*]

Fitness of time and place is there set down, sir

JAS The joy I shall return rewards my service

[*Exit*]

BEAT How wise is Alsemero in his friend!
It is a sign he makes his choice with judgment,
Then I appear in nothing more approv'd
Than making choice of him, for 'tis a principle,
He that can choose
That bosom well who of his thoughts partakes,
Proves most discreet in every choice he makes

Methinks I love now with the eyes of judgment,
And see the way to merit, clearly see it
A true deserver like a diamond sparkles,
In darkness you may see him, that's in absence,
Which is the greatest darkness falls on love,
Yet is he best discern'd then
With intellectual eye-sight What's Piracquo,
My father spends his breath for? and his blessing
Is only mine as I regard his name,
Else it goes from me, and turns head against me,
Transform'd into a curse some speedy way
Must be remember'd, he's so forward too,
So urgent that way, scarce allows me breath
To speak to my new comforts

Enter DE FLORES

DE F Yonder's she,
Whatever ails me, now a-late especially,
I can as well be hang'd as refrain seeing her,
Some twenty times a-day, nay, not so little,
Do I force errands, frame ways and excuses,
To come into her sight, and I've small reason for't,
And less encouragement, for she baits me still
Every time worse than other, does profess herself
The cruellest enemy to my face in town,
At no hand can abide the sight of me,
As if danger or ill luck hung in my looks
I must confess my face is bad enough,
But I know far worse has better fortune,
And not endur'd alone, but doted on,
And yet such pick-harr'd faces, chins like witches',
Here and there five hairs whispering in a corner,
As if they grew in fear one of another,
Wrinkles like troughs, where swine-deformity swills
The tears of perjury, that lie there like wash
Fallen from the slimy and dishonest eye,

Yet such a one plucks^r sweets without restraint,
 And has the grace of beauty to his sweet
 Though my hard fate has thrust me out to servitude,
 I tumbled into th' world a gentleman
 She turns her blessed eye upon me now,
 And I'll endure all storms before I part with't

[*Aside*

BEAT Again?

THIS ominous ill-fac'd fellow more disturbs me
 Than all my other passions

[*Aside*

DE F Now 't begins again,
 I'll stand this storm of hail, though the stones pelt
 me

[*Aside*

BEAT Thy business? what's thy business?

DE F Soft and fair!

I cannot part so soon now

[*Aside*

BEAT The villain's fix'd —

[*Aside*

Thou standing toad-pool —

DE F The shower falls amain now

[*Aside*

BEAT Who sent thee? what's thy errand? leave
 my sight!

DE F My lord, your father, charg'd me to deliver
 A message to you

BEAT What, another since?

Do't, and be hang'd then, let me be rid of thee

DE F True service merits mercy

BEAT What's thy message?

DE F Let beauty settle but in patience,
 You shall hear all

BEAT. A dallying, trifling torment!

DE F Signor Alonzo de Piracquo, lady,
 Sole brother to Tomaso de Piracquo —

BEAT Slave, when wilt make an end?

DE F Too soon I shall

^r *plucks*] Old ed "pluckt"

BEAT What all this while of him ?

DE F The said Alonzo,
With the foresaid Tomaso ——

BEAT Yet again ?

DE F Is new alighted

BEAT Vengeance strike the news !

Thou thing most loath'd, what cause was there in
this

To bring thee to my sight ?

DE F My lord, your father,
Charg'd me to seek you out

BEAT Is there no other
To send his errand by ?

DE F It seems 'tis my luck
To be i' th' way still

BEAT Get thee from me !

DE F So

Why, am not I an ass to devise ways

Thus to be rail'd at ? I must see her still !

I shall have a mad qualm within this hour again,

I know't, and, like a common Garden-bull,^a

I do but take breath to be lugg'd again

What this may bode I know not, I'll despair the
less,

Because there's daily precedents of bad faces

Belov'd beyond all reason, these foul chops

May come into favour one day 'mongst their^t fel-
lows

Wrangling has prov'd the mistress of good pastime,

As children cry themselves asleep, I ha' seen

Women have chid themselves a-bed to men

[*Aside, and exit*

BEAT I never see this fellow but I think

^a *Garden-bull*] The allusion is to Paris Garden in South-
mark, where both bears and bulls were baited

^t *their*] So the editor of 1816 Old ed "his"

Of some harm towards me, danger's in my mind still,
I scarce leave trembling of an hour after
The next good mood I find my father in,
I'll get him quite discarded O, I was
Lost in this small disturbance, and forgot
Affliction's fiercer torrent that now comes
To bear down all my comforts !

Enter VERMANDERO, ALONZO, and TOMASO

VER You're both welcome,
But an especial one belongs to you, sir,
To whose most noble name our love presents
Th' addition of a son, our son Alonzo
ALON The treasury of honour cannot bring forth
A title I should more rejoice in, sir

VER You have improv'd it well — Daughter,
prepare,
The day will steal upon thee suddenly
BEAT Howe'er, I will be sure to keep the night,
If it should come so near me [Aside

[BEATRICE and VERMANDERO talk apart

TOM Alonzo

ALON Brother ?

TOM In troth I see small welcome in her eye

ALON Fie, you are too severe a censurer
Of love in all points, there's no bringing on you,
If lovers should mark every thing a fault,
Affection would be like an ill-set book,
Whose faults might prove as big as half the volume
BEAT That's all I do intreat.

VER It is but reasonable,
I'll see what my son says to't — Son Alonzo,
Here is a motion made but to reprieve
A maidenhead three days longer, the request
Is not far out of reason, for indeed
The former time is pinching

ALON Though my joys
Be set back so much time as I could wish
They had been forward, yet since she desires it,
The time is set as pleasing as befoie,
I find no gladness wanting

VER May I ever
Meet it in that point still' you're nobly welcome,
sirs [Exit with BEATRICE

TOM So, did you mark the dulness of her part-
ing now?

ALON What dulness? thou art so exceptionous
still!

TOM. Why, let it go then, I am but a fool
To mark your harms so heedfully.

ALON Where's the oversight?

TOM Come, your faith's cozen'd in her, strongly
cozen'd

Unsettle your affection with all speed
Wisdom can bring it to, your peace is ruin'd else
Think what a torment 'tis to marry one
Whose heart is leap'd into another's bosom
If ever pleasure she receive from thee,
It comes not in thy name, or of thy gift,
She lies but with another in thine arms,
He the half-father unto all thy children
In the conception, if he get 'em not,
She helps^u to get 'em for him, and how dangerous
And shameful her restraint may go in time to,
It is not to be thought on without sufferings

ALON You speak as if she lov'd some other, then.

^u *She helps, &c*] "The reading of the quartos [there is but one 4to see note, p 205]—

"She helps to get 'em for him, *in his passions*, and how dangerous"—

not only destroys the measure, but obscures the sense" Editor of 1816 —See notes ^u and ^v, vol u p 134

TOM Do you apprehend so slowly?

ALON Nay, and^u that

Be your fear only, I am safe enough
 Preserve your friendship and your counsel, brother,
 For times of more distress, I should depart
 An enemy, a dangerous, deadly one,
 To any but thyself, that should but think
 She knew the meaning of inconstancy,
 Much less the use and practice yet we're friends,
 Pray, let no more be urg'd, I can endure
 Much, till I meet an injury to her,
 Then I am not myself Farewell, sweet brother,
 How much we're bound to heaven to depart lov-
 ingly!

[Exit

TOM Why, here is love's tame madness, thus a
 man

Quickly steals into his vexation

[Exit

SCENE II

Another apartment in the castle

Enter DIAPHANTA and ALSEMERO

DIA The place is my charge, you have kept
 your hour,

And the reward of a just meeting bless you!

I hear my lady coming complete gentleman,

I dare not be too busy with my praises,

They're dangerous things to deal with [Exit

ALS This goes well,

These women are the ladies' cabinets,

Things of most precious trust are lock'd into 'em

Enter BEATRICE

BEAT I have within mine eye all my desires

^u and] i e if

Requests that holy prayers ascend heaven for,
 And bring^v 'em down to furnish our defects,
 Come not more sweet to our necessities
 Than thou unto my wishes

ALS We're so like

In our expressions, lady, that unless I borrow
 The same words, I shall never find their equals

BEAT How happy were this meeting, this embrace,

If it were free from envy¹ this poor kiss,
 It has an enemy, a hateful one,
 That wishes poison to't how well were I now,
 If there were none such name known as Piracquo,
 Nor no such tie as the command of parents¹
 I should be but too much bless'd

ALS One good service

Would strike off both your fears, and I'll go near't too,

Since you are so distress'd, remove the cause,
 The command ceases, so there's two fears blown out

With one and the same blast

BEAT Pray, let me find you, sir

What might that service be, so strangely happy?

ALS The honourablest piece about man, valour
 I'll send a challenge to Piracquo instantly

BEAT How? call you that extinguishing of fear,
 When 'tis the only way to keep it flaming?

Are not you ventur'd in the action,
 That's all my joys and comforts? pray, no more,
 sir

Say you prevail'd, you're danger's and not mine
 then,

The law would claim you from me, or obscurity

^v bring] Old ed "brings"

Be made the grave to bury you alive
I'm glad these thoughts come forth, O, keep not
one

Of this condition,^w sir! here was a course
Found to bring sorrow on her way to death,
The tears would ne'er ha' dried, till dust had
chok'd 'em

Blood-guiltiness becomes a fouler visage,—
And now I think on one, I was to blame,
I ha' marr'd so good a market with my scorn,
'Thad been done questionless the ugliest creature
Creation fram'd for some use, yet to see
I could not mark so much where it should be!

[*Aside*]

ALS Lady —

BEAT Why, men of art make much of poison,
Keep one to expel another, where was my art?

[*Aside*]

ALS Lady, you hear not me

BEAT I do especially, sir,

The present times are not so sure of our side
As those hereafter may be; we must use 'em then
As thrifty folks their wealth, sparingly now,
Till the time opens

ALS You teach wisdom, lady

BEAT Within there! Diaphanta!

Re-enter DIAPHANTA

DIA Do you call, madam?

BEAT Perfect your service, and conduct this
gentleman

The private way you brought him

DIA I shall, madam

ALS My love's as firm as love e'er built upon

[*Exit with DIAPHANTA*]

^w condition] i e quality

Enter DE FLORES

DE F I've watch'd this meeting, and do wonder
much

What shall become of t'other, I'm sure both
Cannot be serv'd unless she transgress, haply
Then I'll put in for one, for if a woman
Fly from one point, from him she makes a husband,
She spreads and mounts then like arithmetic,
One, ten, a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand,
Proves in time sutler to an army royal
Now do I look to be most richly rail'd at,
Yet I must see her

[*Aside.*

BEAT Why, put case I loath'd him
As much as youth and beauty hates a sepulchre,
Must I needs shew it? cannot I keep that secret,
And serve my turn upon him? See, he's here —

[*Aside*

De Flores.

DE F Ha, I shall run mad with joy!
She call'd me fairly by my name De Flores,
And neither rogue nor rascal

[*Aside*

BEAT What ha' you done
To your face a' late? you've met with some good
physician,
You've prun'd yourself,* methinks you were not
wont

To look so amorously †

DE F Not I, —
'Tis the same physnomy, to a hair and pimple,
Which she call'd scurvy scarce an hour ago
How is this?

[*Aside*

* *prun'd yourself*] i e beautified yourself, improved your looks. Birds (hawks especially) are said to *prune* themselves when they pick, oil, and set in order their feathers

† *so amorously*] i e so much an object of love. Compare *Epigrams and Satyres*, by Richard Middleton, 1608,

"Longato *amorous* in his Maia's eye," &c P 3

BEAT Come hither, nearer, man

DE F I'm up to the chin in heaven! [*Aside*

BEAT Turn, let me see,

Faugh, 'tis but the heat of the liver, I perceive't,
I thought it had been worse

DE F Her fingers touch'd me!

She smells all amber¹ [*Aside*

BEAT I'll make a water for you shall cleanse this
Within a fortnight

DE F With your own hands, lady?

BEAT Yes, mine own [hands],² sir, in a work of
cure

I'll trust no other

DE F 'Tis half an act of pleasure

To hear her talk thus to me [*Aside*

BEAT When we're us'd

To a hard face, it is not so unpleasing,
It mends still in opinion, hourly mends,
I see it by experience

DE F I was bless'd

To light upon this minute, I'll make use on't
[*Aside*

BEAT Hardness becomes the visage of a man well,
It argues service, resolution, manhood,
If cause were of employment

DE F 'Twould be soon seen,

If e'er your ladyship had cause to use it,
I would but wish the honour of a service
So happy as that mounts to

BEAT We shall try you³

O my De Flores!

¹ *amber*] i e ambergris

² [*hands*] So the editor of 1816 but, perhaps, the author considered "cure" as a dissyllable

³ *We shall try you, &c*

You are too quick, sir] So these speeches are arranged by

DE F How's that? she calls me hers,
Already, *my De Flores*! [*Aside*]—You were about
To sigh out somewhat, madam?

BEAT No, was I?
I forgot,—O!—

DE F There 'tis again, the very fellow on't

BEAT You are too quick, sir

DE F There's no excuse^a for't now, I heard it
twice, madam,

That sigh would fain have utterance, take pity on't,
And lend it a free word, 'las, how it labours
For liberty! I hear the murmur yet
Beat at your bosom

BEAT Would creation ——

DE F Ay, well said, that is it

BEAT Had form'd me man!

DE F Nay, that's not it

BEAT O, 'tis the soul of freedom!

I should not then be forc'd to marry one
I hate beyond all depths, I should have power
Then to oppose my loathings, nay, remove 'em
For ever from my sight

the editor of 1816 but, perhaps, the following disposition of
the lines is preferable,

" BEAT We shall try you O my De Flores!

DE F How's that?

She calls me hers already, *my De Flores*! — [*Aside*
You were about to sigh out somewhat, madam?

BEAT No, was I? I forgot,—O!—

DE F There 'tis again,

The very fellow on't

BEAT You are too quick, sir "

^a *There's no excuse*, &c.] The editor of 1816, by the insertion
of a syllable, has given a perhaps more musical arrangement
of this speech but he did not perceive that the conclusion
of it, "beat at your bosom," was evidently intended to make
up a line with "Would creation "

DE F O bless'd occasion ! [*Aside*
 Without change to your sex you have your wishes,
 Claim so much man in me

BEAT In thee, De Floies ?
 There is small cause for that

DE F Put it not from me,
 It is a service that I kneel for to you [*Kneels*

BEAT You are too violent to mean faithfully
 There's horror in my service, blood, and danger,
 Can those be things to sue for ?

DE F If you knew
 How sweet it were to me to be employ'd
 In any act of yours, you would say then
 I fail'd, and us'd not reverence enough
 When I receiv'[d] the charge on't

BEAT This is much, methinks,
 Belike his wants are greedy, and to such
 Gold tastes like angel's food [*Aside*]—[De Flores,]^b

rise

DE F I'll have the work first
 BEAT Possible his need
 Is strong upon him [*Aside*]—There's to encourage
 thee, [*Gives money*
 As thou art forward, and thy service dangerous,
 Thy reward shall be precious

DE F That I've thought on,
 I have assur'd myself of that beforehand,
 And know it will be precious, the thought ravishes !

BEAT Then take him to thy fury !

DE F I thirst for him

BEAT Alonzo de Piracquo

DE F [*rising*] His end's upon him,
 He shall be seen no more

BEAT. How lovely now

^b [*De Flores*] So the editor of 1816

Dost thou appear to me ! never was man
Deailier rewarded

DE F I do think of that

BEAT Be wondrous careful in the execution

DE F Why, are not both our lives upon the cast ?

BEAT Then I throw all my fears upon thy sei-
vice

DE F They ne'er shall rise to hurt you

BEAT When the deed's done,

I'll furnish thee with all things for thy flight,
Thou may'st live bravely in another country

DE F Ay, ay, we'll talk of that hereafter

BEAT I shall rid myself

Of two inveterate loathings at one time,
Piracquo, and his dog-face [*Aside, and exit*]

DE F O my blood !

Methinks I feel her in mine arms already,
Her wanton fingers combing out this beard,
And, being pleasèd, praising this bad face
Hunger and pleasure, they'll commend sometimes
Slovenly dishes, and feed heartily on 'em,
Nay, which is stranger, refuse daintier for 'em
Some women are odd feeders,—I'm too loud
Here comes the man goes supperless to bed,
Yet shall not rise to-morrow to his dinner

Enter ALONZO.

ALON De Flores

DE F My kind, honourable lord ?

ALON I'm glad I ha' met with thee

DE F Sir ?

ALON Thou canst shew me
The full strength of the castle ?

DE F That I can, sir

ALON I much desire it

DE F. And if the ways and straits

Of some of the passages be not too tedious for you,
I'll assure you, worth your time and sight, my lord

ALON Pooh, that shall be no hindrance

DE F I'm your servant then

'Tis now near dinner-time, 'gainst your lordship's
rising

I'll have the keys about me

ALON Thanks, kind De Flores

DE F He's safely thrust upon me beyond hopes

[*Aside*

[*Exeunt severally*

ACT III SCENE I

A narrow passage in the castle

Enter ALONZO and DE FLORES (In the act-time^c

DE FLORES hides a naked rapier behind a door)

DE F Yes, here are all the keys, I was afraid,
my lord,

^c *In the act-time, &c*] i e while the music plays before the commencement of the act, &c This circumstance is taken from the "history," where the murder of Alonzo (there called Alfonso) is thus narrated "Whiles Piracquo is at dinner with Vermandero, De Flores is providing of a bloody banquet in the East Casemate, where of purpose he goes and hides a naked Sword and Ponyard behind the door Now dinner being ended, Piracquo finds out De Flores, and summons him of his promise, who tells him he is ready to wait on him so away they go from the Walls to the Ravelins, Sconces, and Bulwarks, and from thence by a Postern to the Ditches, and so, in again to the Casemates, whereof they have already viewed three, and are now going to the last, which is the Theater whereon we shall presently see acted a mournful and bloody Tragedy At the descent hereof De Flores puts off his Rapier, and leaves it behind him, treacherously informing Piracquo that the descent is narrow and craggy See here the Policy and Villany of this devilish and treacherous Miscreant Piracquo, not doubting nor dreaming of any Treason, follows his example,

I'd wanted for the postern, this is it
 I've all, I've all, my lord this for the sconce
 ALON 'Tis a most spacious and impregnable fort
 DE F You will tell me more, my lord this
 descent

Is somewhat narrow, we shall never pass
 Well with our weapons, they'll but trouble us

ALON Thou sayest true

DE F Pray, let me help your lordship

ALON 'Tis done thanks, kind De Flores

DE F Here are hooks, my lord,

To hang such things on purpose

[*Hangs up his own sword and that of ALONZO*

ALON Lead, I'll follow thee

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II

A vault^d

Enter ALONZO and DE FLORES

DE F All this is nothing, you shall see anon
 A place you little dream on

ALON I am glad

and so casts off his Rapier De Flores leads the way, and he follows him, but alas! poor Gentleman, he shall never return with his life They enter the Vault of the Casemate, De Flores opens the door, and throws it back, thereby to hide his Sword and Ponyard he stoops and looks thorow a Port-hole, and tells him that that Peece doth thorowly scour the Ditch Piracquo stoops likewise down to view it, when (O grief to think thereon) De Flores steps for his Weapons, and with his Ponyard stabs him thorow the back, and swiftly redoubling blow upon blow kills him dead at his feet, and without going farther, buries him there, right under the ruins of an old wall, whereof that Casemate was built" Reynolds's *Triumphs of God's Revenge against Murther*, p 40, ed. 1726

^d *Scene II. A vault*] Old ed. has only (after the words "Lead, I'll follow thee,") "*Ex. at one door and enter at the other*" See note, p 195

I have this leisure, all your master's house
Imagine I ha' taken a gondola

DE F All but myself, sir,—which makes up my
safety [Aside

My lord, I'll place you at a casement here
Will shew you the full strength of all the castle
Look, spend your eye a while upon that object

ALON Here's rich variety, De Flores

DE F Yes, sir

ALON Goodly munition

DE F Ay, there's ordnance, sir,

No bastard metal, will ring you a peal like bells
At great men's funerals keep your eye straight, my
lord,

Take special notice of that sconce before you,
There you may dwell awhile

[Takes the rapier which he had hid behind the door.]

ALON I am upon't

DE F And so am I [Stabs him

ALON De Flores! O De Flores!

Whose malice hast thou put on?

DE F Do you question

A work of secrecy? I must silence you [Stabs him.

ALON O, O, O!

DE F I must silence you [Stabs him

So, here's an undertaking well accomplish'd
This vault serves to good use now ha, what's that
Threw sparkles in my eye? O, 'tis a diamond
He wears upon his finger, 'twas well found,
This will approve^d the work What, so fast on?
Not part in death? I'll take a speedy course then,
Fingei and all shall off [Cuts off the finger] So,
now I'll clear

The passages from all suspect or fear

[Exit with the body

^d approve] i e prove the performance of.

SCENE III

An apartment in the house of ALIBIUS.

Enter ISABELLA and LOLLIO

ISA Why, sirrah, whence have you commission
To fetter the doors against me? if you
Keep me in a cage, pray, whistle to me,
Let me be doing something

LOL You shall be doing, if it please you, I'll
whistle to you, if you'll pipe after

ISA Is it your master's pleasure, or your own,
To keep me in this pinfold?

LOL 'Tis for my master's pleasure, lest being
taken in another man's corn, you might be pounded
in another place

ISA 'Tis very well, and he'll prove very wise

LOL He says you have company enough in the
house, if you please to be sociable, of all sorts of
people

ISA Of all sorts? why, here's none but fools and
madmen

LOL Very well and where will you find any
other, if you should go abroad? there's my master,
and I to boot too

ISA Of either sort one, a madman and a fool

LOL I would even participate of both then if I
were as you, I know you're half mad already, be
half foolish too

ISA You're a brave saucy rascal! come on, sir,
Afford me then the pleasure of your bedlam,
You were commending once to-day to me
Your last-come lunatic, what a proper^e
Body there was without brains to guide it,

^e *proper*] i e handsome

And what a pitiful delight appear'd
In that defect, as if your wisdom had found
A mirth in madness, pray, sir, let me partake,
If there be such a pleasure

LOL If I do not shew you the handsomest, discreetest madman, one that I may call the undei-standing madman, then say I am a fool

ISA Well, a match, I will say so

LOL When you have [had] a taste of the madman, you shall, if you please, see Fools' College, o' th' [other] side, I seldom lock there, 'tis but shooting a bolt or two, and you are amongst 'em. [*Exit, and brings in FRANCISCUS*]—Come on, sir, let me see how handsomely you'll behave yourself now

FRAN How sweetly she looks! O, but there's a wrinkle in her brow as deep as philosophy Anacreon, drink to my mistress' health, I'll pledge it, stay, stay, there's a spider in the cup! no, 'tis but a grape-stone, swallow it, fear nothing, poet, so, so, lift higher

ISA Alack, alack, it is too full of pity
To be laugh'd at! how fell he mad? canst thou tell?

LOL For love, mistress he was a pretty poet too, and that set him forwards first the Muses then forsook him, he ran mad for a chambermaid, yet she was but a dwarf neither.

FRAN Hail, bright Titania!
Why stand'st thou idle on these flowery banks?
Oberon is dancing with his Dryades,
I'll gather daisies, primrose, violets,
And bind them in a verse of poesy

LOL [*holding up a whip*] Not too near! you see your danger

FRAN O, hold thy hand, great Diomed!

Thou feed'st thy horses well, they shall obey thee
Get up, Bucephalus kneels [*Kneels*]

LOL You see how I awe my flock, a shepherd
has not his dog at more obedience

ISA His conscience is unquiet, sure that was
The cause of this a proper^f gentleman¹

FRAN Come hither, Æsculapius, hide the poison

LOL Well, 'tis hid [*Hides the whip*]

FRAN Didst thou ne'er hear of one Tiresias,
A famous prophet?^g

LOL Yes, that kept tame wild geese

FRAN That's he, I am the man

LOL No?

FRAN Yes, but make no words on't, I was a
man

Seven years ago

LOL A stripling, I think, you might

FRAN Now I'm a woman, all feminine

LOL I would I might see that!

FRAN Juno struck me blind

LOL I'll ne'er believe that, for a woman, they
say, has an eye more than a man

FRAN I say she struck me blind

LOL And Luna made you mad, you have two
trades to beg with

FRAN Luna is now big-bellied, and there's room
For both of us to ride with Hecate,

I'll drag thee up into her silver sphere,

And there we'll beat the bush, and kick the dog^h

That barks against the witches of the night,

^f *proper*] See note, p 244

^g *prophet*] Old ed "poet"

^h *we'll beat the bush, and kick the dog*] "The quartos [there
is but one 4to see note, p 205] read, 'we'll kick the dog, and
beat the bush' the transposition will, I think, be approved"
Editor of 1816

The swift lycanthropi^h that walk¹ the round,
We'll tear their wolfish skins, and save the sheep

[*Attempts to seize LOLLIO*

LOL Is't come to this? nay, then, my poison
comes forth again [*shewing the whip*] mad slave,
indeed, abuse your keeper¹

ISA. I prithee, hence with him, now he grows
dangerous

FRAN [*sings*]

Sweet love, pity me,

Give me leave to lie with thee

LOL No, I'll see you wiser first to your own
kennel¹

FRAN No noise, she sleeps, draw all the cur-
tains round,

Let no soft sound molest the pretty soul,
But love, and love creeps in at a mouse-hole

LOL I would you would get into your hole!
[*Exit FRANCISCUS*]*—*Now, mistress, I will bring
you another sort, you shall be fooled another while
[*Exit, and brings in ANTONIO*]*—*Tony, come hither,
Tony look who's yonder, Tony

ANT Cousin, is it not my aunt?

LOL Yes, 'tis one of 'em,¹ Tony.

ANT He, he! how do you, uncle?

LOL Fear him not, mistress, 'tis a gentle nigget,^k
you may play with him, as safely with him as with
his bauble¹

^h *lycanthropi*] 1 e frenzied persons labouring under the
delusion that they are turned into wolves see the description
in Webster's *Duchess of Malfi—Works*, vol 1. p 290, and my
note there

¹ *walk*] Old ed "walks"

¹ *aunt*? Yes, 'tis one of 'em.] See note, vol III p 16

^k *nigget*] *Nidget*, or *nigeot*—1 e idiot

¹ *bauble*] The sceptre of the licensed fool see Douce's
Illust of Shak, vol II p 318, and plates

ISA How long hast thou been a fool?

ANT Ever since I came hither, cousin.

ISA Cousin? I'm none of thy cousins, fool

LOL O, mistress, fools have always so much wit
as to claim their kindred

MADMAN [*within*] Bounce, bounce! he falls, he
falls!

ISA Hark you, your scholars in the upper room
Are out of order

LOL Must I come amongst you there?—Keep
you the fool, mistress, I'll go up and play left-
handed Orlando amongst the madmen [*Exit*.

ISA Well, sir

ANT 'Tis opportuneful now, sweet lady! nay,
Cast no amazing eye upon this change

ISA Ha!

ANT This shape of folly shrouds your dearest
love,

The truest servant to your powerful beauties,
Whose magic had this force thus to transform me

ISA You're a fine fool indeed!

ANT O, 'tis not strange!

Love has an intellect that runs through all
The scrutinous sciences, and, like a cunning poet,
Catches a quantity of every knowledge,
Yet brings all home into one mystery,
Into one secret, that he proceeds in

ISA You're a parlous^m fool

ANT No danger in me, I bring nought but love
And his soft-wounding shafts to strike you with
Try but one arrow, if it hurt you, I

Will stand you twenty back in recompense

ISA A forward fool too!

ANT This was love's teaching

^m *parlous*] See note, p 225.

A thousand ways heⁿ fashion'd out my way,
And this I found the safest and [the] nearest,
To tread the galaxia to my star

ISA Profound withal¹ certain you dream'd of
this,

Love never taught it waking

ANT Take no acquaintance
Of these outward follies, there's within
A gentleman that loves you

ISA When I see him,
I'll speak with him, so, in the meantime, keep
Your habit, it becomes you well enough
As you're a gentleman, I'll not discover you,
That's all the favour that you must expect
When you are weary, you may leave the school,
For all this while you have but play'd the fool

Re enter LOLLIO

ANT And must again — He, he¹ I thank you,
cousin,

I'll be your valentine to-morrow morning

LOL How do you like the fool, mistress?

ISA Passing well, sir

LOL Is he not witty, pretty well, for a fool?

ISA If he hold on as he begins, he's like

To come to something

LOL Ay, thank a good tutor you may put him
to't, he begins to answer pretty hard questions —
Tony, how many is five times six?

ANT Five times six is six times five

LOL What arithmetician could have answered
better? How many is one hundred and seven?

ANT One hundred and seven is seven hundred
and one, cousin

ⁿ *he*] Old ed "she"

LoL This is no wit to speak on!—Will you be rid of the fool now?

ISA By no means, let him stay a little

MADMAN [*within*] Catch there, catch the last couple in hell!^o

LoL. Again! must I come amongst you? Would my master were come home! I am not able to govern both these wards together [*Exit*

ANT Why should a minute of love's hour be lost?

ISA Fie, out again! I had rather you kept Your other posture, you become not your tongue When you speak from your clothes

ANT How can he freeze
Lives near so sweet a warmth? shall I alone
Walk through the orchard of th' Hesperides,
And, cowardly, not dare to pull an apple?

Enter LOLLIO above

This with the red cheeks I must venture for

[*Attempts to kiss her*

ISA Take heed, there's giants keep 'em

LoL How now, fool, are you good at that? have you read Lipsius?^p he's past *Ars Amandi*, I believe I must put harder questions to him, I perceive that [*Aside*

ISA You're bold without fear too

ANT What should I fear,
Having all joys about me? Do you smile,
And love shall play the wanton on your lip,
Meet and retire, retire and meet again,
Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes

^o *the last couple in hell*] "The allusion here is to the game of barley-break" Editor of 1816—See note, vol. III p. 114

^p *Lipsius*] Is it necessary to notice that the name of this great scholar is introduced merely for the sake of its first syllable?

I shall behold mine own deformity,
And dress myself up fairer I know this shape
Becomes me not, but in those bright mirrors
I shall array me handsomely
[*Cries of madmen are heard within, like those
of birds and beasts*

LOL Cuckoo, cuckoo ! [Exit above

ANT What are these ?

ISA Of fear enough to part us,
Yet are they but our schools of lunatics,
That act their fantasies in any shapes
Suing then present thoughts if sad, they cry,
If mirth be their conceit, they laugh again
Sometimes they imitate the beasts and birds,
Singing or howling, braying, barking, all
As their wild fancies prompt 'em

ANT These are no fears

ISA But here's a large one, my man

Re-enter LOLLIO

ANT Ha, he ! that's fine sport indeed, cousin

LOL I would my master were come home ! 'tis
too much for one shepherd to govern two of these
flocks, nor can I believe that one churchman can
instruct two benefices at once, there will be some
incurable mad of the one side, and very fools on
the other—Come, Tony

ANT Prithee, cousin, let me stay here still.

LOL No, you must to your book now, you have
played sufficiently

ISA Your fool is grown wondrous witty

LOL Well, I'll say nothing, but I do not think
but he will put you down one of these days.

[Exit with ANTONIO

ISA Here the restrainèd current might make
breach,

Spite of the watchful bankers would a woman stray,
 She need not gad abroad to seek her sin,
 It would be brought home one way^p or other
 The needle's point will to the fixèd north,
 Such drawing aetics women's beauties are

Re-enter LOLLIO

LOL How dost thou, sweet rogue?

ISA How now?

LOL Come, there are degrees, one fool may be
 better than another

ISA What's the matter?

LOL Nay, if thou givest thy mind to fool's flesh,
 have at thee!

ISA You bold slave, you!

LOL I could follow now as t'other fool did

*What should I fear,
 Having all joys about me? Do you but smile,
 And love shall play the wanton on your lip,
 Meet and retire, retire and meet again,
 Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes
 I shall behold my own deformity,
 And dress myself up fairer I know this shape
 Becomes me not—*

and so as it follows but is not this the more foolish
 way? Come, sweet rogue, kiss me, my little Lacedæmonian,
 let me feel how thy pulses beat thou hast a thing about thee
 would do a man pleasure, I'll lay my hand on't

ISA Sirrah, no more! I see you have discover'd
 This love's knight errant, who hath made adventure
 For purchase of my love, be silent, mute,
 Mute as a statue,^q or his injunction

^p *uay*] Old ed "wayes"

^q *statue*] Qy "statua"—a form which repeatedly occurs
 in our old writers.

For me enjoying, shall be to cut thy throat,
I'll do it, though for no other purpose, and
Be sure he'll not refuse it

LOL My share, that's all,
I'll have my fool's part with you

ISA No more! your master

Enter ALIBIUS

ALIB Sweet, how dost thou?

ISA Your bounden servant, sir

ALIB Fie, fie, sweetheart,
No more of that

ISA You were best lock me up

ALIB In my arms and bosom, my sweet Isabella,
I'll lock thee up most nearly — Lollo, we have employment, we have task in hand
At noble Vermandero's, our castle's captain,
There is a nuptial to be solemniz'd —
Beatrice-Joanna, his fair daughter, bride —
For which the gentleman hath bespoke our pains,
A mixture of our madmen and our fools,
To finish, as it were, and make the fag
Of all the revels, the third night from the first,
Only an unexpected passage over,
To make a frightful pleasure, that is all,
But not the all I aim at, could we so act it,
To teach it in a wild distracted measure,
Though out of form and figure, breaking time's
head,

It were no matter, 'twould be heal'd again
In one age or other, if not in this
This, this, Lollo, there's a good reward begun,
And will beget a bounty, be it known.

LOL This is easy, sir, I'll warrant you you have
about you fools and madmen that can dance very
well, and 'tis no wonder, your best dancers are not

the wisest men, the reason is, with often jumping they jolt their brains down into their feet, that their wits lie more in their heels than in their heads

ALIB Honest Lollo, thou giv'st me a good reason,
And a comfort in it

ISA You've a fine trade on't,
Madmen and fools are a staple commodity

ALIB O wife, we must eat, wear clothes, and live
Just at the lawyer's haven we arrive,
By madmen and by fools we both do thrive
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV

An apartment in the castle

Enter VERMANDERO, BEATRICE, ALSEMIRO, and JASPERINO

VER Valencia speaks so nobly of you, sir,
I wish I had a daughter now for you

ALS The fellow of this creature were a partner
For a king's love

VER I had her fellow once, sir,
But heaven has married her to joys eternal,
'Twere sin to wish her in this vale again
Come, sir, your friend and you shall see the pleasures

Which my health chiefly joys in

ALS I hear
The beauty of this seat largely [*commended*]

VER It falls much short of that

[*Exit with ALSEMIRO and JASPERINO.*]

BEAT So, here's one step
Into my father's favour, time will fix him,
I've got him now the liberty of the house,
So wisdom, by degrees, works out her freedom

And if that eye be darken'd that offends me,—
 I wait but that eclipse,—this gentleman
 Shall soon shine glorious in my father's liking,
 Through the refulgent virtue of my love

Enter DE FLORES

DE F My thoughts are at a banquet, for the deed,
 I feel no weight in't, 'tis but light and cheap
 For the sweet recompense that I set down for't
[*Aside*]

BEAT De Flores'

DE F Lady?

BEAT Thy looks promise cheerfully

DE F All things are answerable, time, circum-
 stance,

Your wishes, and my service

BEAT Is it done, then?

DE F Piracquo is no more

BEAT My joys start at mine eyes, our sweet'st
 delights

Are evermore born weeping

DE F I've a token for you

BEAT For me?

DE F But it was sent somewhat unwillingly,
 I could not get the ring without the finger

[*Producing the ring*]^p

BEAT Bless me, what hast thou done?

DE F Why, is that more
 Than killing the whole man? I cut his heart-strings
 A greedy hand thrust in a dish at court,
 In a mistake hath had as much as this

BEAT 'Tis the first token my father made me
 send him

DE F And I [have] made him send it back again
 For his last token, I was loath to leave it,

^p *the ring*] Qy "*the ring and the finger*"?

And I'm sure dead men have no use of jewels ,
 He was as loath to part with't, for it stuck
 As if the flesh and it were both one substance

BEAT At the stag's fall, the keeper has his fees ,
 'Tis soon applied, all dead men's fees are yours, sir
 I pray, bury the finger, but the stone
 You may make use on shortly , the true value,
 Take't of my truth, is near three hundred ducats

DE F 'Twill hardly buy a capcase for one's con-
 science though,

To keep it from the worm, as fine as 'tis
 Well, being my fees, I'll take it ,
 Great men have taught me that, or else my merit
 Would scorn the way on't

BEAT It might justly, sir ,
 Why, thou mistak'st, De Flores, 'tis not given
 In state of recompense

DE F No, I hope so, lady ,
 You should soon witness my contempt to't then

BEAT Prithee — thou look'st as if thou wert
 offended

DE F That were strange, lady , 'tis not possible
 My service should draw such a cause from you
 Offended¹ could you think so ? that were much
 For one of my performance, and so warm
 Yet in my service

BEAT 'Twere misery in me to give you cause, sir

DE F I know so much, it were so , misery
 In her most sharp condition

BEAT 'Tis resolv'd then ,
 Look you, sir, here's three thousand golden florens,^a
 I have not meanly thought upon thy merit

DE F What¹ salary ? now you move me

^a *golden florens*] Pieces first coined by the Florentines the
florin of Spain (according to the Dictionaries) is 4s 4½d —
 Does Beatrice offer here a paper to De Flores ?

BEAT How, De Flores ?

DE F Do you place me in the rank of verminous fellows,

To destroy things for wages ? offer gold
[For] the life-blood of man ? is any thing
Valued too precious for my recompense ?

BEAT I understand thee not

DE F I could ha' hir'd

A journeyman in murder at this rate,
And mine own conscience might have [slept at
ease],^r

And have had the work brought home

BEAT I'm in a labyrinth,

What will content him ? I'd fain be rid of him
[*Aside*

I'll double the sum, sir

DE F You take a course

To double my vexation, that's the good you do

BEAT Bless me, I'm now in worse plight than
I was,

I know not what will please him [*Aside*]—For my
fear's sake,

I prithee, make away with all speed possible,

And if thou be'st so modest not to name

The sum that will content thee, paper blushes not,

Send thy demand in writing, it shall follow thee,

But, prithee, take thy flight

DE F You must fly too then

BEAT I ?

DE F I'll not stir a foot else

BEAT What's your meaning ?

DE F Why, are not you as guilty ? in, I'm sure,
As deep as I, and we should stick together
Come, your fears counsel you but ill, my absence

^r [*slept at ease*] Supplied by the editor of 1816

Would draw suspect upon you instantly,
There were no rescue for you

BEAT He speaks home! [*Aside*]

DE F Nor is it fit we two, engag'd so jointly,
Should part and live asunder

BEAT How now, sir?

THIS shews not well

DE F What makes your lip so strange?

THIS must not be betwixt us

BEAT The man talks wildly!

DE F Come, kiss me with a zeal now

BEAT Heaven, I doubt him! [*Aside*]

DE F I will not stand so long to beg 'em shortly

BEAT Take heed, De Flores, of forgetfulness,
'Twill soon betray us

DE F Take you heed first,

Faith, you're grown much forgetful, you're to blame
in't

BEAT He's bold, and I am blam'd for't [*Aside*]

DE F I have eas'd you

Of your trouble, think on it, I am in pain,

And must be eas'd of you, 'tis a charity,

Justice invites your blood to understand me

BEAT I dare not

DE F Quickly!

BEAT O, I never shall!

Speak it yet further off, that I may lose

What has been spoken, and no sound remain on't,

I would not hear so much offence again

For such another deed

DE F Soft, lady, soft!

The last is not yet paid for O, this act

Has put me into spirit, I was as greedy on't

As the parch'd earth of moisture, when the clouds
weep

Did you not mark, I wrought myself into 't,

Nay, sued and kneel'd for't? why was all that pains
took?

You see I've thrown contempt upon your gold,
Not that I want it [not], for I do piteously,
In order I'll come unto 't, and make use on't,
But 'twas not held so precious to begin with,
For I place wealth after the heels of pleasure,
And were I not resolv'd in my belief
That thy virginity were perfect in thee,
I should but take my recompense with grudging,
As if I had but half my hopes I agreed for

BEAT Why, 'tis impossible thou canst be so
wicked,

Or shelter such a cunning cruelty,
To make his death the murderer of my honour!
Thy language is so bold and vicious,
I cannot see which way I can forgive it
With any modesty

DE F Push¹⁸ you forget yourself,
A woman dipp'd in blood, and talk of modesty!

BEAT O misery of sin! would I'd been bound
Perpetually unto my living hate

In that Piracquo, than to hear these words!
Think but upon the distance that creation
Set 'twixt thy blood and mine, and keep thee there

DE F Look but into your conscience, read me
there,

'Tis a true book, you'll find me there your equal
Push¹⁸ fly not to your birth, but settle you
In what the act has made you, you're no more now,
You must forget your parentage to me,
You are the deed's creature, by that name
You lost your first condition, and I challenge you,
As peace and innocency have^t turn'd you out,
And made you one with me

¹⁸ Push] See note, vol 1 p 29 ^t have] Old ed. "has."

BEAT With thee, foul villain !

DE F Yes, my fair murderess , do you urge me ?
Though thou writ'st maid, thou whore in thy affection !

'Twas chang'd from thy first love, and that's a kind
Of whoredom in the^t heart , and he's chang'd now
To bring thy second on, thy Alsemero,
Whom, by all sweets that ever darkness tasted,
If I enjoy thee not, thou ne'er enjoyest !
I'll blast the hopes and joys of marriage,
I'll confess all , my life I rate at nothing

BEAT De Flores !

DE F I shall rest from all love's^a plagues then ,
I live in pain now , that shooting eye
Will burn my heart to cinders

BEAT O sir, hear me !

DE F She that in life and love refuses me,
In death and shame my partner she shall be

BEAT [*kneeling*] Stay, hear me once for all , I
make thee master

Of all the wealth I have in gold and jewels ,
Let me go poor unto my bed with honour,
And I am rich in all things !

DE F Let this silence thee ,
The wealth of all Valencia shall not buy
My pleasure from me ,
Can you weep Fate from its determin'd purpose ?
So soon may [you] weep me .

BEAT Vengeance begins ,
Murder, I see, is follow'd by more sins
Was my creation in the womb so curst,
It must engender with a viper first ?

^t *the*] Old ed " thy "

^a *love's*] Old ed " lovers "—I suspect the author wrote ,

" I shall rest from all plagues then ,
I live in pain now , that love-shooting eye "

DE F [*raising her*] Come, rise and shroud your
 blushes in my bosom,
 Silence is one of pleasure's best receipts
 Thy peace is wrought for ever in this yielding
 'Las, how the turtle pants ' thou'lt love anon
 What thou so fear'st and faint'st to venture on
[*Exeunt*]

ACT IV.

Dumb Show^u

*Enter Gentlemen, VERMANDERO meeting them with
 action of wonderment at the disappearance of PI-
 RACQUO Enter ALSEMIRO, with JASPERINO and
 gallants VERMANDERO points to him, the gentlemen
 seeming to applaud the choice ALSEMIRO, VER-
 MANDERO, JASPERINO, and the others, pass over the
 stage with much pomp, BEATRICE as bride following
 in great state, attended by DIAPHANTA, ISABELLA,
 and other gentlewomen, DE FLORES after all,
 smiling at the accident^v ALONZO's ghost appears
 to him in the midst of his smile, and startles him,
 shewing the hand whose finger he had cut off*

SCENE I

ALSEMIRO's apartment in the castle.

Enter BEATRICE

BEAT This fellow has undone me endlessly,
 Never was bride so fearfully distress'd
 The more I think upon th' ensuing night,

^u *Dumb Show*] "These dumb shows are common enough
 in the dramas of our poets' age" Editor of 1816 — They had
 fallen much into disrepute when the present play was
 written

^v *smiling at the accident*] So old ed The editor of 1816
 gives "*smiling scornfully at the ceremony*," but I doubt if
 that be the meaning of the original words

And whom I am to cope with in embraces,
 One who's^v ennobled both in blood and mind,
 So clear in understanding,—that's my plague now,—
 Before whose judgment will my fault appear
 Like malefactors' crimes before tribunals,
 There is no hiding on't, the more I dive
 Into my own distress how a wise man
 Stands for a great calamity¹ there's no venturing
 Into his bed, what course soe'er I light upon,
 Without my shame, which may grow up to danger,
 He cannot but in justice strangle me
 As I lie by him, as a cheater use me,
 'Tis a precious craft to play with a false die
 Before a cunning gamester Here's his closet,
 The key left in't, and he abroad i' th' park?
 Sure 'twas forgot, I'll be so bold as look in't

[*Opens closet*

Bless me! a right physician's closet 'tis,
 Set round with vials, every one her mark too
 Sure he does practise physic for his own use,
 Which may be safely call'd your great man's wisdom
 What manuscript lies here?

[*reads*] *The Book of Experiment, called Secrets in Nature* ^w

So 'tis, 'tis so,

[*reads*] *How to know whether a woman be with child or no*

I hope I am not yet, if he should try though!
 Let me see, [*reads*] *folio forty-five*, here 'tis,
 The leaf tuck'd down upon't, the place suspicious
 [*reads*] *If you would know whether a woman be with child or not, give her two spoonfuls of the white water in glass C—*

^v *who's*] So editor of 1816 Old ed "both"

^w *Secrets in Nature*] In *Antonii Murali Monluciani De Arcanis Naturæ, Libelli quatuor*, ed tertia, 1558, 12mo, I find no passages resembling those which are read by Beatrice

Where's that glass C? O yonder, I see't now —
 [reads] *and if she be with child, she sleeps full twelve
 hours after, if not, not*
 None of that water comes into my belly,
 I'll know you from a hundred, I could break you
 now,

Or turn you into milk, and so beguile
 The master of the mystery, but I'll look to you
 Ha! that which is next is ten times worse
 [reads] *How to know whether a woman be a maid or
 not*

If that should be applied, what would become of me?
 Belike he has a strong faith of my purity,
 That never yet made proof, but this he calls
 [reads] *A merry slight,^v but true experiment, the author
 Antonius Mizaldus Give the party you suspect the
 quantity of a spoonful of the water in the glass M,
 which, upon her that is a maid, makes three several
 effects, 'twill make her incontinently^w gape, then fall
 into a sudden sneezing, last into a violent laughing,
 else, dull, heavy, and lumpish*
 Where had I been?

I fear it, yet 'tis seven hours to bed-time

Enter DIAPHANTA

DIA Cuds, madam, are you here?

BEAT Seeing that wench now,

A trick comes in my mind, 'tis a nice piece
 Gold cannot purchase [Aside]—I come hither,
 wench,

To look my lord

DIA Would I had such a cause
 To look him too! [Aside]—Why, he's i' th' park,
 madam

BEAT There let him be

^v *slight*] i.e. artifice, contrivance

^w *incontinently*] i.e. immediately

DIA Ay, madam, let him compass
Whole parks and forests, as great rangers do,
At roosting-time a little lodge can hold 'em
Earth-conquering Alexander, that thought the world
Too narrow for him, in th' end had but his pit-hole

BEAT I fear thou art not modest, Diaphanta

DIA Your thoughts are so unwilling to be known,
madam !

'Tis ever the bride's fashion, towards bed-time,
To set light by her joys, as if she ow'd 'em not *

BEAT Her joys ? her fears thou wouldst say

DIA Fear of what ?

BEAT Art thou a maid, and talk'st so to a maid ?
You leave a blushing business behind,
Beshrew your heart for't !

DIA Do you mean good sooth, madam ?

BEAT Well, if I'd thought upon the fear at first,
Man should have been unknown

DIA Is't possible ?

BEAT I'd^y give a thousand ducats to that woman
Would try what my fear were, and tell me true
To-morrow, when she gets from't, as she likes
I might perhaps be drawn to't

DIA Are you in earnest ?

BEAT Do you get the woman, then challenge me,
And see if I'll fly from't, but I must tell you
This by the way, she must be a true maid,
Else there's no trial, my fears are not her's else

DIA Nay, she that I would put into your hands,
madam,
Shall be a maid

BEAT You know I should be sham'd else,
Because she lies for me

DIA 'Tis a strange humour !

* *ow'd 'em not*] 1 *a* owned them not,—they were not hers
7 *I'd*] Old ed "I will."

But are you serious still? would you resign
Your first night's pleasure, and give money too?

BEAT As willingly as live — Alas, the gold
Is but a by-bet to wedge in the honour! [*Aside*]

DIA I do not know how the world goes abroad
For faith or honesty, there's both requir'd in this
Madam, what say you to me, and stray no further,
I've a good mind, in troth, to earn your money

BEAT You are too quick, I fear, to be a maid.

DIA How? not a maid? nay, then you urge me,
madam,

Your honourable self is not a truer,

With all your fears upon you —

BEAT Bad enough then [*Aside*]

DIA Than I with all my lightsome joys about
me

BEAT I'm glad to hear't, then you dare put your
honesty

Upon an easy trial

DIA Easy? any thing

BEAT I'll come to you straight

[*Goes to the closet*]

DIA She will not search me, will she,
Like the forewoman of a female jury?

BEAT Glass M ay, this is it [*Brings vial*]—

Look, Diaphanta,

You take no worse than I do [*Drinks*].

DIA And in so doing,

I will not question what it is, but take it. [*Drinks*]

BEAT Now if th' experiment be true, 'twill
praise itself,

And give me noble ease begins already,

[*DIAPHANTA gapes*].

There's the first symptom, and what haste it makes
To fall into the second, there by this time!

[*DIAPHANTA sneezes*].

Most admirable secret ! on the contrary,
 It stuns not me a whit, which most concerns it
[*Aside*]

DIA Ha, ha, ha !

BEAT Just in all things, and in order
 As if 'twere circumscrib'd, one accident
 Gives way unto another [*Aside*]

DIA Ha, ha, ha !

BEAT How now, wench ?

DIA Ha, ha, ha ! I'm so, so light
 At heart—ha, ha, ha !—so pleasurable !
 But one swig more, sweet madam

BEAT Ay, to-morrow,
 We shall have time to sit by't

DIA Now I'm sad again

BEAT It lays itself so gently too ! [*Aside*]—Come,
 wench,

Most honest Diaphanta I dare call thee now

DIA Pray, tell me, madam, what trick call you
 this ?

BEAT I'll tell thee all hereafter, we must study
 The carriage of this business

DIA I shall carry't well,
 Because I love the burthen

BEAT About midnight
 You must not fail to steal forth gently,
 That I may use the place

DIA O, fear not, madam,
 I shall be cool by that time the bride's place,
 And with a thousand ducats ! I'm for a justice
 now,

I bring a portion with me, I scorn small fools
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II

*Another apartment in the castle**Enter VERMANDERO and Servant*

VER I tell thee, knave, mine honour is in question,

A thing till now free from suspicion,
Nor ever was there cause Who of my gentlemen
Are absent?

Tell me, and truly, how many, and who?

SER Antonio, sir, and Franciscus

VER When did they leave the castle?

SER Some ten days since, sir, the one intending
to Briamata,* th' other for Valencia

VER The time accuses 'em, a charge of murder
Is brought within my castle-gate, Piracquo's murder,
I dare not answer faithfully their absence
A strict command of apprehension
Shall pursue 'em suddenly, and either wipe
The stain off clear, or openly discover it
Provide me winged warrants for the purpose

[*Exit Servant*]

See, I am set on again

Enter TOMASO

TOM I claim a brother of you

VER You're too hot,

Seek him not here

TOM Yes, 'mongst your dearest bloods,
If my peace find no fairer satisfaction
This is the place must yield account for him,
For here I left him, and the hasty tie

* *Briamata*] "*Briamata*, a fair house of his [Vermandero's] ten leagues from Alicant" Reynolds's *Triumphs of God's Revenge against Murther*, p. 36, ed. 1726 see note, p. 205

Of this snatch'd marriage gives strong testimony
Of his most certain ruin

VER Certain falsehood !

This is the place indeed , his breach of faith
Has too much mari'd both my abusèd love,
The honourable love I reserv'd for him,
And mock'd my daughter's joy, the prepar'd morning
Blush'd at his infidelity , he left
Contempt and scorn to throw upon those friends
Whose belief hurt 'em O, 'twas most ignoble
To take his flight so unexpectedly,
And throw such public wrongs on those that lov'd
him !

TOM Then this is all your answer ?

VER 'Tis too fair

For one of his alliance , and I warn you
That this place no more see you

[*Exit*

Enter DE FLORES

TOM The best is,
There is more ground to meet a man's revenge on —
Honest De Flores ?

DE F That's my name, indeed
Saw you the bride ? good sweet sir, which way took
she ?

TOM I've bless'd mine eyes from seeing such a
false one

DE F I'd fain get off, this man's not for my
company,
I smell his brother's blood when I come near him

[*Aside*

TOM Come hither, kind and true one , I remember
My brother lov'd thee well

DE F O, purely, dear sir !—
Methinks I'm now again a-killing on him,
He brings it so fresh to me.

[*Aside*

TOM Thou canst guess, sirrah—
An^w honest friend has an instinct of jealousy—
At some foul guilty person

DE F Alas, sir,
I am so charitable, I think none
Worse than myself! you did not see the bride then?

TOM I prithee, name her not is she not wicked?

DE F No, no, a pretty, easy, round-pack'd^x
sinner,

As your most ladies are, else you might think
I flatter'd her, but, sir, at no hand wicked,
Till they're so old their sins and vices^y meet,
And they salute witches I'm call'd, I think, sir—
His company even overlays my conscience

[*Aside, and exit*]

TOM That De Flores has a wondrous honest
heart,
He'll bring it out in time, I'm assur'd on't
O, here's the glorious master of the day's joy!
'Twill^z not be long till he and I do reckon.

Enter ALSEMERO

Sir

ALS You're most welcome

TOM You may call that word back,
I do not think I am, nor wish to be
ALS 'Tis strange you found the way to this house
then

TOM Would I'd ne'er known the cause! I'm none
of those, sir,
That come to give you joy, and swill your wine,
'Tis a more precious liquor that must lay
The fiery thirst I bring.

^w *Ans*] Old ed "One"

^x *round-pack'd*] Qy "round-pac'd"?

^y *sins and vices*] Surely the right reading is "chins and
noses"

^z *'Twill*] Old ed "I will"

ALS Your words and you
Appear to me great strangers

TOM Time and our swords
May make us more acquainted, this the business
I should have [had] a brother in your place,
How treachery and malice have dispos'd of him,
I'm bound to inquire of him which holds his right,
Which never could come fairly

ALS You must look
To answer for that word, sir

TOM Fear you not,
I'll have it ready drawn at our next meeting
Keep your day solemn, farewell, I disturb it not,
I'll bear the smart with patience for a time [*Exit*]

ALS 'Tis somewhat ominous this, a quarrel
enter'd

Upon this day, my innocence relieves me,

Enter JASPERINO

I should be wondrous sad else — Jasperino,
I've news to tell thee, strange news

JASP I ha' some too,
I think as strange as yours would I might keep
Mine, so my faith and friendship might be kept in't!
Faith, sir, dispense a little with my zeal,
And let it cool in this

ALS This puts me on,
And blames thee for thy slowness

JAS All may prove nothing,
Only a friendly fear that leapt from me, sir

ALS No question, 't may prove nothing, let's
partake it though

JAS. 'Twas Diaphanta's chance—for to that wench
I pretend² honest love, and she deserves it—

² *pretend*] i e offer

To leave me in a back part of the house,
 A place we chose for private conference,
 She was no sooner gone, but instantly
 I heard your bride's voice in the next room to me,
 And lending more attention, found De Flores
 Louder than she

ALS De Flores ' thou art out now

JAS You'll tell me more anon.

ALS Still I'll prevent² thee,

The very sight of him is poison to her

JAS That made me stagger too, but Diaphanta
 At her return confirm'd it

ALS Diaphanta '

JAS Then fell we both to listen, and words pass'd
 Like those that challenge interest in a woman

ALS Peace, quench thy zeal, 'tis dangerous to
 thy bosom

JAS Then truth is full of peril

ALS Such truths are

), were she the sole glory of the earth,
 Had eyes that could shoot fire into kings' breasts,
 And touch'd,^a she sleeps not here ' yet I have time,
 Though night be near, to be resolv'd^b hereof,
 And, prithee, do not weigh me by my passions.

JAS I never weigh'd friend so

ALS Done charitably '

That key will lead thee to a pretty secret,

[Giving key.]

By a Chaldean taught me, and I have
 Laid study upon some bring from my closet
 A glass inscrib'd there with the letter M,
 And question not my purpose.

JAS It shall be done, sir

[Exit]

² prevent] 1 e anticipate.

^a touch'd] 1 e infected, stained

^b resolv'd] 1 e satisfied

ALS How can this hang together? not an hour
 since
 Her woman came pleading her lady's fears,
 Deliver'd her for the most timorous virgin
 That ever shrunk at man's name, and so modest,
 She charg'd her weep out her request to me,
 That she might come obscurely to my bosom

Enter BEATRICE

BEAT All things go well, my woman's preparing
 yonder
 For her sweet voyage, which grieves me to lose,
 Necessity compels it, I lose all else [*Aside*
 ALS Push!^c modesty's shrine is set in yonder
 forehead

I cannot be too sure though [*Aside*]—My Joanna!

BEAT Sir, I was bold to weep a message to you,
 Pardon my modest fears

ALS The dove's not meeker,
 She's abus'd, questionless [*Aside*

Re-enter JASPERINO with vial

O, are you come, sir?

BEAT The glass, upon my life! I see the letter
 [*Aside*

JAS Sir, this is M [*Giving vial*

ALS 'Tis it.

BEAT I am suspected [*Aside*

ALS How fitly our bride comes to partake with
 us!

BEAT What is't, my lord?

ALS No hurt

BEAT Sir, pardon me,
 I seldom taste of any composition

^c *Push*] See note, vol 1 p 29

ALS But this, upon my warrant, you shall venture on

BEAT I fear 'twill make me ill

ALS Heaven forbid that !

BEAT I'm put now to my cunning th' effects I know,

If I can now but feign 'em handsomely

[*Aside, then drinks*

ALS It has that secret virtue, it ne'er miss'd, sir, Upon a virgin

JAS. Treble-qualitied ?

[*BEATRICE gapes and sneezes*

ALS By all that's virtuous, it takes there ! proceeds !

JAS This is the strangest trick to know a maid by

BEAT Ha, ha, ha !

You have given me joy of heart to drink, my lord

ALS No, thou hast given me such joy of heart, That never can be blasted

BEAT What's the matter, sir ?

ALS See, now 'tis settled in a melancholy, Keep[s] both the time and method [*Aside*]—My Joanna,

Chaste as the breath of heaven, or morning's womb, That brings the day forth ! thus my love encloses thee | [*Exeunt*

SCENE III

A room in the house of ALIBIUS.

Enter ISABELLA and LOLLIO

ISA O heaven ! is this the waning^d moon ? Does love turn fool, run mad, and all at once ?

^d *waning*] Old ed "waiting" "I am inclined to read, Oh, heaven ! is this the new or waning moon ?"

Editor of 1816

Sirrah, here's a madman, a-kin to the fool too,
A lunatic lover

LOL No, no, not he I brought the letter from

ISA Compaie his inside with his out, and tell
me

LOL The out's mad, I'm sure of that, I had a
taste on't

ISA [*reads letter*] *To the bright^d Andromeda, chief
chambermaid to the Knight of the Sun, at the sign of
Scorpio, in the middle region, sent by the bellows-mender
of Æolus Pay the post*

LOL This is stark madness!

ISA Now mark the inside

[*reads*] *Sweet lady, having now cast off this counterfeit
cover of a madman, I appear to your best judgment a
true and faithful lover of your beauty*

LOL He is mad still!

ISA [*reads*] *If any fault you find, chide those per-
fections in you which have made me imperfect, 'tis
the same sun that causeth to grow and enforceth to
wither —*

LOL O rogue!

ISA [*reads*] *Shapes and transhapes, destroys and
builds again I come in winter to you, dismantled of
my proper ornaments, by the sweet splendour of your
cheerful smiles, I spring and live a lover*

LOL Mad rascal still!

ISA [*reads*] *Tread him not under foot, that shall
appear an honour to your bounties I remain — mad
till I speak with you, from whom I expect my cure,
yours all, or one beside himself, FRANCISCUS*

LOL You are like to have a fine time on't, my
master and I may give over our professions; I do
not think but you can cure fools and madmen faster
than we, with little pains too.

^d *To the bright Pay the post*] Given to Lollo in old ed

ISA Very likely

LOL One thing I must tell you, mistress, you perceive that I am privy to your skill, if I find you minister once, and set up the trade, I put in for my thirds, I shall be mad or fool else

ISA The first place is thine, believe it, Lollio, If I do fall

LOL I fall upon you

ISA So

LOL Well, I stand to my venture

ISA But thy counsel now, how shall I deal with 'em?

LOL Why,^d do you mean to deal with 'em?

ISA Nay, the fair^e understanding, how to use 'em

LOL Abuse 'em! that's the way to mad the fool, and make a fool of the madman, and then you use 'em kindly

ISA 'Tis easy, I'll practise, do thou observe it The key of thy wardrobe

LOL There [*gives key*], fit yourself for 'em, and I'll fit 'em both for you

ISA Take thou no further notice than the outside

LOL Not an inch [*Exit ISABELLA*], I'll put you to the inside

Enter ALIBIUS

ALIB Lollio, art there? will all be perfect, think'st thou?

To-morrow night, as if to close up the Solemnity, Vermandero expects us

LOL I mistrust the madmen most, the fools will do well enough, I have taken pains with them

^d *Why*] Old ed "We"

^e *Nay, the fair, &c*] "i e Nay, understand my speeches in the fair and modest sense in which they are uttered" Editor of 1816

ALIB Tush! they cannot miss, the more absurdity,
The more commends it, so no rough behaviours
Affright the ladies, they're nice things, thou knowest

LOL You need not fear, sir, so long as we are there with our commanding pizzles, they'll be as tame as the ladies themselves

ALIB I'll see them once more rehearse before they go

LOL I was about it, sir look you to the madmen's morris, and let me alone with the other there is one or two that I mistrust their fooling, I'll instruct them, and then they shall rehearse the whole measure

ALIB Do so, I'll see the music prepar'd but, Lollo,

By the way, how does my wife brook her restraint? Does she not grudge at it?

LOL So, so, she takes some pleasure in the house, she would abroad else, you must allow her a little more length, she's kept too short

ALIB She shall along to Vermandero's with us, That will serve her for a month's liberty

LOL What's that on your face, sir?

ALIB Where, Lollo? I see nothing

LOL Cry you mercy, sir, 'tis your nose, it shewed like the trunk of a young elephant

ALIB Away, rascal! I'll prepare the music, Lollo

LOL Do, sir, and I'll dance the whilst [Exit ALIBIUS]—Tony, where art thou, Tony?

Enter ANTONIO

ANT Here, cousin, where art thou?

LOL Come, Tony, the footmanship I taught you

ANT. I had rather ride, cousin

LOL Ay, a whip take you! but I'll keep you out,
vault in look you, Tony, fa, la, la, la, la

ANT Fa, la, la, la, la [Dances
[Sings and dances

LOL There, an honour

ANT Is this an honour, coz?

LOL Yes, and^f it please your worship

ANT Does honour bend in the hams, coz?

LOL Marry does it, as low as worship, squire-
ship, nay, yeomanry itself sometimes, from whence
it first stiffened there rise, a caper

ANT Caper after an honour, coz?

LOL Very proper, for honour is but a caper,
rise[s] as fast and high, has a knee or two, and falls
to th' ground again you can remember your figure,
Tony?

ANT Yes, cousin, when I see thy figure, I can
remember mine [Exit LOLLIO

Re-enter ISABELLA, dressed as a madwoman

ISA Hey, how he^s treads the air! shough, shough,
t'other way! he burns his wings else here's wax
enough below, Icarus, more than will be cancelled
these eighteen moons he's down, he's down! what
a terrible fall he had!

Stand up, thou son of Cretan Dædalus,
And let us tread the lower labyrinth,
I'll bring thee to the clue

ANT Prithce, coz, let me alone

ISA Art thou not drown'd?

About thy head I saw a heap of clouds
Wrapt like a Turkish turbant, on thy back
A crook'd chameleon-colour'd rainbow hung

^f and] i e if
VOL IV

^s he] Old ed "she"
B B

Like a tiara down unto thy hams
 Let me suck out those billows in thy belly,
 Hark, how they roar and rumble in the straits 'h
 Bless thee from the pirates '!

ANT Pox upon you, let me alone '!

ISA Why shouldst thou mount so high as Mer-
 cury,

Unless thou hadst reversion of his place?
 Stay in the moon with me, Endymion,
 And we will rule these wild rebellious waves,
 That would have drown'd my love.

ANT I'll kick thee, if
 Again thou touch me, thou wild unshapen antic,
 I am no fool, you bedlam '!

ISA But you are, as sure as I am mad
 Have I put on this habit of a frantic,
 With love as full of fury, to beguile
 The nimble eye of watchful jealousy,
 And am I thus rewarded?

ANT Ha! dearest beauty '!

ISA No, I have no beauty now,
 Nor never had but what was in my garments
 You a quick-sighted lover! come not near me.
 Keep your caparisons, you're aptly clad,
 I came a feigner, to return stark mad

ANT Stay, or I shall change condition,
 And become as you are [Exit ISABELLA

Re-enter LOLLIO

LOL Why, Tony, whither now? why, fool —

ANT Whose fool, usher of idiots? you coxcomb!
 I have fool'd too much

LOL You were best be mad another while then

ANT So I am, stark mad, I have cause enough,

^h *straits*] Old ed. "streets"

And I could throw the full effects on thee,
And beat thee like a fury

LOL Do not, do not, I shall not forbear the gentleman under the fool, if you do alas, I saw through your fox-skin before now! Come, I can give you comfort, my mistress loves you, and there is as arrant a madman i' th' house as you are a fool, your rival, whom she loves not if after the masque we can rid her of him, you earn her love, she says, and the fool shall ride her

ANT May I believe thee?

LOL Yes, or you may choose whether you will or no

ANT She's eas'd of him, I've a good quarrel on't

LOL Well, keep your old station yet, and be quiet

ANT Tell her I will deserve her love *[Exit*

LOL And you are like to have your desire ^h

Enter FRANCISCUS

FRAN *[sings]* Down, down, down a-down a-down,
—and then with a horse-trick

To kick Latona's forehead, and break her bow-string

LOL This is t'other counterfeit, I'll put him out of his humour *[Aside Takes out a letter and reads]* Sweet lady, having now cast *[off]*ⁱ this counterfeit cover of a madman, I appear to your best judgment a true and faithful lover of your beauty This is pretty well for a madman

FRAN Ha! what's that?

LOL *[reads]* Chide those perfections in you which *[have]* made me imperfect

FRAN I am discover'd to the fool

^h desire] Qy "desert"?

ⁱ *[off]* See p 274.

LOL I hope to discover the fool in you ere I have done with you [*Reads*] *Yours all, or one beside himself*, FRANCISCUS This madman will mend sure

FRAN What do you read, sirrah?

LOL Your destiny, sir, you'll be hanged for this tick, and another that I know

FRAN Art thou of counsel with thy mistress?

LOL Next her apron-strings

FRAN Give me thy hand

LOL Stay, let me put yours in my pocket first [*putting letter into his pocket*] your hand is true,¹ is it not? it will not pick? I partly fear it, because I think it does lie

FRAN Not in a syllable

LOL So, if you love my mistress so well as you have handled the matter here, you are like to be cured of your madness

FRAN And none but she can cure it

LOL Well, I'll give you over then, and she shall cast your water next

FRAN Take for thy pains past

[*Gives him money*]

LOL I shall deserve more, sir, I hope my mistress loves you, but must have some proof of your love to her

FRAN There I meet my wishes

LOL That will not serve, you must meet her enemy and yours

FRAN He's dead already

LOL Will you tell me that, and I parted but now with him?

FRAN Shew me the man

LOL Ay, that's a right course now, see him before you kill him, in any case, and yet it needs not

¹ true] See note, p 224.

go so far neither, 'tis but a fool that haunts the house and my mistress in the shape of an idiot, bang but his fool's coat well-favouredly, and 'tis well

FRAN Soundly, soundly!

LOL Only reserve him till the masque be past, and if you find him not now in the dance yourself, I'll shew you In, in! my master! [*Dancing*

FRAN He handles him like a feather Hey! [*Exit*

Enter ALIBIUS

ALIB Well said in a readiness, Lollio?

LOL Yes, sir

ALIB Away then, and guide them in, Lollio
Entreat your mistress to see this sight
Hark, is there not one incurable fool
That might be begg'd?^k I have friends.

LOL I have him for you,
One that shall deserve it too [*Exit*

*Re-enter ISABELLA then re-enter LOLLIO with the
madmen and fools, who dance.*

ALIB Good boy, Lollio!
'Tis perfect well, fit but once these strains,
We shall have coin and credit for our pains [*Exeunt*

ACT V SCENE I

A gallery in the castle

Enter BEATRICE a clock strikes one

BEAT One struck, and yet she lies by't! O, my fears!

^k *begg'd*] See note, vol III p 16

This stumptet serves her own ends, 'tis apparent
now,

Devours the pleasure with a greedy appetite,
And never minds my honour or my peace,
Makes havoc of my right, but she pays dearly
for't,

No trusting of her life with such a secret,
That cannot rule her blood to keep her promise,
Beside, I've some suspicion of her faith to me,
Because I was suspected of my lord,
And it must come from her [*clock strikes two*]
hark! by my horrors,
Another clock strikes two!

Enter DE FLORES

DE F Pist¹ where are you?

BEAT De Flores?

DE F Ay is she not come from him yet?

BEAT As I'm a living soul, not!

DE F Sure the devil

Hath sow'd his itch within her, who would trust
A waiting-woman?

BEAT I must trust somebody

DE F Push!^m they're termagants,
Especially when they fall upon their masters
And have their ladies' first-fruits, they're mad
whelps,

You cannot stave 'em off from game royal then
You are so harshⁿ and hardy, ask no counsel,
And I could have help'd you to a 'pothecary's
daughter

Would have fall'n off before eleven, and thank['d]
you too

¹ Pist] See note, vol 11 p 460

^m Push] See note, vol 1 p 29

ⁿ harsh] Qy "rash"?

BEAT O me, not yet ! this whore forgets herself

DE F The rascal fares so well look, you're undone,

The day-star, by this hand ! see, Phosphorus plain yonder

BEAT Advise me now to fall upon some ruin,
There is no counsel safe else

DE F Peace ! I ha't now,

For we must force a rising, there's no remedy

BEAT How ? take heed of that

DE F Tush ! be you quiet, or else give over all

BEAT Prithee—I ha' done then

DE F This is my reach I'll set

Some part a-fire of Diaphanta's chamber

BEAT How ? fire, sir ? that may endanger the whole house

DE F You talk of danger when your fame's on fire ?

BEAT That's true, do what thou wilt now

DE F Push ! I aim

At a most rich success strikes all dead sure

The chimney being a-fire, and some light parcels

Of the least danger in her chamber only,

If Diaphanta should be met by chance then

Far from her lodging, which is now suspicious,

It would be thought her fears and affrights then

Drove her to seek for succour ; if not seen

Or met at all, as that's the likeliest,

For her own shame she'll hasten towards her lodging,

I will be ready with a piece high-charg'd,

As 'twere to cleanse the chimney, there 'tis proper now,

But she shall be the mark.

BEAT I'm forc'd to love thee now,
'Cause thou provid'st so carefully for my honour
DE F 'Shd, it concerns the safety of us both,
Our pleasure and continuance

BEAT One word now, prithee,
How for the servants?

DE F I will despatch them,
Some one way, some another in the hurry,
For buckets, hooks, ladders, fear not you,
The deed shall find its time, and I've thought since
Upon a safe conveyance for the body too
How this fire purifies wit! watch you your minute

BEAT Fear keeps my soul upon't, I cannot stray
from't

Enter Ghost of ALONZO

DE F Ha! what art thou that tak'st away the
light
Betwixt that star and me? I dread thee not
'Twas but a mist of conscience, all's clear again.

BEAT Who's that, De Flores? bless me, it slides
by! *[Exit Ghost]*
Some ill thing haunts the house, 't has left behind it
A shivering sweat upon me, I'm afraid now
This night hath been so tedious! O this strumpet!
Had she a thousand lives, he should not leave her
Till he had destroy'd the last List! O my terrors!
[Clock strikes three]
Three struck by St Sebastian's!

VOICES *[within]* Fire, fire, fire!

BEAT Already? how rare is that man's speed!
How heartily he serves me! his face loathes one,
But look upon his care, who would not love him?
The east is not more beauteous than his service.

VOICES *[within]* Fire, fire, fire!

Re-enter DE FLORES *Servants pass over the stage*

DE F Away, despatch ! hooks, buckets, ladders !
that's well said [*Bell rings within*
The fire-bell rings, the chimney works, my charge,
The piece is ready. [*Exit*

BEAT Here's a man worth loving !

Enter DIAPHANTA

O, you're a jewel !

DIA Pardon frailty, madam,
In troth, I was so well, I even forgot myself

BEAT You've made trim work !

DIA What ?

BEAT Hie quickly to your chamber,
Your reward follows you

DIA I never made
So sweet a bargain [*Exit*

Enter ALSEMERO

ALS O, my dear Joanna,
Alas ! art thou risen too ? I was coming,
My absolute treasure !

BEAT When I miss'd you,
I could not choose but follow.

ALS Thou'rt all sweetness
The fire is not so dangerous

BEAT Think you so, sir ?

ALS I prithee, tremble not, believe me, 'tis not

Enter VERMANDERO and JASPERINO

VER O, bless my house and me !

ALS My lord your father

Re-enter DE FLORES with a gun.

VER Knave, whither goes that piece ?

DE F To scour the chimney.

VER O, well said, well said ! [*Exit DE FLORES*
That fellow's good on all occasions

BEAT A wondrous necessary man, my lord

VER. He hath a ready wit, he's worth 'em all, sir,
Dog at a house of^o fire, I ha' seen him sing'd ere
now — [*Gun fired off within*

Ha, there he goes !

BEAT 'Tis done ! [*Aside*

ALS Come, sweet, to bed now,
Alas, thou wilt get cold !

BEAT Alas, the fear keeps that out !
My heart will find no quiet till I hear
How Diaphanta, my poor woman, fares,
It is her chamber, sir, her lodging chamber

VER How should the fire come there ?

BEAT As good a soul as ever lady countenanc'd,
But in her chamber negligent and heavy
She 'scap'd a mine twice

VER Twice ?

BEAT Strangely twice, sir

VER Those sleepy sluts are dangerous in a house,
And^p they be ne'er so good

Re-enter DE FLORES

DE F O, poor virginity,
Thou hast paid dearly for't !

VER Bless us, what's that ?

DE F A thing you all 'knew once, Diaphanta's
burnt

BEAT My woman ! O, my woman !

DE F Now the flames

Are greedy of her, burnt, burnt, burnt to death, sir !

BEAT O my presaging soul !

^o of] 1 e on see vol iii p 556, and note

^p And] 1 e if

ALS Not a tear more !
I charge you by the last embrace I gave you
In bed, before this rais'd us

BEAT Now you tie me ,
Were it my sister, now she gets no more

Enter Servant

VER How now ?

SER All danger's past, you may now take
Your rests, my lords, the fire is thoroughly quench'd
Ah, poor gentlewoman, how soon was she stifled !

BEAT De Floies, what is left of her inter,
And we as mouners all will follow her
I will entreat that honour to my servant
Even of my lord himself

ALS Command it, sweetness

BEAT Which of you spied the fire first ?

DE F 'Twas I, madam

BEAT And took such pains in't too ? a double
goodness !

'Twere well he were rewarded

VER He shall be —

De Flores, call upon me

ALS And upon me, sir

[Exeunt all except DE FLORES]

DE F Rewarded ? precious ! here's a trick be-
yond me

I see in all bouts, both of sport and wit,

Always a woman strives for the last hit *[Exit]*

SCENE II

*Another apartment in the castle**Enter TOMASO*

TOM I cannot taste the benefits of life
With the same relish I was wont to do
Man I grow weary of, and hold his fellowship
A treacherous bloody friendship, and because
I'm ignorant in whom my wrath should settle,
I must think all men villains, and the next
I meet, whoe'er he be, the murderer
Of my most worthy brother Ha! what's he?

DE FLORES passes over the stage

O, the fellow that some call honest De Flores,
But methinks honesty was hard bested
To come there for a lodging, as if a queen
Should make her palace of a pest-house
I find a contrariety in nature
Betwixt that face and me, the least occasion
Would give me game upon him, yet he's so foul
One would scarce touch [him] with a sword he
lov'd

And made account of, so most deadly venomous,
He would go near to poison any weapon
That should draw blood on him, one must resolve
Never to use that sword again in fight
In way of honest manhood that strikes him,
Some river must devour it, 'twere not fit
That any man should find it What, again?

Re-enter DE FLORES

He walks a' purpose by, sure, to choke me up,
T' infect my blood

DE F My worthy noble lord !

TOM Dost offer to come near and breathe upon
me ? *[Strikes him]*

DE F A blow ! *[Drans]*

TOM Yea, are you so prepar'd ?

I'll rather like a soldier die by th' sword,
Than like a politician by thy poison *[Drans]*

DE F Hold, my lord, as you are honourable !

TOM All slaves that kill by poison are still
cowards

DE F I cannot strike, I see his brother's wounds
Fresh bleeding in his eye, as in a crystal — *[Aside]*
I will not question this, I know you're noble,
I take my injury with thanks given, sir,
Like a wise lawyer, and as a favour
Will wear it for the worthy hand that gave it —
Why this from him that yesterday appear'd
So strangely loving to me ?

O, but instinct is of a subtler strain !
Guilt must not walk so near his lodge again,
He came near me now *[Aside, and exit]*

TOM All league with mankind I renounce for
ever,

Till I find this murderer, not so much
As common courtesy but I'll lock up,
For in the state of ignorance I live in,
A brother may salute his brother's murderer,
And wish good speed to th' villain in a greeting

Enter VERMANDERO, ALIBIUS, and ISABELLA

VER Noble Piracquo !

TOM Pray, keep on your way, sir,
I've nothing to say to you

VER Comforts bless you, sir !

TOM I've forsworn compliment, in troth, I have,
sir,

VOL IV

C C

As you are merely man, I have not left
A good wish for you, nor [for] any here

VER Unless you be so far in love with grief,
You will not part from't upon any terms,
We bring that news will make a welcome for us

TOM What news can that be?

VER Throw no scornful smile
Upon the zeal I bring you, 'tis worth more, sir,
Two of the chiefest men I kept about me
I hide not from the law or your just vengeance

TOM Ha!

VER To give your peace more ample satisfaction,
Thank these discoverers

TOM If you bring that calm,
Name but the manner I shall ask forgiveness in
For that contemptuous smile [I threw]^m upon you,
I'll perfect it with reverence that belongs
Unto a sacred altar [Kneels]

VER [raising him] Good sir, rise,
Why, now you overdo as much 'a this hand
As you fell short 'a t'other —Speak, Alibius

ALIB 'Twas my wife's fortune, as she is most
lucky

At a discovery, to find out lately,
Within our hospital of fools and madmen,
Two counterfeits slipp'd into these disguises,
Their names Franciscus and Antonio

VER Both mine, sir, and I ask no favour for 'em

ALIB Now that which draws suspicion to their
habits,

The time of their disguisings agrees justly
With the day of the murder

TOM O blest revelation!

VER Nay, more, nay, more, sir — I'll not spare
mine own

^m [I threw] Compare ninth line preceding

In way of justice — they both feign'd a journey
To Briamata,ⁿ and so wrought out their leaves,
My love was so abus'd in't

TOM Time's too precious
To run in waste now, you have brought a peace
The riches of five kingdoms could not purchase
Be my most happy conduct, I thirst for 'em
Like subtle lightning will I wind about 'em,
And melt their marrow in 'em [Exit

SCENE III

ALSEMERO's apartment^o in the castle

Enter ALSEMERO and JASPERINO

JAS Your confidence, I'm sure, is now of proof,
The prospect from the garden has shew'd^p
Enough for deep suspicion

ALS The black mask
That so continually was worn upon't
Condemns the face for ugly ere't be seen,
Her despite to him, and so seeming bottomless

JAS Touch it home then, 'tis not a shallow probe
Can search this ulcer soundly, I fear you'll find it
Full of corruption 'tis fit I leave you,
She meets you opportunely from that walk,
She took the back door at his parting with her [Exit

ⁿ *Briamata*] Old ed "Bramata" see note, p 267

^o *Alsemero's apartment*] So, on account of what follows, it is necessary to mark this scene, but as Jasperino presently says, "She meets you opportunely from that walk," I suspect that Middleton intended the audience to imagine that the earlier part of the scene did not pass where the latter part certainly does, in Alsemero's apartment see notes, pp 28, 154, 195, 242

^p *garden has shew'd*] The editor of 1816 prints "garden [must] have shew'd," but, probably, "garden" was used here as a trisyllable

ALS Did my fate wait for this unhappy stroke
At my first sight of woman ? She is here

Enter BEATRICE

BEAT Alsemero !

ALS How do you ?

BEAT How do I ?

ALS Alas, how do you, [sir] ? you look not well

ALS You read me well enough, I am not well

BEAT Not well, sir ? is't in my power to better
you ?

ALS Yes

BEAT Nay, then you're cur'd again

ALS Pray, resolve me one question, lady

BEAT If I can

ALS None can so sure are you honest ?

BEAT Ha, ha, ha ! that's a broad question, my
lord

ALS But that's not a modest answer, my lady
Do you laugh ? my doubts are strong upon me

BEAT 'Tis innocence that smiles, and no rough
brow

ALS Can take away the dimple in her cheek

Say I should strain a tear to fill the vault,

Which would you give the better faith to ?

ALS 'Twere but hypocrisy of a sadder colour,

But the same stuff, neither your smiles nor tears

Shall move or flatter me from my belief

You are a whore !

BEAT What a horrid sound it hath !

It blasts a beauty to deformity,

Upon what face soever that breath falls,

It strikes it ugly O, you have ruin'd

What you can ne'er repair again !

ALS I'll all

Demolish, and seek out truth within you,

If there be any left, let your sweet tongue
Prevent your heart's rifling, there I'll ransack
And tear out my suspicion

BEAT You may, sir,
It is an easy passage, yet, if you please,
Shew me the ground whereon you lost your love,
My spotless virtue may but tread on that
Before I perish

ALS Unanswerable,
A ground you cannot stand on, you fall down
Beneath all grace and goodness when you set
Your ticklish heel on it there was a visor
Over that cunning face, and that became you,
Now impudence in triumph rides upon't,
How comes this tender reconciliation else
'Twixt you and your despite, your rancorous
loathing,

De Flores? he that your eye was sore at sight of,
He's now become your arm's supporter, your
Lip's saint!

BEAT Is there the cause?

ALS Worse, your lust's devil,
Your adultery!

BEAT Would any but yourself say that,
'Twould turn him to a villain!

ALS It was witness'd
By the counsel of your bosom, Diaphanta

BEAT Is your witness dead then?

ALS 'Tis to be fear'd
It was the wages of her knowledge, poor soul,
She liv'd not long after the discovery
BEAT Then hear a story of not much less horror
Than this your false suspicion is beguil'd with,
To your bed's scandal I stand up innocence,
Which even the guilt of one black other deed

Will stand for proof of, your love has made me
A cruel murderess

ALS Ha!

BEAT A bloody one,
I have kiss'd poison for it, strok'd a serpent
That thing of hate, worthy in my esteem
Of no better employment, and him most worthy
To be so employ'd, I caus'd to murder
That innocent Piracquo, having no
Better means than that worst to assure
Yourself to me

ALS O, the place itself e'er since
Has crying been for vengeance! the temple,
Where blood and beauty first unlawfully
Fir'd their devotion and quench'd the right one,
'Twas in my fears at first, 'twill have it now
O, thou art all deform'd!

BEAT Forget not, sir,
It for your sake was done shall greater dangers
Make the less welcome?

ALS O, thou should'st have gone
A thousand leagues about to have avoided
This dangerous bridge of blood! here we are lost

BEAT Remember, I am true unto your bed

ALS The bed itself's a charnel, the sheets shrouds
For murder'd carcasses It must ask pause
What I must do in this, meantime you shall
Be my prisoner only enter my closet,

[Exit BEATRICE into closet]

I'll be your keeper yet O, in what part
Of this sad story shall I first begin? Ha!
This same fellow has put me in —

Enter DE FLORES

De Flores

DE F. Noble Alsemero!

ALS I can tell you
News, sir, my wife has her commended to you
DE F That's news indeed, my lord, I think she
would
Commend me to the gallows if she could,
She ever loved me so well, I thank her
ALS What's this blood upon your band, De
Flores?
DE F Blood! no, sure 'twas wash'd since
ALS Since when, man?
DE F Since t'other day I got a knock
In a sword-and-dagger school, I think 'tis out.
ALS Yes, 'tis almost out, but 'tis perceiv'd
though
I had forgot my message, this it is,
What price goes murder?
DE F How, sir?
ALS I ask you, sir,
My wife's behindhand with you, she tells me,
For a brave bloody blow you gave for her sake
Upon Piracquo
DE F Upon? 'twas quite through him sure
Has she confess'd it?
ALS As sure as death to both of you;
And much more than that
DE F It could not be much more,
'Twas but one thing, and that—she is a whore
ALS I[t] could not choose but follow O cunning
devils!
How should blind men know you from fair-fac'd
saints?
BEAT [*within*] He lies! the villain does belie
me!
DE F. Let me go to her, sir.
ALS Nay, you shall to her —
Peace, crying crocodile, your sounds are heard,

Alive, a wife with him, if dead, for both
 A recompense, for murder and adultery
 BEAT [*within*] O, O, O!
 ALS Hark! 'tis coming to you
 DE F [*within*] Nay, I'll along for company
 BEAT [*within*] O, O!
 VER What horrid sounds are these?
 ALS Come forth, you twins
 Of mischief!

*Re-enter DE FLORES, dragging in BEATRICE
 wounded*

DE F Here we are, if you have any more
 To say to us, speak quickly, I shall not
 Give you the hearing else, I am so stout yet,
 And so, I think, that broken rib of mankind
 VER An host of enemies enter'd my citadel
 Could not amaze like this Joanna! Beatrice!
 Joanna!
 BEAT O, come not near me, sir, I shall defile
 you!
 I am that of your blood was taken from you
 For your better health, look no more upon't,
 But cast it to the ground regardlessly,
 Let the common sewer take it from distinction
 Beneath the stars, upon yon meteor
 [*Pointing to DE FLORES*]
 Ever hung^p my fate, 'mongst things corruptible,
 I ne'er^q could pluck it from him, my loathing
 Was prophet to the rest, but ne'er believ'd
 Mine honour fell with him, and now my life.—

^p *hung*] Old ed "hang"

^q *I ne'er*, &c.] The editor of 1816 gives the passage thus
 "I ne'er could pluck it from him, [though] my loathing
 Was prophet to the rest, I ne'er believ'd
 Mine honour [should] fall with him, and now my life"

Alsemero, I'm a stranger to your bed,
Your bed was cozen'd on the nuptial night,
For which your false bride died

ALS Diaphanta?

DE F Yes, and the while I coupled with your
mate

At barley-break,^a now we are left in hell

VER We are all there, it circumscribes [us] here

DE F I lov'd this woman in spite of her heart
Her love I earn'd out of Piracquo's murder

TOM Ha! my brother's murderer?

DE F Yes, and her honour's prize
Was my reward, I thank life for nothing
But that pleasure, it was so sweet to me,
That I have drunk up all, left none behind
For any man to pledge me

VER Horrid villain!

Keep life in him for further tortures

DE F No!

I can prevent you, here's my pen-knife still,
It is but one thread more [*stabbing himself*], and
now 'tis cut —

Make haste, Joanna, by that token to thee,
Canst not forget, so lately put in mind,
I would not go to leave thee far behind [*Dies*]

BEAT Forgive me, Alsemero, all forgive!
'Tis time to die when 'tis a shame to live [*Dies*]

VER O, my name's enter'd now in that record
Where till this fatal hour 'twas never read!

ALS Let it be blotted out, let your heart lose it,
And it can never look you in the face,
Nor tell a tale behind the back of life
To your dishonour, justice hath so right
The guilty hit, that innocence is quit

^a *barley-break*] See note, vol. II p. 114

By proclamation, and may joy again —
 Sir, you are sensible of what truth hath done,
 'Tis the best comfort that your grief can find

TOM Sir, I am satisfied, my injuries
 Lie dead before me, I can exact no more,
 Unless my soul were loose, and could o'ertake
 Those black fugitives that are fled from hence,^r
 To take a second vengeance, but there are wraths
 Deeper than mine, 'tis to be fear'd, about 'em

ALS What an opacous body had that moon
 That last chang'd on us! here is beauty chang'd
 To ugly whoredom, here servant-obedience
 To a master-sin, imperious murder,
 I, a supposed husband, chang'd embraces
 With wantonness,—but that was paid before —
 Your change is come too, from an ignorant wrath
 To knowing friendship — Are there any more
 on's?

ANT Yes, sir, I was changed too from a little
 ass as I was to a great fool as I am, and had like
 to ha' been changed to the gallows, but that you
 know my innocence^s always excuses me

FRAN I was chang'd from a little wit to be stark
 mad,
 Almost for the same purpose

ISA Your change is still behind,
 But deserve best your transformation
 You are a jealous coxcomb, keep schools of folly,
 And teach your scholars how to break your own
 head

ALIB I see all apparent, wife, and will change
 now
 Into a better husband, and ne'er keep
 Scholars that shall be wiser than myself

^r hence] Old ed "thence"

^s innocence] A play on the word,—idiotcy

ALS Sir, you have yet a son's duty living,
 Please you, accept it, let that your sorrow,
 As it goes from your eye, go from your heart,
 Man and his sorrow at the grave must part —
 All we can do^t to comfort one another,
 To stay a brother's sorrow for a brother,
 To dry a child from the kind father's eyes,
 Is to no purpose, it rather multiplies
 Your only smiles have power to cause re-live
 The dead again, or in their rooms to give
 Brother a new brother, father a child,
 If these appear, all griefs are reconcil'd

[*Exeunt omnes*]

^t *All we can do, &c*] These lines in old ed are printed on a page by themselves, with the prefix *Als*, and headed *Epi-logue*

A GAME AT CHESS.

Of *A Game at Chess* I have seen three different editions, all 4to, n d To two of them, abounding in the grossest errors, is prefixed the engraved title-page, of which a fac-simile is given in the present work The other edition, which is comparatively very correct, and which I have therefore made the basis of my text (designating it in the notes as Quarto C), has also an engraved title-page, but less curious and containing fewer figures than that above mentioned *

Mr J P Collier possesses a letter-press title-page of the play, "Printed 1625," belonging to some edition of which, I believe, no copies are known to exist

A MS of *A Game at Chess*, dated 1624, is in the British Museum (*Lansdown*, 690), and another, imperfect, in the library at Bridgewater House I have collated both for the present edition

This allegorical and political drama was brought on the stage in 1624, and its production forms a memorable incident in the author's life see Account of Middleton and his Writings

Two of the most important characters in the play are the Black Knight, that is, Gondomar the Spanish ambassador, and the Fat Bishop, that is, Antonio de Dominis The story of the latter is thus concisely related by Hume "The famous Antonio di Dominis, Archbishop of Spalato, no despicable philosopher, came likewise into England [in 1616], and afforded great triumph to the nation by their gaining so considerable a proselyte from the papists But the mortification followed soon after For the Archbishop, though advanced to some ecclesiastical preferments, received not encouragement sufficient to satisfy his ambition, and he made his escape into Italy [in 1622], where soon after he died in confinement" *Hist of England*, vol vi p 136, ed 1763 Such particulars concerning Antonio as were necessary for the illus-

* Gifford, misled by a MS note of Oldys on Langbaane, says that *A Game at Chess* "was embellished with an engraved frontispiece, where Gondomar was introduced in propria persona in no very friendly conversation with Loyola" Note on B Jonson's *Works*, vol v p 248 There is no figure of Ignatius in either of the engraved title-pages

tration of the text will be found in my notes That he was a man of a restless spirit, vain, ambitious, and avaricious, is no more to be doubted than that his talents and acquirements were of a superior order

The White King and the Black King represent, I presume, the respective monarchs of England and Spain (see Secretary Conway's letter in Account of Middleton and his Writings), and the White Queen's Pawn seems intended to stand for the Church of England

THE PICTURE PLAINLY EXPLAINED AFTER THE
MANNER OF THE CHESS-PLAY

A Game at Chess is here display'd,
Between the Black and White House made,
Wherein crown-thirsting policy
For the Black House, by fallacy,
To the White Knight check often gives,
And to some straits him thereby drives,
The Fat Black Bishop helps also,
With faithless heart, to give the blow
Yet, maugre all their craft, at length
The White Knight, with wit-wondrous strength
And circumspective prudence,
Gives check-mate by discovery
To the Black Knight. and so at last,
The Game thus won, the Black House cast
Into the Bag, and therein shut,
Find all their plumes and cocks-combs cut
Plain dealing thus, by wisdom's guide,
Defeats the cheats of craft and pride

PROLOGUE.

WHAT of the game call'd Chess-play can be made
To make a stage-play, shall this day be play'd
First, you shall see the men in order set,
States^b and their Pawns, when both the sides are met,
The Houses well distinguish'd, in the game
Some men entrapt and taken to their shame,
Rewarded by their play, and, in the close,
You shall see check-mate given to virtue's foes
But the fair'st jewel that our hopes can deck,
Is so to play our game t' avoid your check

^b *States*] i. e. personages of high rank.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

<i>White King</i>	<i>Black King</i>
<i>White Knight</i>	<i>Black Knight</i>
<i>White Duke</i>	<i>Black Duke</i>
<i>White Bishop</i>	<i>Black Bishop</i>
<i>Pawns</i>	<i>Pawns</i>
	<i>Fat Bishop</i>
	<i>His Pawn</i>
<i>White Queen</i>	<i>Black Queen</i>
<i>Her Pawn</i>	<i>Her Pawn</i>

IN THE INDUCTION

IGNATIUS LOYOLA
ERROR

A GAME AT CHESS.

INDUCTION

ERROR discovered asleep enter IGNATIUS LOYOLA

IGN Ha' where? what angle^a of the world is this,
That I can neither see the politic face,
Nor with my refin'd nostrils taste^b the footsteps
Of any my disciples, sons and heirs
As well of my designs as institution?
I thought they had spread over the world by this
time,

Cover'd the earth's face, and made dark the land,
Like the Egyptian grasshoppers
Here's too much light appears, shot from the eyes
Of Truth and Goodness never yet deflower'd
Sure they were never here, then is their monarchy
Unperfect yet, a just reward, I see,
For their ingratitude so long to me,
Their father and their founder.

'Tis not five years since I was sainted by 'em
Where slept mine honour all the time before?
Could they be so forgetful to canonize
Their prosperous institutor? when they had sainted
me,

They found no room in all their calendar
To place my name, that should have remov'd princes,
Pull'd the most eminent prelates by the roots up
For my dear coming, to make way for me,
Let every petty martyr and saint homily,

^a *angle*] i e corner

^b *taste*] So two eds Quarto C "cast"

Roch,^b Main,^c and Petronill,^d itch and ague-curers,
 Your abness Aldegund^e and Cunegund,^f
 The widow Marcell,^g parson Polycarp,^h
 Cecilyⁱ and Ursula,^j all take place of me,
 And but for the bissextile or leap-year,
 And that's but one in three, I fall by chance
 Into the nine-and-twentieth day of February,
 There were no room else for me see their love,
 Their conscience too, to thrust me a lame soldier^k
 Into leap-year! My wrath's up, and, methinks,
 I could with the first syllable of my name
 Blow up their colleges — Up, Error, wake!
 Father of supererogation, rise!
 It is Ignatius calls thee, Loyola

^b *Roch*] St Roch "was honoured, especially in France and Italy, amongst the most illustrious saints in the fourteenth century Many cities have been speedily delivered from the plague by imploring his intercession," &c ¹ Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, vol. viii p 206, sec ed

^c *Main*] St Main, an abbot, who appears to have been of no great eminence *Id* vol i p 172

^d *Petronill*] ¹ e Petronilla, a holy virgin, according to some the daughter, or, as seems to be more generally supposed, only the spiritual daughter of the apostle St Peter *Id* vol v p 439

^e *Your abness Aldegund*] Or Aldegundes — "daughter of Walbert of the royal blood of France," &c *Id* vol i p 451

^f *Cunegund*] ¹ e the Empress Cunegundes, wife of St Henry duke of Bavaria, afterwards king of the Romans she and her husband received the imperial crown at Rome, &c *Id* vol iii p 17

^g *the widow Marcell*] ¹ e Marcella, the Roman lady celebrated by St Jerome *Id* vol i p 459 — So two eds Quarto C "Alarcell"

^h *parson Polycarp*] The famous bishop of Smyrna *Id* vol i p 289

ⁱ *Cecily*] See account of St. Cecily *Id* vol xi p 395

^j *Ursula*] See account of "St Ursula and her Companions" *Id* vol. x. p 463

^k *a lame soldier*] Ignatius had his leg broken by a cannon-shot at the siege of Pampeluna, where he displayed great valour *Id* vol vii. p 405

ERROR What have you done? O, I could sleep
 in ignorance
 Immortally, the slumber is so pleasing!
 I saw the bravest setting for a game now
 That ever mine eye fix'd on

IGN What game, prithee?

ERROR The noblest game of all, a game at chess,
 Betwixt our side and the White House, the men set
 In their just order, ready to go to't

IGN Were any of my sons plac'd for the game?

ERROR Yes, and a daughter too, a secular
 daughter
 That plays the Black Queen's Pawn, he the Black
 Bishop's

IGN If ever power could shew a mastery^k in thee,
 Let it appear in this!

ERROR 'Tis but a dream,
 A vision, you must think

IGN I care not what,
 So I behold^l the children of my cunning,
 And see what rank they keep.

ERROR You have your wish

*Music enter severally, in order of the game, the
 White and Black Houses*

Behold, there's the full number of the game,
 Kings and their Pawns, Queens, Bishops, Knights,
 and Dukes

IGN Dukes? they're call'd Rooks by some

ERROR Corruptedly,
Le roc^m the word, *custode*ⁿ *de la roche*,

^k *mastery*] i. e. masterly operation (a sense of the word common in our earliest poetry)

^l *I behold*] So two eds Quarto C "*I could behold*"

^m *Le roc*, &c.] "In modern times," says Strutt, "the *roc* is corruptedly called a *rook*, but formerly it signified a rock or fortress, or rather, perhaps, the keeper of the fortress" *Sports*, &c., p. 233

ⁿ *custode*] "A guardian, keeper" Cotgrave in v.—Two

The keeper of the forts, in whom both Kings
 Repose much confidence, and for their trust-sake,
 Courage, and worth, do well deserve those titles

IGN The answer's high I see my son and daughter^a

ERROR Those are two Pawns, the Black Queen's
 and Black^o Bishop's

IGN Pawns argue but poor spirits and slight per-
 forments,^p

Nor worthy of the name of my disciples
 If I had stood so nigh, I would have cut
 That Bishop's throat but I'd have had his place,
 And told the Queen a love-tale in her ear
 Would make her best pulse dance there's no elixir
 Of brain or spirit amongst 'em

ERROR Why, would you have them play against
 themselves?

That's quite against the rule of game, Ignatius.

IGN Pish, I would rule myself, not observe rule

ERROR Why, then, you'd play a game all by
 yourself

IGN I would do any thing to rule alone
 'Tis rare to have the world reign'd in by one^q

ERROR See 'em anon, and mark 'em in their play,
 Observe, as in a dance, they glide away

[*Exeunt the two Houses*]

IGN O, with what longings will this breast be
 tost,

Until I see this great game won and lost! [*Exeunt*]

eds. "custodie"—better for the metre, but contrary to the
 sense

^a *daughter*] So two eds Quarto C "daughters"

^o *Black*] So two eds Quarto C "the"

^p *performents*] i e performances So two eds Quarto C
 "preferments"

^q *one*] So two eds Quarto C "me"

ACT I SCENE I

Field between the two Houses

Enter severally White Queen's Pawn and Black Queen's Pawn

B Q PAWN I ne'er see that face but my pity
 rises,
 When I behold so clear a masterpiece
 Of heaven's art wrought out of dust and ashes,
 And at next thought to give her lost eternally,
 In being not ours, but the daughter of heresy,
 My soul bleeds at mine eyes

W Q PAWN Where should truth speak,
If not in such a sorrow? they're tears plainly
Beshrew me, if she weep^d not heartily!
What is my peace to her to take such pains in't?
If I wander to loss, and with broad eyes
Yet miss the path she can run blindfold in
Through often exercise, why should my oversight,
Though in the best game that e'er Christian lost,
Raise the least spung of pity in her eyes?
'Tis doubtless a great charity, and no virtue
Could win me surer

B Q PAWN Blessed things prevail with't'
 If ever goodness made a gracious promise,
 It is in yonder look what little pains
 Would build a fort for virtue to all memory
 In that sweet creature, were the ground-work
 firmer!¹⁹

W Q PAWN It hath been all my glory to be
firm
In what I have profess'd

P *weep*] So two eds Quarto C "wept"

^a *firmer*] So two eds Quarto C "firme"

B Q PAWN That is the enemy
That steals your strength away, and fights against
you,

Disarms^r your soul even in the heat of battle,
Your firmness that way makes you more infirm
For the right Christian conflict There I spied
A zealous primitive sparkle but now flew
From your devoted eye,
Able to blow up all the^s heresies
That ever sate in council with your spirit
And here comes he whose sanctimonious breath
Can^t make that spark a flame list to him, virgin,
At whose first entrance princes will fall prostrate,
Women are weaker vessels

Enter Black Bishop's Pawn

W Q PAWN By my penitence,
A comely presentation, and the habit
To admiration reverend¹

B Q PAWN But the heart, lady, so meek,
That as you see good Charity pictur'd still
With young ones in her arms, so will he cherish
All his young, tractable, sweet, obedient daughters
Even in his bosom, in his own dear bosom
I am myself a secular Jesuitess,^u
As many ladies are of worth^v and greatness
A second sort are Jesuits *in voto*,
Giving their vow unto the^w Father General,
That's the Black Bishop of our House, whose Pawn

^r *Disarms*] So two eds Quarto C "This-Armes"

^s *the*] So two eds Not in Quarto C

^t *Can*] So two eds Quarto C "Will"

^u *Jesuitess*] So two eds Quarto C "Jesuite"

^v *uorth*] So two eds Quarto C "wealth"

^w *the*] So two eds Quarto C "their"

This gentleman now stands for, to receive
The college-habit at his holy pleasure

W Q PAWN But how are those *in voto* employ'd,
lady,

Till they receive the habit ?

B Q PAWN They're not idle,
He finds them all true labourers in the work
Of th' universal monarchy, which he
And his disciples principally aim at
Those are maintain'd in many courts and palaces,
And are induc'd by^x noble personages
Into great princes' services, and prove
Some counsellors of state, some secretaries,
All serving in notes of intelligence —
As parish-cleiks their mortuary-bills —
To the Father General so are designs
Oft-times prevented, and important^y secrets
Of states discover'd, yet no author found,
But they suspected oft that are most sound
This mystery is too deep yet for your entrance,
And I offend to set your zeal so back
Check'd by obedience with desire to hasten
Your progress to perfection, I commit you
To the great worker's hands, to whose grave worth
I fit my reverence, as to you my wishes

B B PAWN Dost^z find her supple ?

B Q PAWN There's a little passage made^a
[Exit

B B PAWN Let me contemplate,
With holy wonder season my access,
And, by degrees, approach the sanctuary

^x *by*] So two eds Quarto C "*by*'th"

^y *important*] So both MSS Eds "*importune*" and "*importantant*"

^z *Dost*] So two eds Quarto C "*Doe you*"

^a *made*] So two eds Not in Quarto C

Of unmatch'd beauty, set in grace and goodness
 Amongst the daughters of men I have not found
 A more Catholical aspect that eye
 Doth promise single life and meek obedience,
 Upon those lips, the sweet fresh buds of youth,
 The holy dew of prayer lies, like pearl
 Dropt from the opening eyelids of the morn^c
 Upon the bashful rose How beauteously
 A gentle fast, not rigorously impos'd,
 Would look upon that cheek ' and how delightfully
 The courteous physick of a tender penance,
 Whose utmost cruelty should not exceed
 The first fear of a bride, to beat down frailty,
 Would work to sound health your long-fester'd
 judgment,
 And make your merit, which, through erring ignorance,

Appears but spotted righteousness to me,
 Far clearer than the innocence of infants '

W Q PAWN To that good work I bow, and will
 become

Obedience' humblest daughter, since I find
 Th' assistance of a sacred strength to aid me
 The labour is as easy to serve virtue
 The right way, since 'tis she I ever serv'd
 In my desire, though I transgress'd in judgment

B B PAWN That's easily absolv'd amongst the
 rest

You shall not find the virtue that you serve now
 A sharp and cruel mistress, her ear's open
 To all your supplications, you may boldly

^c *the opening eyelids of the morn*] Adopted by Milton,

" Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
 Under *the opening eyelids of the morn*," &c

Lyridas

And safely let in the most secret sin
 Into her knowledge, which, like vanish'd man,
 Never returns into the world again,
 Fate locks not up more trulier

W Q PAWN To the guilty
 That may appear some benefit

B B PAWN Who's so innocent
 That never stands in need on't in some kind?
 If every thought were blabb'd that's so confest,
 The very air we breathe would be unblest —
 Now to the work indeed, which is to catch
 Her inclination, that's the special use
 We make of all our practice in all kingdoms,
 For by discovering^d their most secret frailties,
 Things which, once ours, they must not hide from us
 (That's the first article in the creed we teach 'em),
 Finding to what point their blood most inclines,
 Know best to apt them then to our designs [*Aside*
 Daughter, the sooner you disperse your errors,
 The sooner you make haste to your recovery
 You must part with 'em, to be nice or modest
 Towards this good action, is to imitate
 The bashfulness of one conceals an ulcer,
 For the uncomely parts that^e tumour vexes,
 Till't be past cure Resolve you thus far, lady,
 The privat'st thought that runs to hide itself
 In the most secret corner of your heart now,
 Must be of my acquaintance, so familiarly
 Never she-friend of your night-counsels^f nearer

^d *discovering*] So Bridge MS Eds "disclosing"

^e *that*] So two eds Quarto C "the"

^f *your night-counsels*] Two eds and MS Bridge have "yours might counsell neerer," but that the reading of Quarto C, which I have followed, is the right one, appears from the second line of the next speech, "Guilty of *that black time*" MS Lansd differs only from Quarto C in having "counsell"

W Q PAWN I stand not much in fear of any
action

Guilty of that black time, most noble holiness
I must confess, as in a sacred temple
Throng'd with an auditory, some come rather
To feed on human object than to taste
Of angels' food,
So in the congregation of quick thoughts,
Which are more infinite than such assemblies,
I cannot with truth's safety speak for all
Some have been wanderers, some fond,^s some sinful,
But those found ever but poor entertainment,
They had small encouragement to come again
The single life, which strongly I profess now,
Heaven pardon me! I was about to part from

B B PAWN Then you have pass'd through love?

W Q PAWN But left no stain
In all my passage, sir, no print of wrong
For the most chaste maid that may trace my foot-
steps

B B PAWN How came you off so clear?

W Q PAWN I was discharg'd
By an inhuman accident, which modesty
Forbids me to put any language to

B B PAWN How you forget yourself! all actions
Clad^h in their proper language, though most sordid,
My ear is bound by duty to let in
And lock up everlastingly Shall I help you?
He was not found to answer his creation
A vestal virgin in a slip of grace
Could not deliver man's loss modestlier
'Twas the White Bishop's Pawn

^s *fond*] i e foolish So both MSS Quarto C "sound"
Other eds have "some sinful, some sound"

^h *Clad*] So two eds Quarto C "Cal'd"

W Q PAWN The same, blest sir

B B PAWN An heretic well pickled

W Q PAWN By base treachery,
And violence prepar'd by his competitor,¹
The Black Knight's Pawn, whom I shall ever hate
for't

B B PAWN 'Twas of revenges the unmanliest
way

That ever rival took, a villany
That, for your sake, I'll ne'er absolve him of

W Q PAWN I wish it not so heavy

B B PAWN He must feel it
I never yet gave absolution
To any crime of that unmanning nature
It seems then you refus'd him for defect,
Therein you stand not pure from the desire
That other women have in ends of marriage
Pardon my boldness, if I sift your goodness
To the last grain

W Q PAWN I reverence your pains, sir,
And must acknowledge custom to enjoy
What other women challenge and possess
More rul'd me than desire, for my desires
Dwell all in ignorance, and I'll never wish
To know that fond² way may redeem 'em thence

B B PAWN I never was so taken, beset doubly
Now with her judgment what a strength it puts
forth! [Aside]

I bring work nearer to you when you've seen
A masterpiece of man, compos'd by heaven
For a great prince's favour, kingdom's love,
So exact, envy could not find a place
To stick a blot on person or on fame,

¹ competitor] So two eds Quarto C "competitors"

² fond] See note in preceding page

Have you not found ambition swell your wish then,
And desire stir your blood ?

W Q PAWN By virtue, never !
I've only in the dignity of the creature
Admir'd the maker's glory

B B PAWN She's impregnable,
A second siege must not fall off so tamely
She's one of those must be inform'd to know
A daughter's duty, which some take untaught
Her modesty brings her behind-hand much,
My old means I must fly to—yes, 'tis it [*Aside*
Please you, peruse this small tract of obedience,
'Twill help you forward well [*Gives a book*

W Q PAWN Sir, that's a virtue
I've ever thought on with a special reverence

B B PAWN You will conceive by that my power,
your duty

Enter White Bishop's Pawn

W Q PAWN The knowledge will be precious of
both, sir

W B PAWN What makes you troubler of all
Christian waters

So near that blessed spring ? but that I know
Her goodness is the rock from whence it issues
Unmoveable as fate, 'twould more afflict me
Than all my sufferings for her, which so long
As she holds constant to the House she comes of,
The whiteness of the cause, the side, the quality,
Are sacrifices to her worth and virtue,
And, though confin'd in my religious joys,
I^k marry her and possess her [*Aside*

Enter Black Knight's Pawn

B B PAWN Behold, lady,

^k I] So two eds Quarto C "I'd"

The two inhuman enemies, the Black Knight's Pawn
And the White Bishop's, the gelder and the gelded

W Q PAWN There's my grief, my hate!

B KT 's PAWN What, in the Jesuit's fingers? by
this hand,

I'll give my part now for a parrot's feather,

She never returns virtuous, 'tis impossible

I'll undertake more wages will be laid

Upon a usurer's return from hell

Than upon hers from him now Have I¹ been guilty

Of such base malice that my very conscience

Shakes at the memory of it,^m and, when I look

To gather fruit, find nothing but the savin-tree,

Too frequent in nuns' orchards, and there planted,

By all conjecture, to destroy fruitⁿ rather?

I'll be resolved^o now [*Aside*]—Most noble vir-
gin —

W Q PAWN Ignoble villain! dare that unhal-
low'd tongue

Lay hold upon a sound so gracious?

What's nobleness to thee, or virgin chastity?

They're out of thy acquaintance talk of violence

That shames creation, deeds would make night
blush,

That's company for thee Hast thou the impudence

To court me with a leprosy upon thee

Able t' infect the walls of a great building?

B B PAWN Son of offence, forbear! go, set your
evil

Before your eyes, a penitential vesture

Would better become you, some shirt of hair

¹ *Have I*] So two eds Quarto C "I haue"

^m *of it*] So two eds Quarto C "of"

ⁿ *destroy fruit*] "The leaues of Saun boyled in Wine and
drunke expell the dead childe, and kill the quick"
Gerarde's *Herball*, p 1378, ed 1633

^o *resolved*] i e satisfied

B KT'S PAWN And you a three-pound smock
 'stead of an alb,
 An^o epicene casible^p—This holy felon
 Robs safe and close I feel a sting that's worse too
 [Aside]

White Pawn, hast so much charity to accept
 A reconcilment? make thine own conditions,
 For I begin to be extremely burden'd

W B PAWN No truth or peace of that Black
 House protested
 Is to be trusted, but for hope of quittance,
 And warn'd by diffidence, I may entrap him soonest
 [Aside]

I admit conference

B KT'S PAWN It's a nobleness
 That makes confusion cleave to all my merits
 [Exeunt W B Pawn and B Kt's Pawn]

Enter Black Knight

B B PAWN [to W Q Pawn] That treatise will
 instruct you thoroughly

B KNIGHT So, so!
 The business of the universal monarchy
 Goes forward well now! the great college-pot,
 That should be always boiling with the fuel
 Of all intelligences possible
 Through the Christian kingdoms Is this fellow
 Our prime incendiary, and one of those
 That promis'd the White Kingdom seven years since
 To our Black House? put a new daughter to him,
 The great^a work stands, he minds nor monarchy

^o *An*] So two eds Quarto C "And"

^p *casible*] Or *chesible* "Fyrst do on the amys, than the
 alpe, than the gyrdell, than the manyple, than the stoole, than
 the chesybl." Hormanni *Vulgaria*, sig E III ed 1530

^a *great*] So two eds Not in Quarto C

Nor hierarchy, divine^a or principality
 I have bragg'd less,
 But have¹ done more than all the conclave on 'em,
 Take their assistant fathers in all parts,
 Yea, and their Father General in to boot,
 And what I've done,² I've done facetiously,
 With pleasant subtlety and bewitching courtship,
 Abus'd all my believers with delight,—
 They took a comfort to be cozen'd by me
 To many a soul I've let in mortal poison,
 Whose cheeks have crack'd with laughter to receive
 it,

I could so roll my pills in sugar'd syllables,
 And strew such kindly mirth o'er all my mischief,
 They took their bane in way of recreation,
 As pleasure steals corruption into youth
 He spies me now I must uphold his reverence,
 Especially in public, though I know
 Priapus, guardian of the cherry-gardens,
 Bacchus' and Venus' chit, is not more vicious

[*Aside*

B B PAWN Blessings' accumulation keep with
 you, sir!

B KNIGHT Honour's dissimulation be your due,
 sir!

W Q PAWN. How deep in duty his observance
 plunges!

His charge must needs be reverend [*Aside*

B B PAWN I am confessor

^a *diviner*] So two eds Quarto C "*diune*"

² *have*] So two eds Quarto C "*I have*"

¹ *And what I've done, &c*] "Gondomar was at this time the Spanish Ambassador in England, a man whose flattery was the more artful, because covered with the appearance of frankness and sincerity, whose politics were the more dangerous, because disguised under the masque of mirth and pleasantry" Hume's *Hist of England*, vol vi p 40, ed 1763

To this Black Knight too, you see devotion's fruitful,
Sh'ath many sons and daughters

B KNIGHT I do this the more
T' amaze our adversaries to behold
The reverence we give these^t guitonens,^u
And to beget a sound opinion
Of holiness in them and zeal in us,

[Exit W Q Pawn

As also to invite the like obedience
In other pusills^v by our meek example — [Aside
So, is your trifle vanish'd?

B B PAWN Trifle call you her? 'tis a good
Pawn, sir,

Sure she's the second Pawn in the White House,
And to the opening of the game I hold her

B KNIGHT Ay, you
Hold well for that, I know your play of old
If there were more Queen's Pawns, you'd ply the
game

A great deal harder Now, sir, we're in private,
But what for the great work, the main existence,^w
The hope monaichal?

B B PAWN It goes on in this

B KNIGHT In this^t I cannot see't

B B PAWN You may deny so

A dial's motion, 'cause you cannot see
The hand move, or a wind that rends the cedar

^t *thesi*] So two eds Quarto C "this"

^u *guitonens*] A word of reproach, I suppose, formed from the Spanish *guiton*, vagrant, vagabond Quarto C and MS Lansd "Guytinens" MS Bridge "Gutenens" Two eds "great ones"

^v *pusills*] So Quarto C and both MSS Two eds "pupills"
— *Pusill*, written variously, *puzzel*, &c, meant a drab see notes of the commentators on the line "Pucelle or puzzel," &c, in Shakespeare's *Henry VI Part First*, act 1 sc 4

^w *the great uorl, the main eistence*] So MS Bridge Eds
"the maine worke, the great existence"

B KNIGHT Where stops the current of intelligence?
 Your Father General, Bishop o' the Black House,
 Complains for want of work
 B B PAWN Here's from all parts,
 Sufficient to employ him, I receiv'd
 A packet from th' Assistant Fathers lately,
 Look, there is *Anglica*, this *Gallica* [*Gives letters*
 B KNIGHT Ay, marry, sir, there's some quick
 flesh in this
 B B PAWN *Germanica* [*Gives letter*
 B KNIGHT I think they have seal'd this with
 butter
 B B PAWN This *Italica* [*Gives letter*
 B KNIGHT They've put their pens the Hebrew
 way, methinks
 B B PAWN *Hispanica* here [*Gives letter*
 B KNIGHT *Hispanica* ' blind work 'tis, the Jesuit
 Hath writ this with the juice of lemons sure,
 It must be held close to the fire of purgatory
 Ere't can be read
 B B PAWN You would not lose your jest,
 Knight,
 Though it wounded your own fame⁷
 B KNIGHT *Curanda pecunia*
 B B PAWN Take heed, sir, we're entrapp'd,—
 the White King's Pawn

Enter White King's Pawn

B KNIGHT He's made our own, man, half *in voto*
 yours,
 His heart's in the Black House · leave him to me —
 [*Exit B B Pawn*
 Most of all friends endear'd, precious special¹

⁷ *fame*] So two eds. Quarto C "name"
 VOL IV I F •

W KG's PAWN You see my outside, but you
 know my heart, Knight,
 Great difference in the colour There's some in-
 telligence, [Gives letter

And as more ripens, so your knowledge still
 Shall prove the richer there shall nothing happen,
 Believe it, to extenuate your cause,
 Or to oppress her friends, but I will strive
 To cross it with my counsel, purse, and power,
 Keep all supplies back both in means and men
 That may raise strength against you We must part
 I dare no longer of this theme discuss,
 The ear of state is quick and jealous²

B KNIGHT Excellent estimation! thou art valu'd
 Above the fleet of gold that came short home

[Exit W KG's Pawn
 Poor Jesuit-ridden soul! how art thou fool'd
 Out of thy faith, from thy allegiance drawn!
 Which way soe'er thou tak'st, thou'rt a lost Pawn
 [Exit

ACT II SCENE I

Field between the two Houses

Enter White Queen's Pawn with a book in her hand

W Q PAWN And here again [reads] *It is the
 daughter's duty
 T' obey her confessor's command in all things,
 Without exception or expostulation*
 'Tis the most general rule that e'er I heard^a of,
 Yet when I think how boundless virtue is,

² *jealous*] A trisyllable, for the metre

^a *heard*] So two eds Quarto C "read"

Goodness and grace, 'tis gently^b reconcil'd,
And then it appears well to have the power
Of the dispenser as uncircumscib'd

Enter Black Bishop's Pawn

B B PAWN She's hard upon't, 'twas the most
modest key
That I could use to open my intents
What little or no pains goes to some people!
Hah! what have we here?^c a seal'd note! whence
this? [Takes up a letter
[Reads] To the Black Bishop's Pawn these how? to
me?
Strange!^d who subscribes it? The Black King what
would he?
[Reads] Pawn sufficiently holy, but unmeasurably
politic, we had late intelligence from our most indus-
trious servant, famous in all parts of Europe, our
Knight of the Black House, that you have at this
instant in chase the White Queen's Pawn, and very
likely, by the carriage of your game, to entrap and take
her these are therefore to require you, by the burning
affection I bear to the rape of devotion, that speedily,
upon the surprisal of her, by all watchful advantage
you make some attempt upon the White Queen's per-
son, whose fall or prostitution our lust most violently
rages for
Sir, after my desire hath took a julep
For its own inflammation, that yet scorches me,
I shall have cooler time to think of yours
Sh'ath past the general rule, the large extent
Of our prescriptions for obedience,

^b gently] So two eds Quarto C "lately"

^c what have we here] So MS Lansd Not in eds

^d Strange! &c] So two eds The line not in Quarto C

And yet with what^d alacrity of soul
Her eyes move on the letters¹

W Q PAWN Holy sir,
Too long I've miss'd you, O, your absence starves
me¹

Hasten for time's redemption worthy sir,
Lay your commands as thick and fast upon me
As you can speak 'em, how I thirst to hear 'em¹
Set me to work upon this spacious virtue,
Which the poor span of life's too narrow for,
Boundless obedience¹

The humblest yet the mightiest of all duties,
Well here set down^e a universal goodness
B B PAWN By holiness of garment, her safe
innocence

Hath frighted the full meaning from itself,
She's further off from understanding now
The language of my intent than at first meeting

[*Aside*
W Q PAWN For virtue's sake, good sir, com-
mand me something,
Make trial of my duty in some small service,
And as you find the faith of my obedience there,
Then trust it with a greater

B B PAWN You speak sweetly
I do command you first then —

W Q PAWN With what joy
I do prepare my duty¹

B B PAWN To meet me,
And seal a kiss of love upon my lips

W Q PAWN Hah¹

B B PAWN At first disobedient¹ in^f so little too¹

^d *what*] So two eds Quarto C "that"

^e *Well here set down*] So both MSS Quarto C "Well,
here I set downe" Other eds "Well set her downe"

^f *in*] So two eds Quarto C "and"

How shall I trust you with a greater then,
Which was your own request?

W Q PAWN Pray, send not back
Mine innocence to wound me, be more courteous
I must confess, much^f like an ignorant plaintiff, who,
Presuming on the fair path of his meaning,
Goes rashly on, till on a sudden brought
Into the wilderness of law by words
Dropt unadvisedly, hurts his good cause,
And gives his adversary advantage by't,—
Apply it you can best, sir If my obedience
And your command can find no better way,
Fond men command, and wantons best obey

B B PAWN If I can at that distance send you a
blessing,
Is it not nearer to you in mine arms?
It flies from these lips dealt abroad in parcels,
And I, to honour thee above all daughters,
Invite thee home to th' House, where thou may'st
surfeit

On that which others miserably pine for,
A favour which the daughters of great potentates
Would look of envy's colour but to hear

W Q PAWN. Good men may err sometimes,
you're mistaken sure
If this be virtue's path, 'tis a most strange one,
I never came this way before

B B PAWN That's your ignorance,
And therefore shall that idiot still conduct you
That knows no way but one, nor ever seeks it?
If there be twenty ways to some poor village,
'Tis strange that virtue should be put to one
Your fear is wondrous faulty, cast it from you,
'Twill gather else in time a disobedience
Too stubborn for my pardon

^f *much*] So two eds Quarto C "most"

W Q PAWN Have I lock'd myself
 At unawares into sin's servitude
 With more desire of goodness? Is this the top
 Of all strict order, and the holiest
 Of all societies, the three-vow'd people
 For poverty, obedience, chastity,—
 The last the most forgot? When a virgin's ruin'd,
 I see the great work of obedience
 Is better than half finish'd

B B PAWN What a stranger
 Are you to duty grown! what distance keep you!
 Must I bid you come forward to a happiness
 Yourself should sue for? 'twas ne'er so with me
 I dare not let this stubbornness be known,
 'Twould bring such fierce hate on you yet presume
 not

To make that courteous care a privilege
 For wilful disobedience, it turns then
 Into the blackness of a curse upon you
 Come, come, be nearer

W Q PAWN Nearer!

B B PAWN Was that scorn?
 I would not have it prove so for the hopes
 Of the grand monarchy if it were like it,
 Let it not dare to stir^s abroad again,
 A stronger ill will cope with't

W Q PAWN Bless me, threatens me,
 And quite dismays the good strength that should
 help me!

I never was^h so doubtful of my safety¹

B B PAWN 'Twas but my jealousy, forgive me,
 sweetness

^s stir] So both MSS Quarto C "spread" Other eds
 "flye"

^h never was] So two eds Quarto C "was neuer"

¹ safety] MS Bridge "faith"

Yours^j is the house of meekness, and no venom lives
Under that roof Be nearer why so fearful?
Nearer the altar, the more safe and sacred

W Q PAWN But nearer to the offerer,^k oft more
wicked

B B PAWN A plain and most insufferable con-
tempt^l

My glory I have lost upon this woman,
In freely offering that she should have kneel'd
A year in vain for, my respect is darken'd
Give me my reverence again thou'st robb'd me of
In thy^l repulse, thou shalt not carry't hence

W Q PAWN Sir?

B B PAWN Thou'rt too great a winner to depart,
And I too deep^m a loser to give way to't

W. Q PAWN O heaven!

B B PAWN Lay me down reputation
Before thou stirr'st, thy nice virginity
Is recompence too little for my love,ⁿ
'Tis well if I accept of that for both
Thy loss is but thine own, there's art to help thee,
And fools to pass thee to, in my discovery
The whole Society suffers, and in that
The hope of absolute monarchy eclips'd
Assurance thou canst make^o none for thy secrecy
But by^p thy honour's loss, that act must awe thee

W Q PAWN O my distress condition!

^j *Yours*] So two eds and MS Bridge Quarto C and MS
Lansd "Yon'd"

^k *offerer*] So both MSS Quarto C "Officer" Other eds
"offerors"

^l *thy*] So two eds Quarto C "the"

^m *deep*] So two eds Quarto C "great"

ⁿ *my love*] Qy "my loss"? MS Lansd "thy love"

^o *make*] So both MSS Eds "make me"

^p *But by, &c*] So two eds, Quarto C "But thine Honors
losse, that Act must arme thee"

B B PAWN Dost thou^p weep?
 If thou hadst any pity, this necessity
 Would wring it from thee I must else destroy thee,
 We must not trust the policy of Europe
 Upon a woman's tongue

W Q PAWN Then take my life sir,
 And leave mine honour for my guide to heaven!

B B PAWN Take heed I take not both, which I
 have vow'd,
 If longer thou resist^a me

W Q PAWN Help! O, help!

B B PAWN Art thou so cruel, for an honour's
 bubble

T' undo a whole fraternity, and disperse
 The secrets of most princes lock'd in us?

W Q PAWN For heaven and virtue's sake!

B B PAWN Must force confound^r—

[Noise within
 Hah! what's that?—Silence, if fair worth be in thee
 W Q PAWN I'll venture my escape upon all
 dangers now

B B PAWN Who comes to take me? let me see
 that^s Pawn's face,
 Or his proud tympanous master, swell'd with state-
 wind,

Which being once prick'd i' the convocation-house,
 The corrupt air puffs out, and he falls shrivell'd

W Q PAWN I will discover thee, arch-hypocrite,
 To all the kindreds of the earth [Exit

B B PAWN Confusion!
 In that voice rings th' alarum of my undoing.
 How, which way 'scap'd she from me?

^p *thou*] So MS Bridge Not in eds

^a *resist*] So two eds and both MSS Quarto C "relect"

^r *confound*] Eds and MSS "confound noise"

^s *that*] So two eds Quarto C "the"

Enter Black Queen's Pawn

B Q PAWN Are you mad?
 Can lust infatuate a man so hopeful?
 No patience in your blood? the dog-star reigns,
 sure
 Time and fair temper would have wrought her
 pliant^t
 I spied a Pawn o' the White House walk near us,
 And made that noise on purpose to give warning—
 For mine own turn, which end in all I work for

[*Aside*

B B PAWN Methinks I stand over a powder-
 vault,
 And the match now a-kindling what's to be done?
 B Q PAWN Ask the Black Bishop's counsel,
 you're his Pawn,
 'Tis his own case, he will defend you mainly,
 And happily here he comes, with the Black Knight
 too.

Enter Black Bishop and Black Knight

B BISHOP O, you've made noble work for the
 White House yonder!
 This act will fill the adversary's mouth,
 And blow the Lutherans' cheeks till they crack
 again
 B KNIGHT This will advance the great monarchal
 business
 In all parts well, and help the agents forward!
 What I in seven year labour'd to accomplish,
 One minute sets back by some codpiece college still.
 B B PAWN I dwell not, sir, alone in this default,
 The Black House yields me partners

^t *pliant*] So two eds Quarto C "pleasant."

B BISHOP All more cautelous^w

B KNIGHT *Qui caute, caste*, that's my motto
ever,

I've travell'd with that word^x over most kingdoms,
And lain safe with all nations, of a leaking bottom,
I've been as often toss'd on Venus' seas

As trimmer, fresher vessels, when sounder barks
Have lain at anchor, that is, kept the door

B BISHOP She hath no witness then?

B B PAWN None, none

B KNIGHT Gross! witness?

When went a man of his Society
To mischief with a witness?

B BISHOP I have done't then

Away upon the wings of speed! take post-horse,
Cast thirty leagues of earth behind thee suddenly,
Leave letters ante-dated with our House
Ten days at least from this

B KNIGHT Bishop, I taste thee,
Good, strong, episcopal counsel! take a bottle on't,
'Twill serve thee all thy journey

B B PAWN But, good sir,

How for my getting forth unspied?

B BISHOP^y There's check again

B Q PAWN No, I'll help that

B KNIGHT Well said, my bouncing Jesuitess!

B Q PAWN There lies a secret vault

B KNIGHT Away, make haste then!

B B PAWN Run for my cabinet of intelligences,
For fear they search the house [*Exit B Q Pawn*]

—Good Bishop, burn 'em rather,
I cannot stand to pick 'em now

^w *cautelous*] i e artfully cautious

^x *word*] i e motto compare vol iii p 537, note

^y *B Bishop*] So two eds Quarto C "*Bl Km*"

B BISHOP Begone!
The danger's all in you

[Exit B B Pawn]

Re-enter Black Queen's Pawn with cabinet

B KNIGHT Let me see, Queen's Pawn
How formally hath^a pack'd up his intelligences!
Hath laid them all in truckle-beds, methinks,
And, like court-harbingers, hath writ their names
In chalk upon their chambers *Anglica*,—
O, this is the English House, what news there,
 trow?^b
Hah, by this light, most of these are bawdy epistles!
Time they were burnt indeed! whole bundles of
 them,
Here's from his daughter Blanch and daughter
 Bridget,
From their safe sanctuary in the White-Friars,
These from two tender sisters of Compassion
In the bowels of Bloomsbury,
These from the nunnery in Drury Lane
A fire, a fire, good Jesuitess, a fire!—
What have you there?

B BISHOP A note, sir, of state policy,
And an^c exceeding safe one

B KNIGHT Pray, let's see it, sir [Reads]
To sell away all the powder in a kingdom,
To prevent blowing up that's safe, I'll able^d it
Here's a facetious observation now,
And fits my humour better, he writes here,
Some wives in England will commit adultery,

^a *hath*] To this word here and in the two following lines
Quarto C prefixes "he," but two eds omit it

^b *trow?*] i e think you?

^c *an*] So two eds Quarto C "one"

^d *able*] i e warrant, answer for

And then send to Rome for a bull for their husbands

B BISHOP Have they those shifts?

B KNIGHT O, there's no female[s] breathing
Sweeter and subtler!—Here, wench, take these
papers,

Scorch me 'em^e soundly, burn 'em to French russet,
And put 'em in again

B BISHOP Why, what's your mystery?

B KNIGHT O, sir, 'twill mock the adversary
strangely,

If e'er the House be search'd 'twas done in Venice
Upon the Jesuitical expulse there,
When the Inquisitors came all^f spectacled
To pick out syllables out o' the dung of treason,
As children pick out cherry-stones, yet found none
But what they made themselves with ends of letters—

Do as I bid you, Pawn

[*Exeunt B Knight and B Bishop*]

B Q PAWN Fear not in all,
I love roguery too well to let it fall—

Enter Black Knight's Pawn

How now, what news with you?

B KT'S PAWN The sting of conscience
Afflicts me so for that inhuman violence
On the White Bishop's Pawn, it takes away
My joy, my rest

B Q PAWN This 'tis to make an eunuch!
You made a sport on't then

B KT'S PAWN Cease aggravation

^e *me 'em*] So MS Bridge Quarto C "*'em me*" In two
eds "*me*" omitted

^f *all*] So two eds and both MSS Omitted in Quarto C

I come to be absolv'd for't where's my confessor?²
Why dost thou point to the ground?

B Q PAWN 'Cause he went that way

B KT 's PAWN What's that?

B Q PAWN Come, help me in^s with this cabinet,
And after I have sing'd these papers throughly,
I'll tell thee a strange story

B KT 's PAWN If't be sad,
'Tis welcome

B Q PAWN 'Tis not troubled with much mirth,
sir [Exeunt

Enter Fat Bishop^h and Fat Bishop's Pawn

F BISHOP Pawn

F B PAWN I attend at your great holiness' sei-
vice

F BISHOP For great, I grant you, but for greatly
holy,

There the soil alters fat cathedral bodies
Have very often but lean little souls,
Much like the lady in the lobster's head,
A great deal of shell and garbage of all colours,
But the pure part, that should take wings and mount,
Is at last gasp, as if a man should gape,
And from his huge bulk let forth a butterfly,
Like those big-bellied mountains, which the poet
Delivers, that are brought to bed with mouse-flesh.

^s *in*] So two eds Omitted in Quarto C

^h *Fat Bishop*] "He [Antonio] was of a comely personage,
tall stature, gray beard, graue countenance, fair language,
fluent expression, somewhat abdominous, and corpulent in his
body" Fuller's *Church History*, B x p 100, ed 1655
"Allowing Spalato diligent in writing, his expression was a
notorious hyperbole, when saying, *In reading, meditation, and
writing I am almost pined away*, otherwise his *fat cheeks* did
confute his false tongue in that expression" *Id* B x p 95

Are my books¹ printed, Pawn, my last invective
'Gainst the Black House?

F B PAWN Ready for publication,

For I saw perfect books this morning, sir

F BISHOP Fetch me a few, which I will instantly
Distribute 'mongst the White House

F B PAWN With all speed, sir [Exit

F BISHOP 'Tis a most lordly life to rail at ease,
Sit, eat and drink^h upon the fat of one kingdom,
And rail upon another with the juice on't
I've writ this book out of the strength and marrow
Of sir and thuty dishes at a meal,
But most on't out of cullisⁱ of cock-sparrows,
'Twill stick and glue the faster to the adversary,
'Twill slit the throat of their most calvish cause,

¹ *my books*] "He [Antonio] falls now [after receiving his preterments in England] to perfect his Books For his Works were not now composed, but corrected, not compiled, but completed, as being, though of English birth, of Italian conception For formerly the Collections were made by him at Spalato, but he durst not make them publick for fear of the Inquisition His Works (being three fair Folios, *De Republica Ecclesiastica*) gave ample testimony of his sufficiency Indeed he had a controversial head, with a strong and clear stile, nor doth an hair hang at the neb of his pen to blurre his writings with obscurity but, first understanding himself, he could make others understand him His writings are of great use for the Protestant cause" Fuller's *Church History*, B x p 95, ed 1655 —When Bedell was at Venice (as chaplain to Sir Henry Wotton, then ambassador there), Antonio "discovered his secret to him, and shewed him his ten Books *De Republica Ecclesiastica*, which he afterwards printed at London Bedell took the freedom which he allowed him, and corrected many ill applications of Texts of Scripture and Quotations of Fathers For that Prelate being utterly ignorant of the Greek Tongue, could not but be guilty of many mistakes both in the one and the other" Burnet's *Life of Bedell*, p 10, ed 1692

^h *di unck*] So two eds Quarto C "feede"

ⁱ *cullis*] See note, vol iii p 271

And yet I ate but little butcher's meat
 In the conception
 Of all things I commend the White House best
 For plenty and variety of victuals
 When I was one of the Black side profess'd,
 My flesh fell half a cubit, time to turn
 When mine own ribs revolted But to say true,
 I've no preferment yet that's suitable
 To the greatness of my person and my parts
 I giant I live at ease, for I am made
 The master of the beds,^a the long acre of beds;
 But there's no marigolds that shut and open,^o
 Flower-gentles, Venus-bath[s], apples of love,
 Pinks, hyacinths, honeysuckles, daffadownillies
 There was a time I had more such drabs than beds,
 Now I have more beds than diabs,
 Yet there's no eminent trader deals in wholesale,
 But she and I have clapt a bargain up,
 Let in at water-gate, for which I've rack'd
 My tenants' purse-strings that they've twang'd again

Re-enter Black Bishop and Black Knight

Yonder Black Knight, the fistula^p of Europe,

^a *master of the beds*] i e master of the Hospital of the Savoy On his first arrival in England Antonio resided with the Archbishop of Canterbury, "and having lived long at Lambeth House, they grew even weary of him, for he was somewhat an unquiet man, and not of that fair, quiet, civil carriage as would give contentment. This he perceiving made bold to write unto the king, desiring him that he might not live always at another man's table, but that he might have some subsistence of his own whereupon the King so contrived it, that although the mastership of the Savoy had been given to another, yet was it resigned and conferred upon him" Goodman's *Court of King James*, vol 1 p 339—an interesting work, now at press under the editorship of the Rev J S Brewer

^o *shut and open*] Eds "shuts and opens"

^p *the fistula, &c*] Gondomar, as various writers mention, was troubled with that disease

Whose disease once I undertook to cure
 With a High Holborn halter, when he last
 Vouchsaf'd to peep into my privileg'd lodgings,
 He saw good store of plate there and rich hangings,
 He knew I brought none to the White House with
 me

I have not lost the use of my profession
 Since I turn'd White-House Bishop

Re-enter Fat Bishop's Pawn with books

B KNIGHT Look, more books yet!
 Yond greasy turncoat gormandising prelate
 Doth work our House more mischief by his scripts,
 His fat and fulsome volumes, than the whole
 Body of th' adverse party

B BISHOP O, it were
 A masterpiece of serpent subtlety
 To fetch him o' this side again!

B KNIGHT And then damn him
 Into the bag for ever, or expose him
 Against the adverse part, which now he feeds
 upon,

And that would double-damn him My revenge
 Hath prompted me already I'll confound him
 On both sides for the physic he prescrib'd,^a
 And the base surgeon he provided^r for me
 I'll tell thee what a most uncatholic jest^s

^a *prescrib'd*] So MS Lansd Eds "prouided"

^r *provided*] So MS Lansd Eds "inuented"

^s *what a most uncatholic jest, &c*] "Amongst other of his
 all qualities, he [Antonio] delighted in jeering, and would
 spare none who came in his way One of his sarcasmes he
 unhappily bestowed on Count Gondomar, the Spanish Am-
 bassador, telling him, That three turns at Tiburne was the
 onely way to cure his Fistula The Don, highly offended
 hereat (pained for the present more with this flout than his
 fistula) meditates revenge, and repairs to King James He

He put upon me once when my pain tortur'd me
 He told me he had found a present cure for me,
 Which I grew proud on, and observ'd him seriously,
 What think you 't was? being execution-day,
 He shew'd the hangman to me out at window,
 The common hangman!

B BISHOP O, insufferable!

told His Majesty, that His charity (an error common in good Princes) abused His judgment, in conceiving Spalato a true convert, who still in heart remained a Roman Catholic. Indeed, His Majesty had a rare felicity in discovering the falsity of Witches and forgery of such who pretended themselves possessed but, under favour, was deluded with this man's false spirit, and by His Majesties leave, he would detect unto Him this his hypocrisy. The King cheerfully embraced his motion, and left him to the liberty of his own undertaking. The Ambassador writeth to His Catholick Majesty, He to his Holinesse Gregory the fifteenth, that Spalato might be pardoned, and preferred in the Church of Rome, which was easily obtained. Letters are sent from Rome to Count Gondomar, written by the Cardinal Millin, to impart them to Spalato, informing him that the Pope had forgiven and forgotten all which he had done or written against the Catholick Religion, and upon his return, would preferre him to the Bishoprick of Salerno in Naples, worth twelve thousand crowns by the year. A Cardinal's Hat also should be bestowed upon him. And if Spalato, with his hand subscribed to this Letter, would renounce and disclaim what formerly he had printed, an Apostolical Breve, with pardon, should solemnly be sent him to Brussels. Spalato embraceth the motion, likes the pardon well, the preferment better, accepts both, recants his opinions largely, subscribes solemnly, and thanks his Holinesse affectionately for his favour. Gondomar carries his subscription to King James, who is glad to behold the Hypocrite unmasked, appearing in his own colours, yet the discovery was concealed and lay dormant some daies in the deck [i.e. pack—of cards], which was in due time to be awakened. Fuller's *Church History*, B x p 95, ed 1655. The circumstances which led to Antonio's departure from England are differently related, and without any mention of Gondomar, in Goodman's *Court of King James*, vol 1 p 345.

B KNIGHT I'll make him the balloon-ball^t of the churches,
 And both the sides shall toss him he looks like one,
 A thing swell'd up with mingled drink and urine,
 And will bound well from one side to another.
 Come, you shall write, our second bishop absent,^u
 (Which hath yet no employment in the game,
 Perhaps nor ever shall, it may be won
 Without his motion, it rests most in ours,)
 He shall be flatter'd with *sede vacante*,
 Make him believe he comes into his place,
 And that will fetch him with a vengeance to us,
 For I know powder is not more ambitious
 When the match meets it, than his mind, for mounting,
 As covetous and lecherious ——
 B BISHOP No more now, sir,

Enter on one side, White King, White Queen, White Knight, White Duke, White Bishop, White King's Pawn, and White Bishop's Pawn, on the other, Black King, Black Queen, Black Duke, and Black Knight's Pawn

Both the sides fill

W KING This hath been look'd for long
 F BISHOP The stronger sting it shoots into the blood

^t *balloon-ball*] i. e. a large inflated ball of leather The game of balloon, in which the player strikes the ball with a flat piece of wood fastened to the arm, is still (as Gifford observes,—note on B Jonson's *Works*, vol. iii p. 216) very common on the continent

^u *bishop absent*] So Quarto C and MS Lansd Two eds "bishops dead" MS Bridge deficient here, and to the end of the act—Neither reading agrees well with what follows see p. 353

Of the Black adversary I'm asham'd now
 I was theirs ever, what a lump was I
 When I was led in ignorance and blindness^v
 I must confess,^w

I've all my lifetime play'd the fool till now

B KNIGHT And now he plays two parts, the fool
 and knave

F BISHOP There is my recantation in the last
 leaf,

Writ, like a Ciceronian, in pure Latin

W BISHOP * Pure honesty, the plainer Latin serves
 then

B KNIGHT Plague on those pestilent pamphlets'
 those are they

That wound our cause to th' heart

B BISHOP Here comes more anger

Enter White Queen's Pawn

B KNIGHT But we come well provided for this
 storm

W QUEEN Is this my Pawn, she that should
 guard our person,

Or some pale figure of dejection

Her shape usurping? Sorrow and affrightment

Have^y prevail'd strangely with her

W Q PAWN King of integrity,
 Queen of the same, and all the House, professors
 Of noble candour, uncorrupted justice,
 And truth of heart, through my alone discovery—
 My life and honour wondrously preserv'd—
 I bring into your knowledge with my sufferings,

^v *blindness*] So two eds Quarto C "boldnesse"

^w *I must confess*] So two eds and MS Lansd Not in
 Quarto C

^x *W Bish*] So two eds Quarto C "*Wh P*"

^y *Have*] Eds "*Hath*" and "*Has*"

Fearful affrightments, and heart-killing terrors ^z
 The great incendiary of Christendom,
 The absolut'st abuser of true sanctity,
 Fair peace, and holy order, can be found
 In any part o' th' universal globe,
 Who, making meek devotion keep the dool,—
 His lips being full of holy zeal at first,—
 Would have committed a foul rape upon me

W QUEEN Hah!

W KING A rape? that's foul indeed, the very
 sound

To our ear fouler than th' offence itself
 To some kings of the earth

W Q PAWN Sir, to proceed,—
 Gladly I offer'd life to preserve honour,
 Which would not be accepted without both,
 The chief of his ill aim being at mine honour,
 Till heaven was pleas'd, by some unlook'd-for ac-
 cident,

To give me courage to redeem myself

W KING When we find desperate sins in ill
 men's companies,

We place a charitable sorrow there,
 But custom, and their leprous inclination,
 Quit^a us of wonder,^b for our expectation
 Is answer'd in their lives, but to find sin,
 Yea, and a masterpiece of darkness, shelter'd
 Under a robe of sanctity, is able
 To draw all wonder to that monster only,
 And leave created monsters unadm'r'd
 The pride of him that took first fall for pride
 Is to be angel-shap'd, and imitate
 The form from whence he fell, but this offender,

^z *terrors*] So two eds Quarto C "terroure"

^a *Quit*] Eds "Quits"

^b *wonder*] So two eds Quarto C "wounds"

Far baser than sin's master, fix'd by vow
 To holy order, which is angels' method,
 Takes pride to use that shape to be a devil
 It grieves me that my knowledge must be tainted
 With his infected name

O, rather with thy finger point him out !

W Q PAWN The place which he should fill is
 void, my lord,
 His guilt hath scar'd^c him,—the Black Bishop's
 Pawn

B BISHOP Hah ! mine ? my Pawn ? the glory of
 his^d order,
 The prime and president zealot of the earth ?
 Impudent Pawn, for thy sake at this minute
 Modesty suffers, all that's virtuous blushes,
 And truth's self, like the sun vex'd with a mist,
 Looks red with anger

W BISHOP Be not you drunk with rage too

B BISHOP^e Sober sincerity, nor you [with] a cup
 Spic'd with hypocrisy

W KNIGHT You name there, Bishop,
 But your own Christmas-bowl, your morning's
 draught,

Next your episcopal heart all the twelve days,
 Which smack you cannot leave all the year after^f

B KNIGHT A shrewd retort !
 Has made our Bishop smell of burning too
 Would I stood further off ! were't no impeachment
 To my honour or^g the game, would they'd play
 faster ! [Aside

White Knight, there is acknowledg'd from our House

^c *scar'd*] So two eds Quarto C "seiz'd"

^d *his*] So two eds Quarto C "this"

^e *B Bish*] So two eds Quarto C "*B! B! P!*"

^f *after*] So two eds Quarto C "following"

^g *or*] So two eds Quarto C "&"

A reverence to you, and a respect
 To that lov'd Duke stands next you with the favour
 Of the White King and th' afoienam'd respected,
 I combat with this cause If with all speed,—
 Waste not one syllable, unfortunate Pawn,
 Of what I speak,—thou dost not plead distraction,
 A plea which will but faintly take thee off neither
 From this leviathan-scandal that lies rolling
 Upon the crystal waters of devotion,
 Or, what may quit^b thee more, though enough nothing,
 Fall down and foam, and by that pang discover
 The vexing spirit of falsehood strong within thee,
 Make thyself ready for perdition,
 There's no remove^c in all the game to 'scape it,
 This Pawn or this, the Bishop or myself,
 Will take thee in the end, play how thou canst
 W Q PAWN Spite of sin's glorious ostentation,
 And all loud threats, those thunder-cracks of pride,
 Ushering a storm of malice, House of impudence,
 Craft,^d and equivocation, my true cause
 Shall keep the path it treads in
 B KNIGHT I play thus then
 Now in the hearing of this high assembly
 Bring forth the time of this attempt's conception
 W Q PAWN Conception? O, how tenderly you
 handle it!
 W BISHOP It seems, Black Knight, you are afraid
 to touch it
 B KNIGHT Well, its eruption will she have it
 so then,
 Or you, White Bishop, for her? the more unclean,^k

^b quit] i e acquit.

^c remove] So two eds Quarto C "roome"

^d Craft] So MS Lansd Quarto C "Crafts" Other eds
 "Trust" (misprint for "Lust")

^k more unclean] So two eds Quarto C, "uncleaner"

Vild,^k and more^l impious that you urge the strain to,
 The greater will her shame's heap shew i' th' end,
 And the wrong'd meek man's glory —The time,
 Pawn?

W Q PAWN Yesterday's^m cuised evening

B KNIGHT O the treasure

Of my revenge! I cannot spend all on thee,
 Ruinⁿ to spare for all thy kindred too
 For honour's sake call in more slanderers,
 I have such plentiful confusion,
 I know not how to waste it I'll be nobler yet,
 And put her to her own House —King of meekness,
 Take the cause to thee, for our hand's too heavy,
 Our proofs will fall upon her like a tower,
 And grind her bones to powder

W Q PAWN What new engine

Has the devil rais'd in him now?

B KNIGHT Is it he,

And that the time? stand firm now to your scandal,
 Pray, do not shift your slander

W Q PAWN Shift your treacheries,

They've worn one suit too long

B KNIGHT That holy man,

So wrongfully accus'd by this lost Pawn,

Hath not been seen these ten days in these parts

W KING^o How?

B KNIGHT Nay, at this instant thirty leagues
 from hence

W Q PAWN Fathomless falsehood! will it 'scape
 unblasted?

^k *Vild*] See note, p 137

^l *more*] So MS Lansd Quarto C "most" Not in other
 eds

^m *Yesterday's*] So two eds Quarto C "Yesterday"

ⁿ *Ruin*] Eds and MS Lansd "Ruin enough"

^o *W King*] So MS Lansd Eds "Wh Kni."

W KING ^p Can you make this appear?
 B KNIGHT Light is not clearer,
 By his own letters, most impartial monarch
 W KG's PAWN ^q How wrongfully may sacred
 virtue suffer, sir!
 B KNIGHT Bishop, we have a treasure of that
 false heart
 W KING ^r Step forth, and reach those proofs
 [*Exit B Kt's Pawn, who presently returns
 with papers*]
 W Q PAWN Amazement covers me!
 Can I be so forsaken of a cause
 So strong^s in truth and equity? will virtue
 Send me no aid in this hard time of friendship?
 B KNIGHT There's an infallible staff and a red
 hat
 Reserv'd for you
 W KG's PAWN ^t O, sir endear'd ^u
 B KNIGHT A staff
 That will not easily break, you may trust to't,
 And such a one had your corruption need of,
 There's a state-fig for you now
 W KING ^v Behold all,
 How they cohere in one! I always held
 A charity so good to holiness

^p *W King*] So two eds Quarto C "*Wh Kni*"

^q *W Kg's Pawn*] So MS Lansd Quarto C "*Wh Q P*"
 Two eds "*W Kt p*" That the White King's Pawn is the
 speaker appears from the next speech, and compare p 326

^r *W King*] So two eds Quarto C "*Wh Kni*"

^s *strong*] So two eds Quarto C "*wrong*"

^t *W Kg's Pawn*] So MS Lansd Quarto C "*W Qu P*"
 Two eds "*W Kt p*"

^u *endear'd*] Two eds "*indeede*" But compare p 325,
 last line

^v *W King*] So two eds here and at next speech but one
 Quarto C "*Wh Kni*"

Profess'd, that^v I ever believ'd rather
Th' accuser false than the professor vicious

B KNIGHT A chaity, like all your virtues else,
Gracious and glorious

W KING Where settles the offence,
Let the fault's punishment be deriv'd from thence
We leave her to your censure

B KNIGHT Most just majesty!

[*Exeunt W King, W Queen, W Bishop, and
W Kg's Pawn, F Bishop and F B Pawn*]

W Q PAWN Calamity of virtue! my Queen leave
me too!

Am I cast off as th' olive casts her flower?
Poor friendless innocence, art thou left^w a prey
To the devourer?

W KNIGHT No, thou art not lost,
Let 'em put on their bloodiest resolutions,
If the fair policy I aim at prospers —
Thy counsel, noble Duke!

W DUKE For that work cheerfully

W KNIGHT A man for speed now!

W B PAWN Let it be my honour, sir,
Make me that flight,^x that owes her my life's service

[*Exeunt W Knight, W Duke, and W B Pawn*]

B KNIGHT Was not this brought about well for
our honours?

B BISHOP Pish, that Galician brain can work
out wonders

B KNIGHT Let's use her as, upon the like dis-
covery,

A maid was us'd at Venice, every one

^v *that*] So MS Lansd Not in eds

^w *thou left*] So two eds and MS Lansd Quarto C "*thou
so left*"

^x *flight*] Meant, in archery, a long, light-feathered, straight-
flying arrow

Be ready with a penance — Begin, majesty —
 Vessel of foolish scandal, take thy freight
 Had there been in that cabinet of niceness⁷
 Half the virginities of the earth lock'd up,
 And all swept at one cast by the dexterity
 Of a Jesuitical gamester, 't had not valued
 The least part of that general worth thou'st tainted

B KING² First, I enjoin thee to a three days'
 fast for't

B QUEEN You're too penurious, sir, I'll make
 it four

B BISHOP I to a twelve hours' kneeling at one
 time

B KNIGHT And in a room fill'd all with Aretine's
 pictures,

More than the twice-twelve labours of luxury^a
 Thou shalt not see so much as the chaste pommel
 Of Lucrece' dagger peeping, nay, I'll punish thee
 For a discoverer, I'll torment thy modesty

B DUKE After that four days' fast, to th' Inqui-
 sition-house,
 Strengthen'd with bread and water for worse pen-
 ance

B KNIGHT Why, well said, duke of our House,
 nobly aggravated¹

W Q PAWN Virtue, to shew her influence more
 strong,
 Fits me with patience mightier than my wrong
[Exeunt

⁷ niceness] i e squeamishness, scrupulousness

² B King] So two eds and MS Lansd Quarto C "B/
 Bish"

^a luxury] i e lust

ACT III SCENE I

*Field between the two Houses**Enter Fat Bishop*

F BISHOP I know my pen draws blood of the
 Black House,
 There's ne'er a book I write but their cause bleeds,
 It hath lost many an ounce of reputation
 Since I came of this side, I strike deep in,
 And leave the onifex gushing where I come
 But where's my advancement all this while I've
 gap'd for?
 I'd have some round preferment, compulent dignity,
 That bears some breadth and compass in the gift
 on't
 I am persuaded that this flesh would fill
 The biggest chair ecclesiastical,
 If it were put to trial
 To be made master of an hospital
 Is but a kind of diseas'd bed-rid^b honour,
 Or dean of the poor alms-knights that wear
 badges^c
 There's but two lazy, beggarly preferments

^b *diseas'd bed-rid*] So both MSS Quarto C "*disea'd Bed-rid*" Other eds "disease-bred"

^c *master of an hospital*

Or dean of the poor alms-knights that wear badges] See note, p 339 The poor alms-knights—i e the Poor Knights of Windsor—"About half a year after [his appointment to the Mastership of the Savoy, Antonio received] the deanery of Windsor, both which preferments might amount to four hundred and thirty pounds per annum, or thereabout" Goodman's *Court of King James*, vol 1 p 340 According to Hackett, "these together were worth to him 800l per Annum They brought in no less, and he would not loose a Penny of his Due,

In the White Kingdom, and I've got 'em both
 My merit doth begin to be crop-sick
 For want of other titles ^d

Enter Black Knight

B KNIGHT O, here walks
 His fulsome holiness now for the master-trick
 T' undo him everlastingly, that's put home,
 And make him hang in hell most seriously
 That jested with a halter upon me [*Aside*
 F BISHOP The Black Knight! I must look to my
 play then [*Aside*
 B KNIGHT I bring fair greetings to your reverend
 virtues
 From Cardinal Paulus, your most princely kinsman
 [*Gives a letter*

but studied to exact more than ever by Custom had been received by any of those Dignitaries Of which Sharking, his Majesty once admonished him Yet his Veins were not full, but he got himself presented by the Church of Windsor to a good Benefice, says Mr Rⁱ Montagu, West Ilsly in Barkshire, where he made a shift to read the Articles of 1562 in English, *pro more Clericali*, and subscribed to them" *Life of Archb Williams*, P 1 p 98, ed 1693

^d other titles] "Now it happened a false rumour was spread that Tobie Matthew, Archbishop of Yorke (who died yearly in report) was certainly deceased Presently posts Spalato to Theobalds, becomes an importunate Petitioner to the King for the vacant Archbishoprick, and is as flatly denied, the King conceiving, He had given enough already to him if gratefull, too much if ungratefull Besides the King would never bestow an Episcopal charge in England on a forraigner, no not on His own Countrey-men, some Scottish-men being preferred to Deanries, none to Bishopricks Spalato offended at this repulse (for he had rather had Yorke than Salerno [see quotation from Fuller, note, p 341], as equal in wealth, higher in dignity, neerer in place) requests His Majesty by his Letter to grant His good leave to depart the Kingdome, and to return into Italy" Fuller's *Church History*, B x p 96, ed 1655 See also Hacket's *Life of Archb Williams*, P 1 p 98 ed 1693

F BISHOP Our princely kinsman, say'st thou?
 we accept 'em
 Pray, keep your side and distance, I am chary
 Of my episcopal peison
 I know the Knight's walk in this game too well,
 He may skip^e over me, and where am I then?

B KNIGHT There where thou shalt be shortly, if
 it fail not [Aside]

F BISHOP [reads] *Right reverend and noble,—*
meaning me,—our true^f kinsman in blood, but alien-
ated in affection, your unkind disobedience to the mother
cause proves at this time the only cause of your ill
fortune my present remove by general election to the
papal dignity had now auspiciously settled you in my
sede vacante—how! had it so?—which at my next
remove by death might have proved your step to supre-
macy

Ha! all my body's blood mounts to my face
 To look upon this letter

B KNIGHT The pill works with him [Aside]

F BISHOP [reads] *Think on't seriously, it is not*
yet too late, through the submiss acknowledgment of
your disobedience, to be lovingly received into the bro-
therly bosom of the conclave

This was the chair of ease I ever aim'd at
 I'll make a bonfire of my books immediately,
 All that are left against that side I'll sacrifice,
 Pack up my plate and goods, and steal away
 By night at water-gate It is but penning
 Another recantation,^s and inventing

^e skip] So both MSS. Eds. "ship"

^f true] So two eds. and both MSS. Omitted in Quarto C

^s It is but penning

Another recantation, &c.] So two eds. and both MSS.
 Quarto C thus "It is but penning"

Two or three bitter bookes against the White-house,
 And inventing another Recantation "

Two or three bitter books against the White House,
 And then I'm in on th' other side again
 As firm as e'er I was, as fat and flourishing [*Aside*
 Black Knight, expect a wonder ere't be long,
 Thou shalt see me one of the Black House shortly

B KNIGHT Your holiness is merry with the messenger,
 Too happy to be true, you speak what should be,
 If natural compunction touch'd you truly
 O, you've drawn blood, life-blood, yea, blood of
 honour,
 From your most dear, your primitive mother's
 heart!

Your sharp invectives have been points of spears
 In her sweet tender sides! The unkind wounds
 Which a son gives, a son of reverence 'specially,
 They rankle ten times more than th' adversary's
 I tell you, sir, your reverend revolt
 Did give the fearfull'st blow to adoration
 Our cause e'er felt, it shook the very statues,
 The urns and ashes of the sainted sleepers

F BISHOP Forbear, or I shall melt i' th' place I
 stand,
 And let forth^h a fat bishop in sad snrop
 Suffices I am yours, when they least dream on't,
 Ambition's fodder, power and riches, draws me
 When I smell honour, that's the lock of hay
 That leads me through the world's field every way
 [*Exit*]

B KNIGHT Here's a sweet paunch to propagate
 belief on,
 Like the foundation of a chapel laid
 Upon a quagmire! I may number him now
 Amongst my inferior policies, and not shame 'em

^h *And let forth, &c*] So two eds and MS Bridge The
 line not in Quarto C or MS Lansd

But let me a little solace my designs
 With^h the remembrance of some brave ones past,
 To cherish the futurity of project,
 Whose motion must be restless till that great work,
 Call'd the possession of the earth, be ours
 Was it not I procur'd a gallant fleetⁱ
 From the White Kingdom to secure our coasts
 Against the infidel pirate, under pretext
 Of more necessitous expedition?
 Who made the jails fly open,^j without miracle,
 And let the locusts out, those dangerous flies,
 Whose property is to burn coin with touching?

^h *With*] So two eds Quarto C "In"

ⁱ *gallant fleet*] So two eds and both MSS Quarto C "precious safe-guard"—"By his Artifices and Negotiations (having been time enough Ambassador in England to gain credit with the King) he [Gondomar] got Sir Robert Mansell (the Vice-Admirall) to go into the Mediterranean sea, with a Fleet of Ships to fight against the Turks at Alger, who were grown too strong and formidable for the Spaniard (most of the King of Spains Gallions attending the Indian Trade, as Convoys for his Treasures, which he wanted to supply his Armies) and he transported Ordnance and other Warlike Provisions to furnish the Spanish Arsenalls, even while the Armies of Spain were battering the English in the Palatinate" *Wilson's Life and Reign of James*, p. 145, ed. 1653

^j *jails fly open*, &c.] "Count Gondomar was the active Instrument to advance this Match [of Prince Charles with the Infanta], who so carried himself in the twilight of jest-earnest, that with his jests he pleased His Majesty of England, and with his earnest he pleased his Master of Spaine Having found out the length of King James's foot, he fitted Him with so easie a shooe, which pained Him not (no, not when he was troubled with the gout), this cunning Don being able to please Him in His greatest passion And although the Match was never effected, yet Gondomar whilst negotiating the same, in favour to the Catholick cause, procured of his Majesty the enlargement of all Priests and Jesuits through the English Dominions These Jesuits, when at liberty, did not gratefully ascribe their freedome to his Majestie's mercy, but

The heretics' granaries feel it to this hour
 And now they've got amongst the country crops,
 They stick so fast to the converted ears,
 The loudest tempest that authority rouses
 Will hardly shake 'em off they have then dens
 In ladies' couches—there's^k safe groves and fens!
 Nay, were they follow'd and found out by the scent,
 Palm-oil will make a pursuivant relent
 Whose policy was't to put a silenc'd muzzle^l
 On all the barking tongue-men of the time?
 Made pictures, that were dumb enough before,
 Poor sufferers in that politic restraint?
 My light spleen skips and shakes my ribs to think
 on't

Whilst our drifts walk uncensur'd but in thought,
 A whistle or a whisper would be question'd
 In the most fortunate angle^m of the world
 The court hath held the city by the horns
 Whilst I have milk'd her I have got good sops
 tooⁿ

From country ladies for their liberties,
 From some for their most vainly-hop'd preferments,
 High offices in th' air I should not live
 But for this *mel aerum*, this mirth-manna

only to His willingness to rid and clear His gaoles over-
 pestered with prisoners" Fuller's *Church History*, B x p 100,
 ed 1655 See also Wilson's *Life and Reign of James*, p 145,
 ed 1653

^k *there's*] So both MSS Eds "their"

^l *a silenc'd muzzle*] "The Pulpits were the most bold Op-
 posers, but if they toucht any thing upon the Spanish policie,
 or the intended Treaties (for the Restitution of the Palatinate
 was included in the Marriage before it was the Spaniards to
 give) their mouthes must be stoppt by Gondamar and (it
 may be) confined, or imprisoned for it" Wilson's *Life and
 Reign of James*, p 151, ed 1653

^m *angle*] 1 e corner

ⁿ *too*] So two eds and both MSS Not in Quarto C

Enter Black Knight's Pawn

My Pawn!—How now, the news?

B KT 's PAWN Expect none very pleasing
That comes, sir, of my bringing, I'm for sad things

B KNIGHT Thy conscience is so tender-hoof'd
of late,

Every nail pricks it

B KT 's PAWN This may prick yours too,
If there be any quick flesh in a yard on't

B KNIGHT Mine?

Mischief must find a deep nail, and a driver
Beyond the strength of any Machiavel

The politic kingdoms fatten, to reach mine
Prithee, compunction needle-prick'd, a little
Unbind this sore wound

B KT 's PAWN Sir, your plot's discover'd

B KNIGHT Which of the twenty thousand and
nine hundred

Four score and five? canst tell?

B KT 's PAWN Bless us, so many!

How do poor countrymen have but one plot

To keep a cow on, yet in law for that?

You cannot know 'em all, sure, by their names, sir

B KNIGHT Yes, were their numbers trebled
thou hast seen

A globe stand on the table in my closet?

B KT 's PAWN A thing, sir, full of countries and
hard words?

B KNIGHT True, with lines drawn, some tro-
pical, some oblique

B KT 's PAWN I scarce can read, I was brought
up in blindness

B KNIGHT Just such a thing, if e'er my skull
be open'd,

Will my brains look like

B KT 's PAWN Like a globe of countries?

B KNIGHT Ay, and some master-politician,
That has sharp stateⁿ-eyes, will go near to pick^o out
The plots, and every^p climate where they fasten'd,
'Twill puzzle 'em too

B KT'S PAWN I'm of your mind for that, sir

B KNIGHT They'll find 'em to fall thick upon
some countries,
They had need use spectacles but I turn to you
now,

What plot is that discover'd?

B KT'S PAWN Your last brat, sir,
Begot 'twixt the Black Bishop and yourself,
Your ante-dated letters 'bout the Jesuit

B KNIGHT Discover'd! how?

B KT'S PAWN The White Knight's policy hath
outstript yours,
Join'd with th^t assistant counsel of his Duke
The White Bishop's Pawn^a undertook the journey,
Who, as they say, discharg'd it like a flight,^r
Ay, made him for the business fit and light
B KNIGHT 'Tis but a bawdy Pawn out of the way,
Enough of them in all parts^s

*Enter on one side White King, White Queen, White
Knight, White Duke, White Bishop, Fat Bishop,
and White King's Pawn, on the other, Black King,
Black Queen, Black Duke, and Black Bishop*

B BISHOP You have heard all then?

ⁿ state-] So two eds Not in Quarto C

^o pick] So two eds Quarto C "pricke"

^p every] So two eds Quarto C "the"

^a The White Bishop's Pawn] So two eds and MS Bridge
Quarto C and MS Lansd, more metrically, "The Bishops
White Pawne"

^r flight] See note, p 349

^s Enough of them in all parts] So both MSS Not in
Quarto C Two eds "There's enough," &c

B KNIGHT The wonder's past with me, but some
shall down for't

W KING Set free that^s virtuous Pawn from all
her wrongs,
Let her be brought with honour to the face
Of her malicious adversaries

[Exit W Kg's Pawn]

B KNIGHT Good

W KING Noble chaste Knight, a title of that
candour

The greatest prince on earth without impeachment
May have the dignity of his worth compris'd in,
This fair delivering act Virtue will register
In that^t white book of the defence of virgins,
Where the clear fames^u of all preserving knights
Are to eternal memory consecrated,
And we embrace, as partner of that honour,
This worthy Duke,^v the counsel of the act,
Whom we shall ever place in our respect

W DUKE Most blest of kings, thron'd in all royal
graces,

Every good deed sends back its own reward
Into the bosom of the enterpriser,
But you t' express yourself as well to be
King of munificence^w as integrity,
Adds glory to the gift

W KING Thy desert claims it,
Zeal, and fidelity — Appear, thou beauty
Of truth and innocence, best ornament
Of patience, thou that mak'st thy sufferings glorious!

^s that] So two eds Quarto C "the"

^t that] So two eds Quarto C "the"

^u fames] So MS Lansd Eds and MS Bridge "fame"

^v Dule] So two eds and both MSS Quarto C "Piece"

^w munificence] So both MSS Quarto C "Magnificence"

Two eds "munificency"

Re-enter White King's Pawn with White Queen's Pawn

B KNIGHT I'll take no knowledge on't [*Aside*]
—What makes she here?

How dares yond Pawn unpenanc'd, with a cheek
Fresh as her falsehood yet, where castigation
Hath left no pale print of her visiting anguish,
Appear in this assembly?—Let me alone
Sin must be bold, that's^w all the grace 'tis born to
[*Aside*]

W KING What's this?

W KNIGHT I'm wonder-strook!

W Q PAWN Assist me, goodness!

I shall to prison again

B KNIGHT At least I've maz'd^x 'em,
Scatter'd their admirations of her innocence,
As the fir'd ships^y put in sever'd the fleet
In eighty-eight^z I'll on with't, impudence
Is mischief's patrimony [*Aside*]—Is this justice?
Is injur'd reverence no sharper righted?
I ever held that majesty impartial
That, like most equal heaven, looks on the manners,
Not on the shapes they shroud in

W KING^a This Black Knight
Will never take an answer, 'tis a victory
To make him understand he doth amiss,
When he knows in his own clear understanding
That he doth nothing else Shew him the testimony,
Confirm'd by good men, how that foul attempter^b

^a *that's*] So two eds Quarto C "'tis"

^x *I've maz'd 'em*] So two eds Quarto C "amaz'd"

^y *ships*] So two eds Quarto C "ship"

^z *the fleet*

In eighty-eight] 1 e the Spanish Armada in 1588

^a *W King*] So two eds. and both MSS Quarto C "*Wh*
Kn"

^b *attempter*] So two eds Quarto C "attempt"

Got but this morning to the place from whence
He dated his forg'd lines for ten days past

B KNIGHT Why, may not the corruption sleep in
this

By some connivance, as you have wak'd in ours
By too rash confidence?

W DUKE I'll undertake
That Knight shall teach the devil how to lie

W KNIGHT If sin were half so wise as impudent,^b
She'd ne'er seek further for an advocate

Enter Black Queen's Pawn

B Q PAWN Now to act treachery with an angel's
tongue
Since all's come out, I'll bring him strangely in
* again [Aside

Where is this injur'd chastity, this goodness
Whose worth no transitory piece^c can value?^d
This rock of constant and invincible virtue,
That made sin's tempest weary of his fury?

B QUEEN What, is my Pawn distracted?

B KNIGHT I think rather
There is some notable masterprize of roguery
This^e drum strikes up for

B Q PAWN Let me fall with reverence
Before this blessed altar

B QUEEN This is madness

B KNIGHT Well, mark the end, I stand for
roguery still,
I will not change my side

^b *impudent*] So two eds and both MSS Quarto C "im-
pudence"

^c *piece*] So both MSS Quarto C "price" Two eds
"prize"

^d *value*] i e equal in value

^e *This*] So two eds Quarto C "The"

B Q PAWN I shall be tax'd, I know,
 I care not what the Black House thinks of me
 B QUEEN What say you now?
 B KNIGHT I will not be unlaid yet
 B Q PAWN However^f censure flies, I honour
 sanctity,
 That is my object, I intend no other
 I saw this glorious and most valiant virtue
 Fight the most noblest combat with the devil
 B KNIGHT If both the Bishops had been there
 for seconds,
 'Thad been a complete duel
 W KING^g Then thou heard'st
 The violence intended?
 B Q PAWN 'Tis a truth
 I joy to justify I was an agent
 On virtue's part, and rais'd that confus'd noise
 That startled his attempt, and gave her liberty
 W Q PAWN O, 'tis a righteous story she hath
 told, sir!
 My life and fame stand^h mutually engag'd
 Both to the truth and goodness of this Pawn
 W KINGⁱ Doth it appear to you yet clear as the
 sun?
 B KNIGHT 'Las, I believ'd it long before 'twas
 done!
 B KING^j Degenerate ——
 B QUEEN Base ——
 B BISHOP Perfidious ——

^f however] So two eds Quarto C and both MSS "How any"

^g W King] So two eds and both MSS Quarto C "Wh Km"
^h stand] So both MSS Quarto C "stood" Two eds
 "stands"

ⁱ W King] So two eds and both MSS Quarto C "Wh Km"

^j B King] So two eds and both MSS Quarto C "W Km"

B DUKE Traitorous Pawn!

B Q PAWN What, are you all beside^j yourselves?

B KNIGHT But I,
Remember that, Pawn

B Q PAWN May a fearful barrenness
Blast both my hopes and pleasures, if I brought not
Her ruin in my pity! a new trap
For her more sure confusion

B KNIGHT Have I won now?
Did I not say 'twas craft and machination?
I smelt conspiracy all the way it went,
Although the mess were cover'd, I'm so us'd to't

B KING^k That Queen would I fain finger

B KNIGHT You're too hot, sir,
If she were took, the game would be ours quickly
My aim's at that White Knight, entrap him first,
The Duke will follow too

B BISHOP I would that Bishop
Were in my diocese! I'd soon change his whiteness

B KNIGHT Sir, I could whip you up a Pawn
immediately,

I know where my game stands

B KING. Do't^l suddenly,
Advantage least must not be lost in this play.

B. KNIGHT Pawn, thou art ours

[*Seizes W Kg's Pawn.*]

W KNIGHT He's taken by default,
By wilful negligence Guard the sacred persons,
Look well to the White Bishop, for that Pawn
Gave guard to the Queen and him in the third place

B KNIGHT See what sure piece you lock^m your
confidence in!

^j *beside*] So both MSS Eds "besides"

^k *B King*] So two eds. and both MSS here and at next
speech but three Quarto C "*B D*"

^l *Do't*] So two eds Quarto C "*Doe*"

^m *lock*] So two eds and both MSS Quarto C "*tooke*"

I made this Pawn here by corruption ours,
 As soon as honour by creation yours
 This whiteness upon him is but the leprosy
 Of pure dissimulation view him now,
 His heart and his intents are of our colour

[*The upper garment of W Kg's Pawn being taken
 off, he appears black underneath*]

W KING¹ Most dangerous hypocrite!

W DUKE One made against us!

W QUEEN His truth of this^m complexion!

W KING Hath my goodness,
 Clemency, love, and favour gracious, rais'd thee
 From a condition next to popular labour,
 Took thee from all the dubitable hazards
 Of fortune, her most unsecure adventures,
 And grafted thee into a branch of honour,
 And dost thou fall from the top-bough by the rottenness

Of thy alone corruption, like a fruit
 That's over-ripen'd by the beams of favour?
 Let thine own weight reward thee, I've forgot thee
 Integrity of life is so dear to me,
 Where I find falsehood or a crying sin,
 Be it in any whom our grace shines most on,
 I'd tear 'em from my heart

W BISHOP Spoke like heaven's substitute!

W KING You have him, we can spare him, and
 his shame

Will make the rest look better to their game

B KING The more cunning we must use then

B KNIGHTⁿ We shall match you,
 Play how you can, perhaps and mate you too

¹ *W King*] MS Lansd "*W Knight*"—rightly, perhaps
^m *thus*] Both MSS "their"—rightly, perhaps

ⁿ *B Knight*] So two eds and both MSS Quarto C "*W
 Kn*"

F BISHOP Is there so much amazement spent on
him

That's but half black? there might be hope of that man,
But how will this House wonder if I stand forth
And shew a whole one, instantly discover
One that's all black, where there's no hope at all!

W KING I'll say, thy heart then justifies thy books,
I long for that discovery

F BISHOP Look no further then
Bear witness, all the House, I am the man,
And turn myself into the Black House freely,
I am of this side now

W KING ° Monster ne'er match'd him!

B KING P This is your noble work, Knight

B KNIGHT Now I'll halter him

F BISHOP Next news you hear, expect my books
against you,

Printed at Douay, Brussels, or Spalato °

W KING See his goods seiz'd on!

F BISHOP 'Las, they were all convey'd
Last night by water^r to a tailor's house,
A friend of^s the Black cause

W KING A prepar'd hypocrite!

W DUKE Premeditated turncoat!

[*Exeunt W King, W Queen, W Knight,
W Duke, and W Bishop*]

F BISHOP Yes, rail on,
I'll reach you in my writings when I'm gone
B KNIGHT Flatter him a while with honours till
we put him

Upon some dangerous service, and then burn him

° *W King*] MS Lansd "*W Knight*"—rightly, perhaps

P *B King*] So two eds and both MSS Quarto C "*Fat B*"

° *Spalato*] So the word *Spalatro* was generally written—
Eds and MSS "*Spolletta*," "*Spolleta*," "*Spallato*"

^r *water*] Two eds "*water-gate*"

^s *of*] So two eds and both MSS Quarto C "*to*"

B KING This came unlook'd for

B DUKE How we joy to see you¹

F BISHOP Now I'll discover all the White House
to you

B. DUKE Indeed, that will both reconcile and
raise you

[*Exeunt B King, B Queen, B Duke, B Bishop,
and F Bishop*]

W KG'S PAWN I rest upon you, Knight, for my
advancement now

B KNIGHT O, for the staff, the strong staff that
will hold,

And the red hat, fit for the guilty mazzard?^p

Into the empty bag know thy first way

Pawns that are lost are ever out of play

W KG'S PAWN How's this?

B KNIGHT No replications, you know me^q

No doubt ere long you'll have more company,

The bag is big enough, 'twill hold us all

[*Exeunt B Knight, W Kg's Pawn, and
B Kt's Pawn*]

W Q PAWN I sue to thee, prithee, be one of
us¹

Let my love win thee thou'st done truth this day

And yesterday my^r honour noble service,

The best Pawn of our House could not transcend
it

B Q PAWN My pity flam'd with zeal, especially
When I foresaw your marriage, then it mounted

W. Q PAWN How¹ marriage?

B Q PAWN That^s contaminating act

^p mazzard] 1 e head

^q know me] Here, perhaps, the Black Knight thrust the
White King's Pawn into the bag on the stage compare the
concluding scene of the play

^r my] So two eds Quarto C "many"

^s That] So two eds Quarto C "Thus"

Would have spoil'd all your fortunes—a rape ! bless
us !^t

W Q PAWN Thou talk'st of marriage !

B Q PAWN Yes, yes, you do marry, I saw the
man

W Q PAWN The man !

B Q PAWN An absolute handsome^u gentleman,
a complete one,—

You'll say so when you see him,—heir to three red
hats,

Besides his general hopes in the Black House

W Q PAWN Why, sure thou'rt much mistaken
in^v this man,

I've promis'd single life to all my affections

B Q PAWN Promise you what you will, or I, or
all on's,

There's a fate rules and overrules us all, methinks

W Q PAWN Why, how came you to see or know
this mystery ?

B Q PAWN A magical glass I bought of an
Egyptian,

Whose stone retains that speculative virtue,
Presented the man to me your name brings him
As often as I use it, and methinks

I never have enough, person^w and postures
Are all so pleasing

W Q PAWN This is wondrous strange !

The faculties of soul are still the same,

I can feel no one motion tend that way

B Q PAWN We do not always feel the^x faith we
live by,

Nor ever see our growth, yet both work upward

^t us] So MS Lansd Quarto C "vs all"

^u handsome] So two eds Quarto C "honest."

^v in] So MS Lansd Eds "for"

^w person] So two eds Quarto C "persons"

^x the] So two eds Quarto C "our"

W Q PAWN 'Twas well applied, but may I see
him too?

B Q PAWN Surely you may, without all doubt
or fear,

Observing the right use as I was taught it,
Not looking back nor^x questioning the spectre

W Q PAWN That's no hard observation, trust
it with me

Is't possible? I long to see this man

B Q PAWN Pray follow me then, and I'll ease
you instantly [*Exeunt*]

Enter a Black Jestng Pawn

B J PAWN I would so fain take one of these
White Pawns now!

I'd make him do all under-drudgery,
Feed him with asses' milk crumm'd with goats'
cheese,

And all the white meats could be devis'd for him,

Enter a White Pawn

So make him my white jennet when I prance it^y
After the Black Knight's litter

W. PAWN And you'd look then
Just like the devil striding o'er a nightmare
Made of a miller's daughter

B J PAWN A pox on you,^z
Were you so near? I'm taken, like a blackbird
In the great snow, this White Pawn grinning o'er me

W PAWN And now because I will not foul my
clothes
Ever hereafter, for white quickly soils you know —

^x *nor*] So two eds Quarto C "or"

^y *So* *prance it*] So two eds Quarto C "I'd .
prauinc'd"

^z *A pox on you*] So two eds and MS Bridge. Not in
Quarto C MS Lansd omits the whole of this scene between
the Black Jestng Pawn and the other two Pawns

B J PAWN I prithee, get thee gone then, I shall
smut thee

W PAWN No, I'll put that to venture, now I've
snapt^z thee,
Thou shalt do all the dirty drudgery
That slavery was e'er put to

B J PAWN I shall cozen you
You may chance come and find your work undone
then,

For I'm too proud to labour,—I'll starve first,
I tell you that beforehand

W PAWN And I'll fit you then
With a black whip, that shall not be behindhand
B J PAWN Pish, I've been us'd to whipping, I
have whipt

Myself three mile out of town in a morning, and
I can fast a fortnight, and make all your meat
Stink and lie on your hand

W PAWN To prevent that,
Your food shall be blackberries, and upon gaudy-
days

A pickled spider, cut out like an anchovas
I'm not to learn a monkey's ordinary ^a
Come, sir, will you frisk?

Enter a Second Black Pawn.

SEC B PAWN Soft, soft, you! you have no
Such bargain on't, if you look well about you.

W PAWN I am snapt too, a Black Pawn in the
breech of me!
We three look like a bird-spit, a white chick
Between two russet woodcocks

^z snap^t] So two eds Quarto C "scap'd"

^a a monkey's ordinary] Compare Brome's *City Wit*, "Knavery
is restorative to me, as spiders to monkeys" Sig F v (*True
New Plays*, 1658)

B J PAWN I'm so glad of this!
 W PAWN But you shall have but small cause,
 for I'll firk^b you
 SEC B PAWN Then I'll firk you again
 W PAWN And I'll firk him again
 B J PAWN Mass,^c here will be old^d firk'g!^e I
 shall have
 The worst on't, for^e I can firk nobody
 We draw together now for all the world
 Like three flies with one straw thorough then but-
 tocks [Exeunt^f

SCENE II

A chamber, with a large mirror

Enter Black Queen's Pawn and White Queen's Pawn

B Q PAWN This is the room he did appear to
 me in,
 And, look you, this the magical glass that shew'd
 him
 W Q PAWN I find no motion yet what should
 I think on't?
 A sudden fear invades me, a faint trembling,
 Under this omen,
 As is oft felt the panting of a turtle
 Under a stroking hand
 B Q PAWN That bodes good luck still,
 Sign you shall change state speedily, for that
 trembling

^b *firk*] 1 e beat

^c *Mass*] So two eds Not in Quarto C

^d *old*] 1 e abundant compare vol II p 538

^e *for*] So two eds Not in Quarto C

^f *Exeunt*] Not in eds Perhaps they went into the bag on the stage compare the concluding scene of the play

Is always the first symptom of a bride
 For any vainer fears that may accompany
 His apparition, by my truth to friendship,
 I quit you of the least, never was object
 More gracefully presented, the very air
 Conspires to do him honour, and creates
 Sweet vocal sounds, as if a bridegroom enter'd,
 Which argues the blest harmony of your^s loves
 W Q PAWN And will the using of my name
 produce him?

B Q PAWN Nay, of yours only, else the wonder
 halted

To clear you of that doubt, I'll put the difference
 In practice, the first thing I do, and make
 His invocation in the name of others

W Q PAWN 'Twill satisfy me much that

B Q PAWN It shall be done —
 Thou, whose gentle form and face
 Fill'd lately this Egyptic glass,
 By th' impetuous powerful name
 And the universal fame
 Of the mighty Black-House Queen,
 I conjure thee to be seen!¹—

What, see you nothing yet?

W Q PAWN. Not any part

Pray, try another

B Q PAWN You shall have your will.—
 I double my command and power,
 And at the instant of this hour
 Invoke thee in the White Queen's name,
 With stay^h for time, and shape the same —

What see you yet?

W Q PAWN There's nothing shews at all

^s *your*] So two eds Not in Quarto C

^h *With stay*] So all the eds and both MSS The meaning
 is far from clear Qy "Withstay"?

B Q PAWN My truth reflects the clearer then
 now fix
 And bless your fair eye with your own for ever —
 Thou well-compos'd, by Fate's hand diawn
 To enjoy the White Queen's Pawn,
 Of whom thou shalt by virtue met
 Many graceful issues get,
 By the beauty of her fame,
 By the whiteness of her name,
 By her fair and fruitful love,
 By her truth that mates the dove,
 By the meekness of her mind,
 By the softness of her kind,¹
 By the lustre of her grace,—
 By all these thou art summon'd to this place!—
 Hark, how the air, enchanted with your praises
 And his approach, those words to sweet notes raises!

*Music enter Black Bishop's Pawn, richly attired,
 like an apparition, and stands before the glass,
 then exit*

W Q PAWN O, let him stay a while! a little
 longer!

B Q PAWN That's a good hearing

W Q PAWN If he be mine, why should he part
 so soon?

B Q PAWN Why, this is but the shadow of
 yours. How do you?

W Q PAWN. O, I did ill to give consent to see
 it!

What certainty is in our blood or state?
 What we still write is blotted out by fate,
 Our wills are like a cause that is law-tost,
 What one court orders, is by another crost

¹ kind] 1 e nature

² are] So two eds Quarto C "is"

B Q PAWN I find no fit place for this passion^k
 here,
 'Tis merely^l an intruder He's a gentleman
 Most wishfully compos'd, honour grows on him
 And wealth pil'd up for him, has youth enough
 too,
 And yet in the sobriety of his countenance
 Grave as a tetrarch, which is gracious
 I' th' eye of modest pleasure Where's the empti-
 ness?
 What can you more request?
 W Q PAWN I do not know
 What answer yet to make, it doth require
 A meeting 'twixt my fear and my desire
 B Q PAWN She's caught, and, which is strange,
 by her most wronger [Aside
 [Exeunt

ACT IV SCENE I

Field between the two Houses.

*Enter severally Black Knight's Pawn, and Black
 Bishop's Pawn in his gallant habit^m*

B. KT'S PAWN It's he, my confessor, he might
 have pass'd me
 Seven year together, had I not by chance
 Advanc'd mine eye upon that letter'd hat-band,
 The Jesuitical symbol to be known by,

^k passion] i e sorrow, lament

^l merely] i e wholly

^m In his gallant habit] Not in Quarto C nor MSS found
 in two eds, printed as the first line of the opening speech
 of the scene, thus,

"The Jesuit in his gallant habit,
 'Tis he my Confessor," &c

Worn by the brave collegians with^m consent
 'Tis a strange habit for a holy father,
 A president of poverty especially,
 But we, the sons and daughters of obedience,
 Dare not once think awry, but must confess our-
 selves

As humbly to the father of that feather,ⁿ
 Long spur, and poniard, as to the alb and altar,
 And happy we're so highly^o grac'd to attain to't
[Aside

Holy and reverend !

B B PAWN How, hast found me out ?

B KT's PAWN O sir, put on the sparkling'st
 trim^p of glory,

Perfection will shine foremost, and I knew you
 By the catholic^a mark you wear about you,
 The mark above your forehead

B B PAWN Are you grown
 So ambitious in your observance ? well, your busi-
 ness ?

I have my game to follow

B KT's PAWN I have a worm

Follows me so, that I can follow no game
 The most faint-hearted pawn, if he could see his play,
 Might snap me up at pleasure I desire, sir,
 To be absolv'd my conscience being at ease,
 I could then with more courage ply my game

B B PAWN 'Twas a base fact

B KT's PAWN 'Twas to a schismatic pawn, sir

B B PAWN. What's that to the nobility of re-
 venge ?

^m with] So two eds Quarto C "by"

ⁿ feather] So two eds Quarto C "father"

^o highly] So two eds Quarto C "mightie"

^p trim] So two eds Quarto C "trane"

^a catholic] So two eds Quarto C "catholicke"

Suffices^r I have neither will nor power
 To give you absolution for that violence
 Make your petition to the Penance-chamber
 If the tax-register relieve you in't
 By the Black Bishop's clemency, you have wrought
 out

A singular piece of favour with your money,
 That's all your refuge now

B Kt's PAWN The sting shoots deeper [Exit

Enter White Queen's Pawn and Black Queen's Pawn

B B PAWN Yonder's my game, which, like a
 politic chess-master,

I must not seem to see

W Q PAWN O my heart! 'tis he^s

B Q PAWN That 'tis

W Q PAWN The very self-same that the magical
 mirror

Presented lately to me

B Q PAWN And how like

A most regardless^t stranger he walks by,
 Merely^u ignorant of his fate! you are not minded,
 The principall'st part of him. What strange mys-
 teries

Inscrutable love works by^t

W Q PAWN The time, you see,

Is not yet come

B Q PAWN. But 'tis in our power now^v

To bring time nearer—knowledge is a mastery—
 And make it observe us, and not we it

^r *Suffices*] So two eds Quarto C "Suffice"

^s *'tis he*] In MS Lansd only

^t *A most regardless*] So two eds Quarto C "*A most strange regards*"

^u *Merely*] i e wholly

^v *now*] So two eds Not in Quarto C

W Q PAWN I would force nothing from its
 proper virtue,
 Let time have his full course I had rather die
 The modest death of undiscover'd love
 Than have heaven's least and lowest servant suffer,
 Or in his motion receive check, for me
 How is my soul's growth alter'd! that single life,
 The fittest garment that peace ever made for't,
 Is grown too strait, too stubborn on the sudden

B Q PAWN He comes this way again.

W Q PAWN O, there's a traitor
 Leapt from my heart into my cheek already,
 That will betray all to his powerful eye,
 If it but glance upon me!

B Q PAWN By my verity,
 Look, he's past by again, drown'd in neglect,
 Without the prosperous hint of so much happiness
 To look upon his fortune! How close fate
 Seals up the eye of human understanding,
 Till, like the sun's flower, time and love uncloseth
 it!

'Twere pity he should dwell in ignorance longer

W Q PAWN What will you do?

B Q PAWN Yes, die a bashful death, do,
 And let the remedy pass by unus'd still
 You're chang'd enough already, if you'd look into't —
 Absolute sir, with your most noble pardon
 For this my rude intrusion, I am bold
 To bring the knowledge of a secret nearer
 By many days, sir, than it would arrive
 In its own proper revelation with you
 Pray, turn and fix do you know yond noble good-
 ness?

B B PAWN 'Tis the first minute mine eye blest
 me with her,

"uncloseth" Quarto C "uncloseth" Other eds "incloseth"

And clearly shews how much my knowledge wanted,
Not knowing her till now

B Q PAWN She's to be lik'd then?
Pray, view advisedly there is strong reason
That I'm so bold to urge it, you must guess
The work concerns you nearer than you think for

B B PAWN Her glory and the wonder of this
secret

Put^x a reciprocal amazement on me

B Q PAWN And 'tis not without worth you
two must be

Better acquainted

B B PAWN Is there cause, affinity,
Or any courteous help ciation joys in,
To bring that forward?

B Q PAWN Yes, yes, I can shew you
The nearest way to that perfection
Of a most virtuous one that joy e'er found
Pray, mark her once again, then follow me,
And I will shew you her must be your wife, sir

B B PAWN The mystery extends, or else ciation

Hath set that admirable piece before us
To choose our chaste delights by

B Q PAWN Please you follow, sir

B B PAWN What art have you to put me on an
object

And cannot get me off! 'tis pain to part from't

[Exit with Black Queen's Pawn]

W Q PAWN If there prove no check in that
magical glass now,

But my proportion come as fair and full
Into his eye as his into mine lately,
Then I'm confirm'd he is mine own for ever

^x Put] Eds "Puts"

Re-enter Black Queen's Pawn and Black Bishop's Pawn

B B PAWN The very self-same that the mirror
blest me with,
From head to foot, the beauty and the habit¹—
Kept you this place still? did you not remove,
lady?

W Q PAWN Not a foot further, sir

B B PAWN Is't possible?

I would have sworn I had seen the substance yonder,
'Twas to that lustie, to that life presented

W Q PAWN Even so was yours to me, sir

B B PAWN Saw you mine?

W Q PAWN Perfectly clear, no sooner my name
us'd

But yours appear'd

B B PAWN Just so did yours at mine now

B Q PAWN Why stand you idle? will you let
time cozen you,

Protracting time, of those delicious benefits
That fate hath mark'd² to you? You modest pair
Of blushing gamesters,—and you, sir, the bashfull'st,
I cannot flatter a foul fault in any,—

Can you be more than man and wife assign'd,
And by a power the most irrevocable?³

Others, that be adventurers in delight,
May meet with crosses, shame,² or separation,
You know the mind of fate, you must be coupled

B B PAWN She speaks but truth in this I see
no reason then

That we should miss the relish of this night,
But that we are both shamefac'd.

¹ *mark'd*] So two eds and both MSS Quarto C "work'd"

² *irrevocable*] So two eds Quarto C "irrecoverable"

³ *shame*] So two eds and both MSS Quarto C "chance"

W Q PAWN How? this night, sir?
 Did not I know you must be mine, and therein
 Your privilege runs strong, for that loose motion
 You never should be Is it not my fortune
 To match with a pure mind? then am I miserable
 The doves and all chaste-loving wingèd creatures
 Have their pairs fit, then desires justly mated,
 Is woman more unfortunate, a virgin,
 The May of woman? Fate, that hath ordain'd, sir,
 We should be man² and wife, hath not given warrant
 For any act of knowledge till we are so

B B PAWN Tender-ey'd modesty, how it grieves^a
 at this!

I'm as far off, for all this strange imposture,
 As at first interview Where lies our game now?
 You know I cannot marry^b by mine order

B Q PAWN I know you cannot, sir, yet you
 may venture
 Upon a contract

B B PAWN Hah!

B Q PAWN Surely you may, sir,
 Without all question, so far without danger,
 Or any stain to your vow, and that may take her
 Nay, do't with speed, she'll think you mean the
 better too

B B PAWN Be not so lavish of that blessed
 spring,
 You've wasted that upon a cold occasion now
 Would wash a sinful soul white By our love-joys,
 That motion shall ne'er light upon my tongue more
 Till we're contracted, then, I hope, you're mine.

W Q PAWN In all just duty ever

B Q PAWN Then? do you question it?

² *be man*] So two eds Quarto C "*be both man*"

^a *grieves*] So two eds Quarto C "*gives*"

^b *marry*] So two eds Quarto C "*be married*"

Pish' then you're man and wife, all but church-
 ceremony
 Pray, let's see that done first, she shall do reason
 then —
 Now I'll enjoy the sport, and cozen you both
 My blood's game is the wages I have work'd for
 [Aside *Exeunt*

SCENE II

An apartment in the Black House

Enter Black Knight and Black Knight's Pawn

B KNIGHT PAWN, I have spoke to the Fat Bishop
 for thee,
 I'll get thee absolution from his own mouth
 Reach me my chair of ease, my chair of cozenage,
 Seven thousand pounds in women, reach me that
 I love a' life^c to sit upon a bank
 Of heretic gold O, soft and gently, sirrah!
 There's a foul flaw^d i' the bottom of my drum, Pawn
 I ne'er shall make sound soldier, but sound treacher^e
 With any he in Europe How now? qualm?
 Thou hast the puking'st soul that e'er I met with,
 It cannot bear one suckling villany
 Mine can digest a monster without crudity,
 A sin as weighty as an elephant,
 And never wamble for't

B KT 's PAWN Ay, you've been us'd to't, sir,
 That's a great help The swallow of my conscience
 Hath but a narrow passage, you must think yet
 It lies i' the penitent pipe, and will not down
 If I had got seven thousand pounds by offices,

^c *a' life*] i e as my life—exceedingly So two eds Quarto
 C has the more unusual form “of life”

^d *a foul flaw*, &c.] See note, p 339

^e *treacher*] i e deceiver, cozenner, cheater

And gull'd^e down that, the bore would have been
bigger

B KNIGHT Nay, if thou prov'st facetious, I shall
hug thee

Can a soft, rear,^f poor-poach'd^g iniquity
So ride upon thy conscience? I'm asham'd of thee
Hadst thou betray'd the White House to the Black,
Beggard a kingdom by dissimulation,
Unjointed^h the fair frame of peace and traffic,
Poison'd allegiance, set faith back, and wrought
Women's soft souls even up to masculine malice,
To pursue truth to death, if the cause rous'd 'em,
That staresⁱ and parrots are first taught to curse
thee —

B KT'S PAWN Ay, marry, sir, here's swapping
sins indeed!

B KNIGHT All these, and ten times tiebled, hath
this brain

Been parent to, they are my offsprings all

B KT'S PAWN A goodly brood!

B KNIGHT Yet I can jest as lightly,^j

Laugh and tell stirring stories to court-madams,
Daughters of my seducement, with alacrity
As high and hearty as youth's time of innocence
That never knew a sin to shape a sorrow by
I feel no tempest, not a leaf wind-stirring

To shake a fault, my conscience is becalm'd rather

B KT'S PAWN I'm sure there is a whirlwind
huffs in mine, sir

B KNIGHT Sirrah, I've sold the groom-of-the
stole six times,

^e gull'd] 1 e swallowed ^f rear] 1 e under-dressed

^g poach'd] So two eds (where the line in other respects is different) Quarto C "pouch'd."

^h Unjointed, &c] So two eds The line not in Quarto C

ⁱ stares] 1 e starlings

^j lightly] So two eds Quarto C "tithie"

And receiv'd money of six several ladies
 Ambitious to take place of baronets' wives
 To three^k old mummy matrons I have promis'd
 The mothership o' the maids I've taught our
 friends too

To convey White-House gold to our Black kingdom
 In cold bak'd pasties, and so cozen searchers
 For venting hallow'd oil, beads, medals, pardons,
 Pictures, Veronica's heads in private presses,
 That's done by one i' th' habit of a pedlar,
 Letters convey'd in rolls, tobacco-balls
 When a restraint comes, by my politic counsel,
 Some of our Jesuits turn^l gentlemen-ushers,
 Some falconers, some park-keepers, and some
 huntsmen,

One took the shape of an old lady's cook once,
 And despatch'd two chares^m on a Sunday morning,
 The altar and the dresser Pray, what use
 Put I my summer-recreation to,
 But more t' inform my knowledge in the state
 And strength of the White Kingdom? no fortifica-
 tion,

Haven, creek, landing-place about the White coast,
 But I got draft and platform, learn'dⁿ the depth
 Of all their channels, knowledge of all sands,
 Shelves, rocks, and rivers for invasion properest,
 A catalogue of all the navy royal,
 The burthen of each ship, the brassy murderers,^o
 The number of the men, to what cape bound
 Again, for the discovery of the inlands,
 Never a shire but the state better known

^k *three*] So two eds Quarto C "thee"

^l *turn*] So two eds Quarto C "turned"

^m *chares*] i e works, jobs

ⁿ *learn'd*] So two eds Quarto C "and learn'd"

^o *murderers*] See note, p 218

To me than to her breast^p-inhabitants,
 What power of men and horse, gentry's revenues,
 Who well affected to our side, who ill,
 Who neither well nor ill, all the neutrality
 Thirty-eight thousand souls have been seduc'd,
 Pawn,

Since the jails^q vomited with the pill I gave 'em

B KT 's PAWN Sure, you put oil of toad into^r
 that physic, sir

B KNIGHT I'm now about a masterpiece of play
 T' entrap the White Knight, and with false allure-
 ments

Entice him to the Black House,—more will follow,—
 Whilst our Fat Bishop sets upon the Queen,
 Then will our game lie sweetly

Enter Fat Bishop with a book

B KT 's PAWN He's come now, sir

F BISHOP Here's *Taxa Poenitentiarum*, Knight,
 The Book of General Pardons, of all prices
 I have been searching for his sin this half hour,
 And cannot light upon't

B KNIGHT That's strange, let me see't.

B KT 's PAWN Wretched that I am! hath my
 rage done that

There is no precedent of pardon for?

B KNIGHT [*reads*] *For wilful murder thirteen*
 pound four shillings

And sixpence,—that's reasonable cheap,—For killing,
Killing, killing, killing, killing,—

Why, here's nothing but *killing*, Bishop, on this side

F BISHOP Turn the sheet o'er, and you shall find
 adultery

And other trivial sins

^p *breast*] So both MSS Eds "best."

^q *the jails, &c*] See note, p 350

^r *into*] So two eds Quarto C "in"

B KNIGHT Adultery? O,
 I'm in't now—[reads] *For adultery a couple
 Of shillings, and for fornication fivepence,—*
 Mass,^s these are two good pennyworths! I cannot
 See how a man can mend himself—*For lying
 With mother, sister, or^t daughter,—ay, marry, sir,—
 Thirty-three pounds three shillings and^u threepence,—*
 The sin's gradation right, paid all in threes too

F BISHOP You've read the story of that monster,
 sir,
 That got his daughter, sister, and his wife
 Of his own mother?

B KNIGHT [reads] *Simony, nine pound*

F BISHOP They may thank me for that, it was
 nineteen

Before I came,
 I've mitigated many of the sums^v

B KNIGHT [reads] *Sodomy, sixpence—you should
 put that sum*

Ever on the backside of your book, Bishop

F BISHOP There's few on's very forward, sir

B KNIGHT What's here, sir? [reads] *Two old
 precedents of encouragement—*

F BISHOP Ay, those are ancient notes

B KNIGHT [reads] *Given, as a gratuity, for the
 killing of an heretical prince with a poisoned knife,
 ducats five thousand^w*

F BISHOP True, sir, that was paid

B KNIGHT [reads] *Promised also to doctor Lopez^x
 for poisoning the maiden queen of the White Kingdom,*

^s Mass] So two eds Not in Quarto C

^t or] So two eds Quarto C "and"

^u and] So two eds Not in Quarto C

^v sums] So two eds Quarto C "sinnes"

^w thousand] So two eds Quarto C "thousands"

^x doctor Lopez, &c] Lopez, domestic physician to Queen Elizabeth, was executed for having accepted a bribe from

ducats twenty thousand, which said sum was afterwards given as a meritorious alms to the nunnery at Lisbon, having at this present ten thousand pounds more at use in the town-house of Antwerp

B K T 's PAWN What's all this to my conscience,
worthy holiness?

I sue for pardon, I've brought money with me

Spain to destroy her Taylor, the water-poet, in the 13th stanza (or sonnet) of *The Churches Deliverances*, tell, in his own homely and facetious manner, the story of Lopez, p 145 — *Worke*, 1630 Dekker introduces him actually making an attempt on the queen's life, in the following passage of *The Whore of Babylon*, 1607

"TITANIA Is Lupus here, our Doctor?

LUPUS Gracious Lady

TITANIA You haue a lucky hand since you were ours,

It quickens our tast well, fill vs of that

You last did minister a draught, no more,

And giue it fire, euen Doctor how thou wilt

LUPUS I made a new extraction, you shall neuer

Rellish the like

TITANIA Why, shall that be my last?

LUPUS Oh my deere Mistres!

TITANIA Go, go, I dare sware thou lou'st my very heart

TITANIA Sure 'tis too hot

FIDELI Oh roague!

TITANIA Set it to coole

FIDELI Hell and damnation, Duels

FLORIMELL What's that?

FIDELI The damned'st treason! Dog, you whorsen dog,
O blessed mayd let not the toad come neere her

What's this? If't be his brewing, touch it not,

For 'tis a drench to kill the strongest Deuill

That's Druncke all day with brimstone come sucke, Weezell,

Sucke your owne teat, you—pray

Thou art preseru'd

TITANIA From what? From whome?

FIDELI Looke to that Ghister-pipe

One crowne doe's serue thy tourne, but heere's a theefe,

That must haue 50000 crownes to steale

F BISHOP. You must depart, you see there is
no precedent

Of any price or pardon for your fact

B KT's PAWN Most miserable! Are fouler sins
remitted,

Killing, nay, wilful murder?

F BISHOP True, there's instance

We're you to kill him, I would pardon you,
There's precedent for that, and price set down,
But none for gelding

B KT's PAWN I've pick'd out understanding
now for ever

Out of that cabalistic bloody riddle

I'll make away all my estate,[†] and kill him,

And by that act obtain full absolution

[*Aside, and exit*]

Thy life Here 'tis in blacke and white—thy life

Sirra thou Vrinall, Tynoco, Gama,

Andrada, and Ibarra, names of Duels,

Or names to fetch vp Duels thou knowest these Scar-crowes

LUPUS Oh mee! O mercy, mercy! I confesse

FIDELI Well sayd, thou shalt be hang'd then

TITANIA Haue we for this

Shee reads the letter

Heap'd fauours on thee?

Enter Guard

FIDELI Heape halters on him call the Guard out pole-
cat

He smells, thy conscience stincks Doctor, goe purge

Thy soule, for 'tis diseas'd Away with Lupus

OMNES Away with him foh

LUPUS Here my tale but out

FIDELI Ther's too much out already

LUPUS Oh me accursed! and most miserable

Exit with Guard "

Sigs a 4, h

In the above passage the old ed has, by a misprint, "*Ropus*" instead of "*Lupus*" when he appears in an earlier scene he is called "*Lupus*," which a marginal note explains to mean "*Lopes*" Sig F

[†] estate] So two eds Quarto C "state"

Enter Black King

B KING Why, Bishop, Knight, where's your removes, your traps?
Stand you now idle in the heat of game?

B KNIGHT My life for yours, Black sovereign,
the game's ours,
I have wrought underhand for the White Knight
And his brave Duke, and find 'em coming both

F BISHOP Then for their sanctimonious Queen's
surprisal, sir,
In that state-puzzle and distracted hurry,
Trust my arch-subtlety with

B KING ⁷ O eagle pride!
Never was game more hopeful of our side

[*Exeunt B King and F Bishop*]

B KNIGHT If Bishop² Bull-beef be not snapt^a
next^b bout,
As the men stand, I'll never trust art more [*Exit.*]

SCENE III

Dumb Show

Recorders Enter Black Queen's Pawn with a taper
in her hand, she conducts White Queen's Pawn,
in her night-attire,^c into one chamber, and then
conveys Black Bishop's Pawn, in his night-habit,
into another chamber, and putting out the light,
follows him

⁷ B King] So two eds Quarto C "Bl Kn"

² Bishop] So two eds Quarto C "Bishops"

^a snapt] So two eds Quarto C "snatch'd"

^b next] So MS Bridge Eds "at next"

^c her night-attire his night-habit] So MS Lansd only

SCENE IV

*Field between the two Houses**Enter White Knight and White Duke*

W KNIGHT True, noble Duke, fair virtue's^d most
 endear'd one,

Let us prevent^e their rank insinuation
 With truth of cause and courage, meet their plots
 With confident goodness that shall strike 'em gro-
 velling

W DUKE Sir, all the gins, traps, and alluring
 snares,
 The devil hath been at work since eighty-eight^f on,
 Are laid for the great hope of this game only

W KNIGHT Why, the more noble will truth's
 triumph be
 When they have wound about our constant courages
 The glittering'st^g serpent that e'er falsehood fa-
 shion'd,

And glorying most in his resplendent poisons,
 Just heaven can find a bolt to bruise his head

W DUKE Look, would you see destruction lie
 a-sunning?

Enter Black Knight

In yonder smile sit^h blood and treachery basking,
 In that perfidious model of faceⁱ-falsehood
 Hell is drawn grinning

W KNIGHT What a pain it is
 For truth to feign a little^j

^d *virtue's*] So two eds Quarto C "vertue"

^e *prevent*] 1 e anticipate

^f *eighty-eight*] 1 e 1588—the year of the Spanish armada.

^g *glittering'st*] So both MSS Eds "glittering"

^h *sit*] Eds "sits"

ⁱ *face*] So two eds Quarto C "falce"

B KNIGHT O fair Knight,
The rising glory of that House of Candour,
Have I so many protestations lost,
Lost, lost, quite lost? am I not worth your confidence?

I that have vow'd the faculties of soul,
Life, spirit, and brain, to your sweet game of youth,
Your noble, fruitful game? Can you mistrust
Any foul play in me, that have been ever
The most submissive observer of your virtues,
And no way tainted with ambition,
Save only to be thought your¹ first admirer?
How often have I chang'd, for your delight,
The royal presentation of my place
Into a mimic jester, and become,
For your sake and th' expulsion of sad thoughts,
Of a grave state-sire^k a light son of pastime,
Made three-score years a tomboy, a mere wanton!
I'll tell you what I told a Savoy dame once,
New-wed, high-plump, and lusting for an issue
Within the year I promis'd her a child,
If she could^l stride over saint Rumbant's^m breeches,
A relique kept at Mechlin the next morning
One of my followers' old hoseⁿ was convey'd
Into her chamber, where she tried the feat,
By that, and a court-friend, after grew great

¹ *your*] So two eds Quarto C "you"

^k *sire*] So both MSS Eds "sir" and "sire"

^l *could*] Two eds "would" but see the third line following

^m *Rumbant's*] So all the eds and both MSS The right reading, I have little doubt, is "*Rumbold's*," or rather "*Rumold's*"—"A great and sumptuous church was built at Mechlin to receive his [St Rumold's] precious relics, which is still possessed of that treasure, and bears the name of this saint" Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, vol vii p 2, sec ed In the title-page of his *Life*, 1662, written in Latin by Ward, he is termed "advocatus sterilium conjugum"

ⁿ *hose*] i e breeches.

W KNIGHT Why, who could be without thee?

B KNIGHT I will change

To any shape to please you, and my aim
Hath been to win your love in all this game

W KNIGHT Thou hast it nobly, and we long to
see

The Black-House pleasure, state, and dignity

B KNIGHT Of honour you'll so surfeit and de-
light,

You'll ne'er desire again to see the White [*Exeunt*

Enter White Queen

W QUEEN My love, my hope, my dearest! O,
he's gone,

Ensnar'd, entrapt, surpris'd amongst the Black
ones!

I never felt extremity like this
Thick darkness dwells upon this hour, integrity,
Like one of heaven's bright luminaries, now
By error's dullest element interpos'd,
Suffers a black eclipse I never was
More sick of love than now I am of horror
I shall be taken, the game's lost, I'm set upon!—

Enter Fat Bishop

O, 'tis the turncoat Bishop, having watch'd
Th' advantage of his play, comes now to seize on
me!

O, I am hard beset, distress most miserably!

F BISHOP 'Tis vain to stir, remove which way
you can,

I take you now, this is the time we've hop'd for
Queen, you must down

W QUEEN No rescue, no deliverance!ⁿ

ⁿ *deliverance*] So MS Bridge Eds "deluier" and "de-
liuerer"

F BISHOP The Black King's blood burns for thy
 prostitution,
 And nothing but the spring of thy chaste virtue
 Can cool his inflammation, instantly

Enter White Bishop

He dies upon a plunisy of luxury,^o
 If he deflower thee not

W QUEEN O strait of misery!

W BISHOP And is your holiness his divine pro-
 curer?

F BISHOP The devil's in't, I'm taken by a ring-
 dove!

Where stood this Bishop that I saw him not?

W BISHOP O,^p you were so ambitious you look'd
 o'er me!

You aim'd at no less person than the Queen,
 The glory of the game, if she were won,
 The way were open to the master-check,

Enter White King

Which, look you, he and his live^q to give you,
 Honour and virtue guide him in his station!

W QUEEN O my safe sanctuary!

W KING Let heaven's blessings
 Be mine no longer than I am thy sure one!
 The dove's house is not safer in the rock
 Than thou in my firm bosom

W QUEEN I am blest in't

W KING Is it that lump of rank ingratitude,
 Swell'd with the poison of hypocrisy?
 Could he be so malicious, hath partaken
 Of the sweet fertile blessings of our kingdom?—

^o *luxury*] i e lust

^p *O*] So two eds Not in Quarto C

^q *live*] Eds "lives"

Bishop, thou'st done our White House gracious
service,

And worthy the fair reverence of thy place —
For thee, Black holiness, that work'st out thy death
As the blind mole, the properest son of earth,
Who, in the casting his ambitious hills up,
Is often taken and destroy'd i' the midst
Of his advancèd work, 'twere well with thee
If, like that verminous labourer, which thou imi-
tat'st

In hills of pride and malice, when death puts thee up,
The silent grave might prove thy bag for ever,
No deeper pit than that for thy vain hope
Of the White Knight and his most firm assistant,
Two princely pieces, which I know thy thoughts
Give lost for ever now, my strong assurance
Of their fix'd virtues, could you let in seas
Of populous untruths against that fort,
'Twould burst the proudest billows

W QUEEN My fear's past then

W KING Fear? you were never^a guilty of an
injury

To goodness, but in that

W QUEEN It stay'd not with me, sir

W KING It was too much if it usurp'd a thought
Place a strong^r guard there

W QUEEN Confidence is set, sir

W KING Take that prize hence, go, reverend
of men,

Put covetousness into the bag again.

F BISHOP The bag had need be sound, or't goes
to wrack,

Sin and my weight will make a strong one crack

[*Exeunt.*

^a *were never*] So two eds Quarto C "neuer were"

^r *strong*] So two eds Quarto C "good"

ACT V SCENE I

Before the Black House

Loud music * *Black Bishop's Pawn discovered above
enter Black Knight in his litter,† as passing in
haste over the stage*

B KNIGHT Hold, hold †

Is the Black Bishop's Pawn, the Jesuit,
Planted above for his concise oration ? ‡

B B PAWN *Ecce triumphantis, me fixum Cæsaris
arce †*

B KNIGHT Art there, my holy boy ? sirrah,
Bishop Tumbrel

Is snapt ‡ i' the bag by this time

B B PAWN *Hæretici pereant sic †*

B KNIGHT All Latin † sure th' oration hath in-
fected him

Away, away, make haste, they are coming

Hautboys again * *Enter Black King, Black Queen,
Black Duke, with Pawns, meeting White Knight
and White Duke Black Bishop's Pawn from
above entertains him ‡ with this Latin oration* ‡

B B PAWN *Si quid mortalibus unquam oculis*

* *Loud music*] So MS Bridge only

† *in his litter, &c*] So two eds Not in Quarto C — "As he
[Gondomar] was carried in his Litter or bottomless Chair (the
easiest seat for his Fistula)," &c Wilson's *Life and Reign of
James*, p 146, ed 1653

‡ *concise oration*] So both MSS Quarto C "course ora-
tion" Other eds "consecration"

† *triumphantis*] Eds and MSS "triumphanti"

‡ *snapt*] So two eds Quarto C "snap"

* *Hautboys again*] So MS Bridge only

† *him*] i e the White Knight

‡ *Enter Black King Latin oration*] So two eds Quarto
C has only "Enter Bl K Q. D K and Wh Kni and D"

*hularem et gratum aperuit diem, si quid peramantibus
amicorum animis gaudium attulit peperitve lætitiā,
Eques Candidissime, prælucentissime, felicem profecto
tuum a Domo Candoris ad Domum Nigritudinis ac-
cessum promississe, peperisse, attulisse fatemur omnes
adventus tui conflagentissimi, omni qua possumus
lætitiā, gaudio, congratulatione, acclamatione, animis
observantissimis, affectibus devotissimis, obsequiis vene-
rabundis, te sospitem congratulamur !*

B KING Sir, in this short congratulatory speech
You may conceive how the whole House affects you

B KNIGHT The colleges and sanctimonious seed-
plots

W KNIGHT 'Tis clear and so acknowledg'd,
royal sir

B KING What honours, pleasures, rarities, de-
lights,

Your noble thought can think ——

B QUEEN Your fair eye fix^y on,
That's comprehended in the spacious circuit
Of our Black Kingdom, they're your servants all

W KNIGHT How amply you endear us !

W DUKE They are favours
That equally enrich the royal giver,
As the receiver, in the free donation

[*Music* *An altar is discovered with tapers un-
lit, and divers images about it*]

B KNIGHT Hark, to enlarge your welcome, from
all parts

Is heard sweet-sounding airs ! abstruse things open
Of voluntary freeness, and yon altar,
The seat of adoration, seems t' adore
The virtues you bring with you

W KNIGHT There's a taste
Of the old vessel still

^y *fix*] So two eds Quarto C "fixed"

W DUKE Th' erroneous relish ^r

Song

*Wonder work some strange delight,
 (This place was never yet without),
 To welcome the fair^z White-House Knight,
 And to bring our hopes about '
 May from the altar flames aspire,
 Those tapers set themselves on fire '
 May senseless things our joys approve,^a
 And those brazen statues move,
 Quicken'd by some power above,
 Or what more strange, to shew our love '
 [Flames rise from the altar, the tapers take
 fire, and the images move in a dance*

B KNIGHT A happy omen waits upon this hour,
 All move portentously the right-hand way

B KING^b Come, let's set free all the most choice
 delights,
 That ever adorn'd days or quicken'd nights
 [Exeunt

SCENE II

Field between the two Houses.

Enter White Queen's Pawn

W Q PAWN I see 'twas but a trial of my duty
 now,
 Hath a more^c modest mind, and in that virtue
 Most worthily hath fate provided for me

^r *W Duke Th' erroneous relish*] So two eds Not in Quarto C

^z *the fair*] So both MSS Eds "thee the faire"

^a *approve*] i e prove

^b *B King*] So two eds Quarto C "Bl K P"

^c *more*] So two eds Quarto C "most"

Enter Black Bishop's Pawn in his reverend habit

Hah! 'tis the bad man in the reverend habit
Dares he be seen again, traitor to holiness,
O marble-fronted impudence! and knows
How much has wrong'd^c me? I'm asham'd he
blushes not

B B PAWN Are you yet stor'd with any woman's
pity?

Are you the mistress of so much devotion,
Kindness, and charity, as to bestow
An alms of love on your poor sufferer yet
For your sake only?

W Q PAWN Sir, for the reverend respect you
ought

To give to sanctity, though none to me,
In being her servant vow'd and wear her livery,
If I might counsel, you should never speak
The language of unchasteness in that habit,
You would not think how ill it doth with you
The world's a stage on which all parts are play'd
You'd think it most absurd to see a devil
Presented there not in a devil's shape,
Or, wanting one, to send him out in yours,
You'd rail at that for an absurdity
No college e'er committed For decorum' sake,
then,

For pity's cause, for sacred virtue's honour,
If you'll persist still in your devil's part,
Present him as you should do, and let one
That carries up the goodness of the play
Come in that habit, and I'll speak with him,
Then will the parts be fitted, and the spectators

^c *much has wrong'd*] So MS Bridge Eds "ill hath (and
"has") vs'd"

Know which is which they must have cunning
judgments^d

To find it else, for such a one as you
Is able to deceive a mighty audience,
Nay, those you have seduc'd, if there be any
In the assembly, when^e they see what manner
You play your game with me, they cannot love you
Is there so little hope of you, to smile, sir?

B B PAWN Yes, at your fears, at th' ignorance
of your power,
The little use you make of time, youth, fortune,
Knowing you have a husband for lust's shelter,
You dare not yet make bold with a friend's comfort,
This is the plague of weakness

W Q PAWN So hot burning!
The syllables of sin fly from his lips
As if the letter came new-cast^f from hell

B B PAWN Well, setting by^g the dish you loathe
so much,
Which hath been heartily tasted by your betters,
I come to marry you to the gentleman
That last enjoy'd you I hope that pleases you,
There's no immodest relish in that office

W Q PAWN Strange of all men he should first
light on him
To tie that holy knot that sought t' undo me!

[*Aside.*
Were you requested to perform that business, sir?

B B PAWN I name you a sure token

W Q PAWN As for that, sir,
Now you're most welcome, and my fair hope's of
you,

^d judgments] So two eds Quarto C "judgement"

^e when] So MS Bridge Eds "if"

^f cast] So two eds Quarto C "last"

^g by] So MS Bridge Eds "aside"

You'll^s never break the sacred knot you tie once
With any lewd soliciting hereafter

B B PAWN But all the craft's in getting of it
knit

You're all on fire to make your cozening market
I am the marrier and the man—do you know me?
Do you know me, nice iniquity, strict luxury,^h
And holy whoredom?—that would clap on marriage
With all hot speed to solder up your game
See what a scourge fate hath provided for thee!
You were a maid, swear still, you're no worse now,
I left you as I found you have I startled you?
I'm quit with you now for my discovery,
Your outcries, and your cunningⁱ farewell, brok-
age!

W Q PAWN Nay, stay, and hear me but give
thanks a little,

If your ear can endure a work so gracious,
Then you may take your pleasure

B B PAWN I have done that

W Q PAWN Thou^j power, that hath preserv'd
me from this devil ——

B B PAWN How?

W Q PAWN This that may challenge the chief
chair in hell,

And sit above his master ——

B B PAWN Bring in merit

W Q PAWN That suffered'st him, through blind
lust, to be led

Last night to the action of some common bed ——

B Q PAWN [*within*] Not over-common neither

B B PAWN Hah, what voice is that?

^s You'll] So MSS Eds "You'd."

^h luxury] i e lust, incontinence

ⁱ cunning] So two eds Quarto C "cunnings"

^j Thou] Eds and both MSS "That"

W Q PAWN Of virgins be thou ever honour-
ed!—

Now you may go, you hear I've given thanks, sir

B B PAWN Here's a strange game! Did not I
lie with you?

B Q PAWN [*within*] No

B B PAWN What the devil art thou?

W Q PAWN I will not answer you, sir,

After thanksgiving

B B PAWN Why, you made promise to me

After the contract

B Q PAWN [*within*] Yes

B B PAWN Mischief confound thee!

I speak not to thee—and you were prepar'd for't,
And set your joys more high——

B Q PAWN [*within*] Than you could reach, sir

B B PAWN This is some^k bawdy Pawn, I'll slit
the throat on't!

Enter Black Queen's Pawn

B Q PAWN What, offer violence to your bed-
fellow?

To one that works so kindly without rape?

B B PAWN My bedfellow?

B Q PAWN Do you plant your scorn against
me?

Why, when I was probationer at Brussels,
That engine was not known, then adoration
Fill'd up the place, and wonder was in fashion
Is't turn'd to the wild seed of contempt so soon?
Can five years stamp a bawd? pray, look upon me,
sir,

I've youth enough to take it 'tis no longer
Since you were chief agent for the transportation

^k some] So two eds Quarto C "a."

Of ladies' daughters, if you be remember'd
Some of their portions I could name, who purs'd
'em too

They were soon dispossess'd of worldly cares
That came into your fingers

B B PAWN Shall I hear her?

B Q PAWN Holy derision, yes, till thy ears^m
swell

With thine own venom, thy profane life's vomit
Whose niece was she you poison'd, with child twice,
And gave her out possess'd with a foul spirit,
When 'twas indeed your bastard?

B B PAWN I am taken
In mine own toils!

Enter White Queen and White Bishop's Pawn

W B PAWN. Yes, and 'tis just you should be

W QUEENⁿ And thou, lewd Pawn, the shame of
womanhood!

B B PAWN I'm lost of all hands!

B Q PAWN And I cannot feel

The weight of my perdition, now he's taken,
'T hath not the burden of a grasshopper

B B PAWN Thou whore of order, cockatrice^o in
voto!

Enter Black Knight's Pawn

B KT's PAWN Yon's the White Bishop's Pawn,
I'll play at's heart now

W Q PAWN How now, black villain! would'st
thou heap a murder

On thy first foul offence? O merciless bloodhound,
'Tis time that thou wert taken!

^m ears] So two eds Quarto C "eare"

ⁿ W Queen] So both MSS Eds "W Q P"

^o cockatrice] A cant term for a harlot.

B KT's PAWN Death ¹P prevented?
 W. Q PAWN For thy sake and that partner in
 thy shame,
 I'll never know man further than by name
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III

In the Black House

Enter Black King, Black Queen, Black Knight, Black Duke, Black Bishop, White Knight, and White Duke

W KNIGHT You have enrich'd my knowledge,
 royal^a sir,
 And my content together

B KING 'Steard of riot
 We set you only welcome surfeit is
 A thing that's seldom heard of in these parts

W KNIGHT I hear of the more virtue when I
 miss on't

B KNIGHT. We do not use to bury in our bellies
 Two hundred thousand ducats, and then boast on't,
 Or exercise th' old Roman painful idleness
 With care of fetching fishes far from home,
 The golden-headed coracine out of Egypt,
 The salpa from Ebusus,² or the pelamis,
 Which some call summer-whiting, from Chalcedon,
 Salmons from Aquitaine, helops from Rhodes,
 Cockles from Chios, frank'd³ and fatted up

¹ *Death*] So two eds Quarto C "How"

^a *royal*] So two eds Quarto C "noble"

² *Ebusus*] Quarto C and both MSS "Eleusis." Two eds
 "Ebusis"—"Circa Ebusum [1 e Ivica] salpa." Plin *Hist*
Nat l ix c 18 t 1 p 511, ed Hard. 1723

³ *frank'd*] 1 e stuff, crammed. (A *frank* meant a place to
 fatten hogs and other animals in)

With far and sapa,^s flour and cocted wine,
 We cram no birds, nor, Epicurean^t-like,
 Enclose some creeks o' the sea, as Sergius Orata^u did,
 He that invented the first stews for oysters
 And other sea-fish, who, besides the pleasure of his
 Own throat, got large revenues by thⁱ invention,
 Whose fat example the nobility follow'd,
 Nor do we imitate that arch-gormandiser
 With two-and-twenty courses at one dinner,
 And, betwixt every course, he and his guests
 Wash'd and us'd women, then sat down and strength-
 en'd,

Lust swimming in their dishes, which no sooner
 Was tasted but was ready to be vented

W KNIGHT Most impious epicures!

B KNIGHT We commend rather,

Of two extremes, the parsimony of Pertinax,
 Who had half-lettuces set up to serve again,
 Or his successor Julian,^v that would make
 Three meals of a lean hare, and often^w sup
 With a green fig and wipe his beard, as we can
 The old bewailers of excess in those days
 Complain'd there was more coin bid for a cook
 Than for a war-horse, but now cooks are pur-
 chas'd

^s *far and sapa*] The remainder of the line is an explanation of these words, yet it may be necessary to add that *cocted* is boiled

^t *Epicurean*] So two eds Quarto C "Epicidean"

^u *Orata*] Eds and both MSS "Crata."—Sergius was so called from the fish *orata* or *aurata* see Macr (*Sat* l ii c xi p 361, ed. 1670), Pliny, Festus, &c — Middleton, perhaps, intended only one of the names—"Sergius" or "Orata"—to stand in the line

^v *his successor Julian*] Did Middleton confound Didius Julianus (who purchased the empire on the murder of Pertinax,) with Julian the apostate?

^w *often*] So both MSS Eds "after"

After the rate of triumphs,^w and some dishes
 After the rate of cooks, which must needs make
 Some of your White-House gormandizers, 'specially
 Your wealthy plump plebeians, like the hogs
 Which Scaliger cites,^x that could not move for fat,
 So insensible of either prick or goad,
 That mice made holes to needle^y in their buttocks,
 And they ne'er felt 'em There was once a ruler,
 Cyrene's governor,^z chok'd with his own paunch,
 Which death fat Sanctius,^a king of Castile, fearing,
 Through his infinite mass of belly, rather chose
 To be kill'd suddenly by a pernicious herb
 Taken to make him lean, which old Corduba,
 King of Morocco, counsell'd his fear to,
 Than he would hazard to be stunk^b to death,
 As that huge cormorant that was chok'd before him
 W KNIGHT Well, you're as sound a spokesman,
 sir, for parsimony,
 Clean abstinence, and scarce one meal a-day,
 As ever spake with tongue

^w triumphs] i e. public shows

^x the hogs which Scaliger cites] An allusion, perhaps, to the following passage "Pinguescit autem longe magis sus adeoque pinguescit, ut pene totus immobilis reddatur Neque enim fabulosum est, in eorum clunibus excavare sibi mures foveas, non equidem ut midificent, sed ut saginentur" J C Scaliger *De Subtilitate ad Cardanum, Exer cxcix* 2 p 610, ed 1634

^y needle] i e. nestle

^z Cyrene's governor] i e. Magas see Athenæus, l xii c 12, t iv p 544, ed Schw

^a Sanctius] So two eds Quarto C "Sauetius"—Wanley states that Sanctius, "by the advice of Garsia King of Navarre, made peace with Miramolne King of Corduba, went over to him, was honourably receiv'd, and in his Court was cured by an herb prescribed by the Physicians of that King" *Wonders, &c*, p 47, ed 1678 See also Grimeston's (translation of Turquet's) *Histoire of Spaine*, p 205, ed 1612

^b stunk] So both MSS Eds "strucke" and "stung"

B KING Censure him mildly, sir ,
'Twas but to find discourse

B QUEEN He'll raise[t] of any thing

W KNIGHT I shall be half afraid to feed here-
after

W DUKE Or I, beshrew my heart, for I fear
fatness,

The fog of fatness, as I fear a dragon

The comeliness I wish for, that's as glorious

W KNIGHT Your course is wondrous strict I
should transgress, sure,^b

Were I to change my side, as you've much wrought
me

B KNIGHT How you misprize ' this is not meant
to you ward

You that are wound up to the height of feeding

By clime and custom, are dispens'd withal ,

You may eat kid, cabrito, calf, and tons,^c

Eat and eat every day, twice, if you please ,

Nay, the frank'd^d hen, fatten'd with milk and corn,

A riot which th' inhabitants of Delos

Were first inventors of, or the cramm'd cockle

W KNIGHT Well, for the food I'm happily re-
solv'd^e in ,

But for the diet of my disposition,

There comes a trouble , you will hardly find

Food to please that

B KNIGHT It must be a strange nature

We cannot find a dish for, having Policy,

The master-cook of Christendom, to dress it

Pray, name your nature's diet.

^b sure] So both MSS Eds "sir"

^c kid, cabrito, calf, and tons] "Kid" and "cabrito,"—the latter a Spanish word—are, I believe, synonymous tons means, perhaps, tunny-fish

^d frank'd] See note, p. 401

^e resolv'd] i e satisfied

W KNIGHT The first mess
Is hot ambition

B KNIGHT That's but serv'd in puff-paste,
Alas, the meanest of our cardinals' cooks
Can dress that dinner your ambition, sir,
Can fetch no further compass than the world?

W KNIGHT That's certain, sir

B KNIGHT We're about that already,
And in the large feast of our vast ambition
We count but the White Kingdom, whence you
come from,

The garden for our cook to pick his salads,
The food's lean France, larded with Germany,
Before which comes the grave, chaste signiory
Of Venice, serv'd in, capon-like, in white broth,
From our chief oven, Italy, the bake-meats,
Savoy the salt, Geneva the chipt manchet,^e
Below the salt^f the Netherlands are plac'd,
A common dish at lower end a' the table,
For meaner pride to fall to for our second course,
A spit of Portugals serv'd in for plovers,
Indians and Moors for blackbirds all this while
Holland stands ready-melted to make sauce
On all occasions when the voider^g comes,
And with such cheer our full hopes we suffice,
Zealand says grace for fashion, then we rise

W KNIGHT Here's meat enough, in^h conscience,
for ambition!

B KNIGHT If there be any want, there's Switzer-
land,

Polonia, and such pickled things will serve
To furnish out the table.

^e *manchet*] 1 e. small loaf or roll of fine white bread

^f *Below the salt*] See note, vol III p 40

^g *voider*] 1 e basket or tray, into which the trenchers, broken meat, &c, were swept from the table with a wooden knife

^h *in*] So two eds Quarto C "on"

W. KNIGHT You say well, sir
 But here's the misery, when I've stopt the mouth
 Of one vice, there's another gapes for food,
 I am as covetous as a barren womb,
 The grave, or what's more ravenous

B KNIGHT We're for you, sir
 Call you that heinous, that's good husbandry?
 Why, we make money of our faith,¹ our prayers,
 We make the very deathbed buy her comforts,
 Most dearly pay for all her¹ pious counsels,
 Leave rich revenues for a few weak orisons,
 Or else they pass unreconcil'd without 'em
 Did you but view the vaults within our monasteries,
 You'd swear then Plutus, whom^k the fiction calls
 The lord of riches, were entomb'd there¹

W KNIGHT Is't possible?

B DUKE You cannot walk for tuns

W DUKE But how shall I bestow the vice I
 bring, sirs?

You quite forget me, I shall be shut out
 By your strict key of life

B KNIGHT Is yours so vild,^m sir?

W DUKE Some that are pleas'd to make a wanton
 on't,

Call it infirmity of blood, flesh-frailty,
 But certain there's a worse name in your books
 for't

B KNIGHT The trifle of all vices, the mere in-
 nocent,

The very novice of this house of clay,—venery
 If I but hug thee hard, I shew the worst on't,
 'Tis all the fruit we have here after supper,

¹ *faith*] So two eds Quarto C "faiths"

¹ *her*] So two eds Quarto C "their"

^k *whom*] So two eds Quarto C "which"

¹ *there*] So two eds Quarto C "within 'em"

^m *vild*] See note, p 137

Nay, at the ruins of aⁿ nunnery once,
Six thousand infants' heads found in a fish-pond

W DUKE How!

B KNIGHT Ay, how? how came they thither,
think you?

Huldrick, bishop of Augsburg, in's Epistle^o
To Nicholas the first, can tell you how,
May be he was at cleansing of the pond
I can but smile to think how it would puzzle
All mother-maids that ever liv'd in those parts
To know their own child's head But is this all?

B DUKE Are you ours yet?

W KNIGHT One more, and I am silenc'd
But this that comes now will divide us questionless,
'Tis ten times, ten times worse than the forerun-
ners

B KNIGHT Is it so vild there is no name ordain'd
for't?

Toads have their titles, and creation gave
Serpents and adders those names to be known by

ⁿ a] So two eds Quarto C "the"

^o *Epistle to Nicholas the first*] B *Udalrici, Episcopi Augustani, pro conjugio clericorum ad Nicolaum primum, Romanum Pontificem, epistola*, contains the following passage "Sunt vero aliqui, qui sanctum Gregorium suæ sectæ sumunt adiutorium quorum quidem temeritatem rideo, ignorantiam doleo Ignorant enim, quod periculosum hujus hæresis decretum, a sancto Gregorio factum, condigno pœnitentiæ fructu postmodum ab eodem sit purgatum Quippe quum die quadam in vivarium suum propter pisces misisset, et allata inde plus quam sex millia infantum capita videret, intima mox ductus pœnitentia ingemuit, et factum a se de abstinentia decretum, tantæ cædis causam confessus, condigno illud, ut dixi, pœnitentiæ fructu purgavit, suoque decreto prorsus damnato, Apostolicum illud (1 Cor 9 7) laudavit consilium *Melius est nubere, quam uri*, addens ex sua parte, *Melius est nubere, quam mortis occasionem præbere*" Appendix to *Calixti de Conjugio Clericorum Liber*, Pars II p 550, ed Henke

W KNIGHT This of all others bears the hiddenest
venom,

The smoothest poison, I'm an arch-dissembler, sir

B KNIGHT How?

W KNIGHT 'Tis my nature's brand, turn from
me, sir,

The time is yet to come that e'er I spoke

What my heart meant

B KNIGHT And call you that a vice?—

Avoid all profanation, I beseech you,—

The only prime state-virtue upon earth,

The policy of empires, O, take heed, sir,

For fear it take displeasure and forsake you!

'Tis like a jewel of that precious value,

Whose worth's not known but to the skilful lapidary,

The instrument that picks ope princes' hearts,

And locks up ours from them, with the same motion

You never came so near our souls as now

B DUKE Now you're a brother to us

B KNIGHT What we have done

Hath been dissemblance ever

W KNIGHT There you lie then,

And the game's ours, we give thee check-mate by

Discovery, King, the noblest mate of all!

B. KNIGHT ° I'm lost, I'm taken!

[*A great shout and flourish*]

W. KNIGHT Ambitious, covetous,

Luxurious falsehood!

W. DUKE Dissembler includes all

B KING ° All hopes confounded!

B QUEEN Miserable condition!

° *B Knight*] One ed and MS Lansd "*B K [ing]*," which may be right, B B Pawn presently says, "King taken"

° *B King*] Two eds and MS Lansd "*B Kt*"

Enter White King, White Queen, White Bishop, White Queen's Pawn, and other White Pawns

W KING O, let me bless mine arms with this dear treasure,
Truth's glorious masterpiece! See, Queen of sweetness,

He's in my bosom safe, and this fair structure
Of comely honour, his true blest assistant
[*Embracing W Knight and W Duke*

W. QUEEN May their integrities ever possess
That powerful sanctuary!

W KNIGHT As 'twas a game, sir,
Won with much hazard, so with much more triumph
We^p gave him check-mate by discovery, sir

W KING Obscurity is now the fittest favour
Falsehood can sue for, it well suits perdition
'Tis their best course that so have lost their fame
To put their heads into the bag for shame,
And there, behold, the bag, like hell-mouth,^q opens
[*The bag opens,^r and the Fat Bishop and the
Black lost Pawns appear in it*

To take her due, and the lost sons appear
Greedily gaping for increase of fellowship
In infamy, the last desire of wretches,
Advancing their perdition-branded foreheads
Like Envy's issue, or a bed of snakes.

^p We] So MS Bridge Eds "I"—Compare l 25 of preceding page

^q *the bag, like hell-mouth*] So MS Bridge Eds "the bags mouth like hell"

^r *The bag opens, &c*] So MS Lansd, except that it makes no mention of the Fat Bishop Quarto C "*The Bagge opens the Bl Side in it*" Two eds "*The Bag opens, the B B slides in it*"—The bag, probably, was either on one side, or at the back, of the stage, during the whole of the play see notes pp 366, 370

B B PAWN [*in the bag*] 'Tis too apparent, the game's lost, King^a taken

F BISHOP [*in the bag*] The White House hath given us the bag,^r I thank 'em

B JESTING PAWN [*in the bag*] They had need give you a whole bag by yourself

'Sfoot, this Fat Bishop^s hath so overlaid me,
So squelch'd^t and squeez'd me, I've no verjuice left
in me^l

You shall find all my goodness, if you look for't,
In the bottom of the bag

F BISHOP [*in the bag*] Thou malapert Pawn!
The Bishop must have room, he will have room,
And room to lie at pleasure

B JESTING PAWN [*in the bag*] All the bag, I think,
Is room too scant for your Spalato^u paunch

B B PAWN [*in the bag*] Down, viper of our order! I abhor thee

Thou shew thy whorish front?

B Q PAWN [*in the bag*] Yes, monster-holiness!

W KNIGHT Contention in the pit^l is hell divided?

W KING You had need have some of majesty
and power

To keep good rule amongst you make room,
Bishop [*Puts B King into the bag*]

F BISHOP [*in the bag*] I'm not so^v easily mov'd
when I'm once set,

I scorn to stir for any king on earth

^a King] So two eds Quarto C "King's"

^r given us the bag] 1 e cheated, or rather, put a trick on us a colloquial phrase, common in our old writers

^s 'Sfoot, this Fat Bishop] Quarto C "This Blacke Bishop"
Other eds "Sfoot this blacke Bishop" MS Lansd "This Fat Black Bishop" MS Bridge "Slid this fat Bishop"

^t squelch'd] 1 e crushed So two eds Quarto C "quelch'd"

^u Spalato] See note, p 365

^v so] So MS Bridge Not in eds

W QUEEN Here comes the Queen, what say you
then to her? [*Puts B Queen into the bag*]

F BISHOP [*in the bag*] Indeed a Queen may make
a Bishop stir

W KNIGHT Room for the mightiest Machiavel-
politician

That e'er the devil hatch'd of a nun's egg¹

[*Puts B Knight into the bag*]

F BISHOP [*in the bag*] He'll pick a hole in the
bag and get out shortly,

But I shall^w be the last man that creeps out,

And that's the misery of greatness ever^x

W DUKE Room for^y a sun-burnt, tansy-fac'd
belov'd,

An olive-colour'd Ganymede¹ and that's all

That's worth the bagging

F BISHOP [*in the bag*] Crowd in all you can,

The Bishop will be still uppermost man,

Maugre King, Queen, or politician

W KING So, let the bag close now, the fittest
womb

For treachery, pride, and falsehood, whilst we,
winner-like,

Destroying, through heaven's power, what would
destroy,

Welcome our White Knight with loud peals of joy

[*Eaeunt omnes*]

^w *But I shall*] So MS Bridge Eds "I'em (and "I'me")
sure to"

^x *greatness ever*] After these words MS Bridge has,

"For the Politician is not sound i' th' vent,
I smell him hither"

which does not connect well with the rest of the speech

^y *Room for, &c*] I have not ventured to insert a stage-di-
rection here, being doubtful which character is meant by the
"olive-coloured Ganymede"

EPILOGUE

By White Queen's Pann

My mistress, the White Queen, hath sent me forth,
And bade me bow thus low to all of worth,
That are true friends of the White House and cause,
Which she hopes most of this assembly draws
For any else, by envy's mark denoted,
To those night glow-worms in the bag devoted,
Where'er they sit, stand, or in private lurk,
They'll be soon known by their depraving work,
But she's assur'd what they'll commit to bane,
Her White friends' hands will build up fair again

ANY THING FOR A QUIET LIFE.

*Any Thing For A Quiet Life A Comedy, Formerly Acted at
Black-Friers, by His late Majesties Servants Never before
Printed Written by Tho Middleton, Gent London Printed
by Tho Johnson for Francis Kirkman, and Henry Marsh, and are
to be sold at the Princes Arms in Chancery-Lane 1662 4to*

In the old ed the whole play, with the exception of a few
lines here and there, is printed as prose, and there is every
reason to believe that the text is greatly corrupted

PROLOGUE.

Howe'er th' intents and appetites of men
Are different as their faces, how and when
T' employ their actions, yet all without strife
Meet in this point,—Any thing for a quiet life
Nor is there one, I think, that's hither come
For his delight, but would find peace at home
On any terms The lawyer does not cease^a
To talk himself into a sweat with pain,
And so his fees buy quiet, 'tis his gain
The poor man does endure the scorching sun
And feels no weariness, his day-labour done,
So his wife entertain him with a smile
And thank his travail, though she slept the while
This being in men of all conditions true
Does give our play a name, and if to you
It yield content and usual delight,
For our parts we shall sleep secure to night.

^a *cease*] Though there is no corresponding rhyme to this word, it does not appear that a line has dropt out, the sense being complete

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LORD BEAUFORT
SIR FRANCIS CRESSINGHAM
GEORGE CRESSINGHAM, } *his sons*
EDWARD, a child, }
FRANKLIN senior
FRANKLIN junior, *his son*
KNAVESBY, a lawyer
SAUNDER, *steward to Sir Francis Cressingham*
WATER-CAMLET, a mercer
GEORGE, } *his apprentices*
RALPH, }
SWEET-BALL, a barber
FLESH-HOOK
COUNTERBUFF
Surveyor, Barber's Boy, &c
LADY CRESSINGHAM, *wife to Sir Francis*
MISTRESS GEORGE CRESSINGHAM, *disguised as Selenger, a*
page to Lord Beaufort
MISTRESS KNAVESBY
MISTRESS WATER CAMLET
MARIA, a child, *daughter to Sir Francis Cressingham*
MARGARITA, a French bawd

Scene, LONDON

ANY THING FOR A QUIET LIFE

ACT I SCENE I

A room in SIR FRANCIS CRESSINGHAM's house

Enter LORD BEAUFORT and SIR FRANCIS CRESSINGHAM

L BEAU Away, I am ashamed of your proceedings!

And, seriously, you have in this one act
O'erthrown the reputation the world
Held of your wisdom

SIR F CRES Why, sir?

L BEAU Can you not see your error?
That having buried so good a wife
Not a month since,—one that, to speak the truth,
Had all those excellencies which our books
Have only feigned to make a complete wife
Most exactly in her in practice,—and to marry
A girl of fifteen, one bred up in the court,
That by all consonancy of reason is like
To cross your estate why, one new gown of hers,
When 'tis paid for, will eat you out the keeping
Of a bountiful Christmas I'm ashamed of you,
For you shall make too dear a proof of it,
I fear, that in the election of a wife,
As in a project of war, to err but once
Is to be undone for ever.

SIR F CRES Good my lord,
I do beseech you, let your better judgment
Go along with your reprehension¹

L BEAU So it does,
And can find nought t' extenuate your fault
But your dotage you're a man well sunk in years,
And to graft such a young blossom into your stock
Is the next way to make every carnal eye
Bespeak your injury Troth, I pity her too,
She was not made to wither and go out
By painted flies, that yield^a her no more heat
Than to be lodg'd in some bleak banqueting-house
I' the dead of winter, and what follows then?
Your shame and the ruin of your children, and
there's

The end of a rash bargain

SIR F CRES With your pardon,
That she is young is true, but that discretion
Has gone beyond her years, and overta'en
Those of maturer age, does more improve^b
Her goodness I confess she was bred at court,
But so retiredly, that, as still the best
In some place is to be learnt there, so her life
Did rectify itself more by the court-chapel
Than by th' office of the revels best of all virtues
Are to be found at court, and where you meet
With writings contrary to this known truth,
They're fram'd by men that never were so happy
To be planted there to know it For the difference
Between her youth and mine, if you will read
A matron's sober staidness in her eye,
And all the other grave demeanour fitting
The governess of a house, you'll then confess
There's no disparity between us

^a *yield*] Old ed "yields"

^b *improve*] i. e. prove

L BEAU Come, 'come, you read

Enter WATER-CAMLET

What you'd have her to be, not what she is —
O, master Water-Camlet, you are welcome

W -CAM I thank your lordship

L BEAU And what news stirring in Cheapside?

W -CAM Nothing new there,^c my lord, but the
Standard^d

L BEAU O, that's a monument your wives take
great delight in I do hear you are grown a mighty
purchaser, I hope shortly to find you a continual
resident upon the north aisle of the Exchange

W -CAM Where? with the Scotchmen?

L BEAU No, sir, with the aldermen

W -CAM Believe it, I am a poor commoner

SIR F CRES Come, you are waim, and blest with
a fair wife

W -CAM There's it, her going brave^e has the
only virtue to improve my credit in the subsidy-
book

L BEAU But, I pray, how thrives your new
plantation of silk-worms? those I saw last summer
at your garden.

W -CAM They are removed, sir

L BEAU Whither?

^c *Nothing new there*] My attempt to restore the prose speeches
in this scene to the blank verse in which they appear to have
been originally written, proved on the whole so unsuccessful,
that I now give them as exhibited in the 4to The text of
the play is, I believe, corrupted throughout and perhaps
the reader, when he meets with sundry passages which are
scarcely metrical, will be of opinion that I ought more fre-
quently to have left the prose of the old edition undisturbed

^d *the Standard*] See note, vol 1 p 438, but I find nothing
in Stow to illustrate the present passage

^e *brave*] i e finely dressed

W -CAM This winter my wife has removed them home to a fair chamber, where divers courtiers use to come and see them, and my wife carries them up I think shortly, what with the store of visitants, they'll prove as chargeable to me as the morrow after Simon and Jude, only excepting the taking down and setting up again of my glass-windows

L BEAU That a man of your estate should be so gripple-minded and repining at his wife's bounty !

SIR F CRES There are no such ridiculous things i' the world as those love money better than themselves, for though they have understanding to know riches, and a mind to seek them, and a wit to find them, and policy to keep them, and long life to possess them, yet, commonly, they have withal such a false sight, such bleared eyes, all their wealth, when it lies before them, does seem poverty, and such a one are you

W -CAM Good sir Francis, you have had sore eyes too, you have been a gamester, but you have given it o'er, and to redeem the vice belonged to't, now you entertain certain farcels^f of silenced ministers, which, I think, will equally undo you, yet should these waste you but lenitively, your devising new water-mill[s] for recovery of drowned land, and certain dreams you have in alchemy to find the philosopher's stone, will certainly draw you to the bottom I speak freely, sir, and would not have you angry, for I love you

SIR F CRES I am deeply in your books for furnishing my late wedding, have you brought a note of the particulars ?

W -CAM No, sir, at more leisure

^f *farcels*] Is, perhaps, a word formed from the verb *farce* (to stuff), though I have not elsewhere met with it

SIR F CRES What comes the sum to?

W-CAM For tissue, cloth-of-gold, velvets, and silks, about fifteen hundred pounds

SIR F CRES Your money is ready

W-CAM Sir, I thank you

SIR F CRES And how do^s my two young children, whom I have put to board with you?

L BEAU Have you put forth two of your children already?

SIR F CRES 'Twas my wife's discretion to have it so

L BEAU Come, 'tis the first principle in a mother-in-law's chop-logic to divide the family, to remove from forth your sight the object[s] that her cunning knows would dull her insinuation. Had you been a kind father, it would have been your practice every day to have preached to these two young ones carefully your late wife's funeral-sermon. 'Las, poor souls, are they turn'd so soon a-grazing?

W-CAM My lord, they are placed where they shall be respected as mine own

Enter GEORGE CRESSINGHAM and FRANKLIN junior

L BEAU I make no question of't, good master Camlet —

See here your eldest son, George^h Cressingham

SIR F CRES You have displeas'd and griev'd your mother-in-law,

And till you've made submission and procur'd

Her pardon, I'll not know you for my son

G. CRES I've wrought her no offence, sir, the difference

^s do] Old ed "does"

^h George] Old ed "Franck"

one of my neighbours, in courtesy to salute me with his musket, set a-fire my fustian and apes breeches ^k such a day I lost fifty pound in hugge-mugger at dice, at the Quest-house ^l item, I lent money to a sea-captain on his bare *Confound him he would pay me again the next morning* and such like For which she rail'd upon me when I should sleep, And that's, you know, intolerable, for indeed 'Twill tame an elephant

G CRES 'Tis a shrewd vexation,
But your discretion, sir, does bear it out
With a month's sufferance

W -CAM Yes, and I would wish you
To follow mine example

FRANK JUN Here's small comfort,
George, from your father, here's a lord whom I
Have long depended upon for employment, I'll
see

If my suit will thrive better — Please your lord-
ship,

You know I'm a younger brother, and my fate
Throwing me upon the late ill-starr'd voyage

see, too, his account of "The practise in the Artillery Garden renewed [in 1610]," *ibid* p 99⁵ At a later period, "the practice" was generally held in Moorfields vide Stow's *Survey*, b iii p 70, ed 1720

^k *fustian and apes breeches*] May be right, though I cannot explain it but qy "Naples breeches" In *The Rates of Marchandizes* (reign of James I) various sorts of "Naples Fustians" are mentioned.

^l *the Quest-house*] Was generally the chief watch-house in a parish to it those were brought who were taken up by the common watchmen, and there, I believe, about Christmas, the aldermen and citizens of the ward used to hold a quest, to inquire concerning misdemeanours and annoyances Some parishes in London still have Quest-houses, St Giles, Cripple-gate, for instance From the present passage it would seem that gambling was sometimes carried on there

To Guiana,¹ failing of our golden hopes,
I and my ship address'd ourselves to seive
The duke of Florence

L BEAU Yes, I understood so

FRANK JUN Who gave me both encouragement
and means

To do him some small service 'gainst the Turk
Being settled there, both in his pay and trust,
Your lordship, minding to rig forth a ship
To trade for the East Indies, sent for me,
And what your promise was, if I would leave
So great a fortune to become your servant,
Your letters yet can witness

L BEAU Yes, what follows?

FRANK JUN That, for ought I perceive, your
former purpose

Is quite forgotten I've stay'd here two months,
And find your intended voyage but a dream,
And the ship you talk of as imaginary
As that th' astronomers point at in the clouds
I've spent two thousand ducats since my arrival,
Men that have command, my lord, at sea, cannot
live

Ashore without money

L BEAU Know, sir, a late purchase,
Which cost me a great sum, has diverted me
From my former purpose, besides, suits in law
Do every term so trouble me by land,
I've forgot going by water If you please
To rank yourself among my followers,
You shall be welcome, and I'll make your means
Better than any gentleman's I keep

¹ *voyage to Guiana*] i e, I presume, the first voyage, under Raleigh, in 1595 there were three voyages to Guiana, see Southey's excellent *Lives of Brit Admirals*, vol iv pp 257, 317, 324

FRANK JUN Some twenty mark^m a-year¹ will
that maintain
Scarlet and gold lace, play at th' ordinary,ⁿ
And bevers^o at the tavern?

L BEAU I had thought
To prefer you to have been captain of a ship
That's bound for the Red Sea

FRANK JUN What hinders it?

L BEAU Why, certainly, the merchants are pos-
sess'd^p
You've been a pirate

FRANK JUN Say I were one still,
If I were past the Line once, why, methinks,
I should do them better service

Enter KNAVESBY

L BEAU Pray, forbear,
Here is a gentleman whose business must
Engross me wholly

G CRES What's he? dost thou know him?

FRANK JUN A pox upon him! a very knave and
ascal,

That goes a-hunting with the penal statutes,
And good for nought but to persuade their lords
To rack their rents and give o'er housekeeping
Such caterpillars may hang at their lords' ears
When better men are neglected

G CRES What's his name?

FRANK JUN Knavesby

G CRES Knavesby!

FRANK JUN One that deals in a tenth share

^m mark] See note, p 10

ⁿ play at the ordinary] See note, vol 1 p 434

^o bevers] i e potations—(the word generally means—refreshments between meals)

^p possess'd] i e informed or, perhaps, convinced see note, vol 1 p 420

About projections he and his partners, when
 They've got a suit once past the seal, will so
 Wrangle about partition, and sometimes
 They fall to th' ears about it, like your fencers,
 That cudgel one another by patent you shall see
 him

So terribly bedash'd in a Michaelmas term,
 Coming from Westminster, that you would swear
 He were lighted from a horse-race Hang him,
 hang him!

He's a scurvy informer, has more cozenage
 In him than is in five travelling lotteries
 To feed a kite with the carrion of this knave
 When he's dead, and reclaim^o her, O she would prove
 An excellent hawk for talon¹ has a fair creature
 To his wife too, and a witty rogue it is,
 And some men think this knave will wink at small
 faults

But, honest George, what shall become of us now?

G CRES Faith, I'm resolvèd to set up my rest
 For^p the Low Countries

FRANK JUN To serve there?

G CRES Yes, certain

FRANK JUN There's thin commons,
 Besides, they've added one day more to the week
 Than was in the creation art thou valiant,
 Art thou valiant, George?

G CRES I may be, and^q I be put to't

FRANK JUN O, never fear that,
 Thou canst not live two hours after thy landing
 Without a quarrel thou must resolve to fight,

^o *reclaim*] 1 e tame

^p *set up my rest for*] 1 e stand upon, take my chance with
 a metaphor from the game of primero see the long article in
 Nares's *Gloss* (*Rest, to set up*)

^q *and*] 1 e if

Or, like a sumner,^r thou'lt be bastinado'd
 At every town's end You shall have gallants there
 As ragged as the fall o' the leaf, that live
 In Holland, where the finest linen's made,
 And yet wear ne'er a shirt these will not only
 Quarrel with a new-comer when they're drunk,
 But they will quarrel with any man has means
 To be drunk afore them Follow my council,

George,

Thou shalt not go o'er, we'll live here i' the city
 G CRES But how?

FRANK JUN How! why, as other gallants do,
 That feed high and play copiously, yet brag
 They've but nine pound a-year to live on these
 Have wit to turn rich fools and gulls into quarter
 days,

That bring them in certain payment I've a project
 Reflects upon yon mercer, master Camlet,
 Shall put us into money

G CRES What is't?

FRANK JUN Nay,

I will not stale^s 't aforehand, 'tis a new one
 Nor cheating amongst gallants may seem strange,
 Why, a reaching wit goes current on th' Exchange

[*Exeunt G CRESSINGHAM and FRANKLIN in morn*]

KNA O, my lord, I remember you and I were
 students together at Cambridge, but, believe me,
 you went far beyond me

L BEAU When I studied there, I had so fantas-
 tical a brain, that like a felfare^t frighted in winter
 by a birding-piece, I could settle no where, here
 and there a little of every several art, and away

KNA Now, my wit, though it were more dull,
 yet I went slowly on, and as divers others, when I

^r *sumner*] i e apparitor

^t *felfare*] A corruption of *fieldfare*

^s *stale*] See note, p 213

could not prove an excellent scholar, by a plodding patience I attained to be a petty lawyer, and I thank my dulness for't you may stamp in lead any figure, but in oil or quicksilver nothing can be imprinted, for they keep no certain station

L BEAU O, you tax me well of irresolution but say, worthy friend, how thrives my weighty suit which I have trusted to your friendly bosom? is there any hope to make me happy?

KNA 'Tis yet questionable, for I have not broke the ice to her an hour hence come to my house, and if it lie in man, be sure, as the law-phrase says, I will create you lord-paramount of your wishes

L BEAU O my best friend! and one that takes the hardest course i' the world to make himself so
[Exit KNAVESBY]—Sir, now I'll take my leave

SIR F CRES Nay, good my lord, my wife is coming down

L BEAU Pray, pardon me, I have business so importunes me o' the sudden, I cannot stay deliver mine excuse, and in your ear this,—let not a fair woman make you forget your children [Exit

Enter LADY CRESSINGHAM and SAUNDER

L CRES What, are you taking leave too?

W-CAM Yes, good madam

L CRES The rich stuff[s] which my husband bought of you, the works of them are too common; I have got a Dutch painter to draw patterns, which I'll have sent to your factors, as in Italy, at Florence, and Ragusa, where these stuffs are woven, to have pieces made for mine own wearing, of a new invention

W-CAM You may, lady, but 'twill be somewhat chargeable

L CRES Chargeable! what of that? if I live

another year, I'll have my agents shall lie for me at Paris, and at Venice, and at Valladolid in Spain, for intelligence of all new fashions

SIR F CRES Do, sweetest, thou deservest to be exquisite in all things

W -CAM The two children, to which you are mother-in-law, would be repaired too, 'tis time they had new clothing

L CRES I pray, sir, do not trouble me with them, they have a father indulgent and careful of them

SIR F CRES I am sorry you made the motion to her

W -CAM I have done —

He has run himself into a pretty dotage! — [*Aside*
Madam, with your leave —

He's tied to a new law and a new wife,

Yet, to my old proverb, Any thing for a quiet life
[*Aside, and exit*

L CRES Good friend, I have a suit to you

SIR F CRES Dearest self, you most powerfully
sway me

L CRES That you would give o'er this fruitless,
if I may not say this idle, study of alchemy, why,
half your house looks like a glass-house

SAUN And the smoke you make is a worse enemy
to good housekeeping than tobacco

L CRES Should one of your glasses break, it
might bring you to a dead palsy.

SAUN. My lord, your quicksilver has made all
your more solid gold and silver fly in fume

SIR F CRES I'll be ruled by you in any thing

L CRES Go, Saunder, break all the glasses

SAUN I fly to't

[*Exit*

L CRES Why, noble friend, would you find the
true philosopher's stone indeed, my good house-

wifery should do it you understand I was bred up with a great courtly lady, do not think all women mind gay clothes and riot, there are some widows living have improved both their own fortunes and their children's would you take my counsel, I'd advise you to sell your land

SIR F CRES My land!

L CRES Yes, and the manor-house upon't, 'tis rotten O the new-fashioned buildings brought from the Hague! 'tis stately I have intelligence of a purchase, and the title sound, will for half the money you may sell yours for, bring you in more rent than yours now yields you

SIR F CRES If it be so good a pennyworth, I need not sell my land to purchase it, I'll procure money to do it

L CRES Where, sir?

SIR F CRES Why, I'll take it up at interest

L CRES Never did any man thrive that purchased with use-money

SIR F CRES How come you to know these thifty principles?

L CRES How? why, my father was a lawyer, and died in the commission, and may not I, by a natural instinct, have a reaching that way? there are, on mine own knowledge, some divines' daughters infinitely affected with reading controversies, and that, some think, has been a means to bring so many suits into the spiritual court Pray, be advised, sell your land, and purchase more I knew a pedlar, by being merchant this way, is become lord of many manors we should look to lengthen our estates, as we do our lives,

Re-enter SAUNDER

And though I'm young, yet I am confident

You able constitution of body,
 When you are past fourscore, shall keep you fresh
 Till I arrive at the neglected year
 That I'm past child-bearing, and yet even there"
 Quickening our faint heats in a soft embrace,
 And kindling divine flames in fervent prayers,
 We may both go out together, and one tomb
 Quit our executors the rites of two

SIR F CRES O, you're so wise and so good in
 every thing,

I move by your direction

SAUN She has caught him

[*Aside*
 [*Exeunt*

ACT II SCENE I

A room in KNAVESBY'S house

Enter KNAVESBY and MISTRESS KNAVESBY.

KNA Have you drunk^v the eggs and muscadine
 I sent you?

MIS KNA. No, they are too fulsome

KNA Away! you're a fool!—How shall I begin
 to break the matter to her? [*Aside*]—I do long,
 wife

MIS KNA Long, sir?

KNA Long infinitely sit down, there is a peni-
 tential motion in me, which if thou wilt but second,
 I shall be one of the happiest men in Europe

MIS KNA What might that be?

^u *even there*] Old ed "ever there" Qy "even then"

^v *Have you drunk, &c*] After arranging the whole of this
 scene as blank verse, I found it so intolerably rugged and
 halting, that, with the exception of a few speeches, I have
 thrown it again into prose

KNA I had last night one of the strangest dreams,
 Methought I was thy confessor, thou mine,
 And we reveal'd between us privately
 How often we had wrong'd each other's bed
 Since we were married

MIS KNA Came you drunk to bed?
 There was a dream, with a witness¹

KNA No, no witness,
 I dreamt nobody heard it but we two
 This dream, wife, do I long to put in act,
 Let us confess each other, and I vow,
 Whatever thou hast done with that sweet corpse
 In the way of natural frailty, I protest,
 Most freely I will pardon

MIS KNA Go sleep again
 Was there e'er such a motion?

KNA Nay, sweet woman,
 And^w thou'lt not have me run mad with my desire,
 Be persuaded to't

MIS KNA Well, be it [at] your pleasure

KNA But to answer truly

MIS KNA O, most sincerely

KNA Begin then, examine me first

MIS KNA Why, I know not what to ask you

KNA Let me see your father was a captain,
 demand of me how many dead pays^x I am to answer
 for in the muster-book of wedlock, by the martial
 fault of borrowing from my neighbours

MIS KNA Troth, I can ask no such foolish
 questions

KNA Why, then, open confession, I hope, dear
 wife, will merit freer pardon I sinned twice with
 my laundress, and last circuit there was at Banbury

^x And] i e if

^x dead pays] i e pay continued to soldiers who were dead,
 taken by dishonest officers for themselves

a she-chamberlain that had a spice of purity, but at last I prevailed over her

MIS KNA O, you are an ungracious husband !

KNA I have made a vow never to ride abroad but in thy company O, a little drink makes me clamber like a monkey ! Now, sweet wife, you have been an out-lier too, which is best feed, in the forest or in the purlieus ?

MIS KNA A foolish mind of you i' this

KNA Nay, sweet love, confess freely, I have given you the example

MIS KNA Why, you know I went last year to Stoubridge fan

KNA Yes

MIS KNA And being in Cambridge, a handsome scholar, one of Emmanuel College, fell in love w th me

KNA O you sweet-breathed monkey !

MIS KNA Go hang, you are so boisterous

KNA But did this scholar shew thee his chamber ?

MIS KNA Yes

KNA And didst thou like him ?

MIS KNA Like him ? O, he had the most enticing straw-coloured beard, a woman with black eyes would have loved him like jet he was the finest man, with a formal wit, and he had a fine dog, that sure was whelped i' the college, for he understood Latin

KNA Pooh waw ! this is nothing, till I know what he did in's chamber

MIS KNA He burnt wormwood in't, to kill the fleas i' the rushes *

KNA But what did he to thee there ?

MIS KNA Some five-and-twenty years hence I

* *rushes*] With which the floor was strewed

may chance tell you fie upon you, what tricks, what crotchets are these? have you placed any body behind the arras to hear my confession? I heard one in England got a divorce from 's wife by such a trick were I disposed now, I would make you as mad you shall see me play the changeling ⁷

KNA No, no, wife, you shall see me play the changeling hadst thou confessed, this other suit I'll now prefer to thee would have been despatched in a trice

MIS KNA And what's that, sir?

KNA Thou wilt wonder at it four-and-twenty years longer than nine days

MIS KNA I would very fain hear it

KNA There is a lord o' the court, upon my credit, a most dear, honourable friend of mine, that must lie with thee do you laugh? 'tis not come to that, you'll laugh when you know who 'tis

MIS KNA Are you stark mad?

KNA On my religion, I have past my word for't, 'Tis the Lord Beaufort, thou'rt made happy for ever,

The generous and bountiful Lord Beaufort
You being both so excellent, 'twere pity
If such rare pieces should not be conferr'd
And sampled together

MIS KNA Do you mean seriously?

KNA As I hope for preferment

MIS KNA And can you lose me thus?

KNA Lose you? I shall love you the better why, what's the viewing any wardrobe or jewel-house, without a companion to confer their likings? yet, now I view thee well, methinks thou art a rare monopoly, and great pity one man should enjoy thee

⁷ *changeling*] i e fool.

MIS KNA This is pretty!

KNA Let's divorce ourselves so long, or think I am gone to th' Indies, or lie with him when I am asleep, for some Familists² of Amsterdam will tell you [it] may be done with a safe conscience come, you wanton, what hurt can this do to you? I protest, nothing so much as to keep company with an old woman has sore eyes, no more wrong than I do my beaver when I try it thus, look, this is all, smooth, and keeps fashion still

MIS KNA You're one of the basest fellows!

KNA I look'd for chiding,
I do make this a kind of fortitude
The Romans never dreamt of, and^a 'twere known,
I should be spoke and writ of when I'm rotten,
For 'tis beyond example

MIS KNA But, I pray, resolve^b me,
Suppose this done, could you e'er love me after?

KNA I protest I never thought so well of thee
Till I knew he took a fancy to thee, like one
That has variety of choice meat before him,
Yet has no stomach to't until he hear
Another praise [it] hark, my lord is coming!

[Knocking within]

MIS KNA Possible?

KNA And my preferment comes along with him -
be wise, mind your good, and to confute all reason
in the world which thou canst urge against it, when
'tis done, we will be married again, wife, which
some say is the only *supersedeas* about Limehouse
to remove cuckoldry

Enter LORD BEAUFORT

L BEAU Come, are you ready to attend me to
the court?

² *Familists*] See note, vol 1 p 104

^a *and*] i e if

^b *resolve*] i e inform, satisfy

KNA Yes, my lord

L BEAU Is this fair one your wife?

KNA At your lordship's service I will look up
some writings, and return presently [Exit

Mis KNA To see and^c the base fellow do not
leave's alone too! [Aside

L BEAU 'Tis an excellent habit this where
were you born, sweet?

Mis KNA I am a Suffolk woman, my lord

L BEAU Believe it, every country you breathe on
is the sweeter for you let me see your hand the
case is loath to part with the jewel [drawing off her
glove] fairest one, I have skill in palmistry

Mis KNA Good my lord, what do you find
there?

L BEAU In good earnest, I do find written here,
all my good fortune lies in your hand

Mis KNA You'll keep a very bad house then,
you may see by the smallness of the table^d

L BEAU Who is your sweetheart?

Mis KNA Sweetheart?

L BEAU Yes, come, I must sift you to know it

Mis KNA I am a sieve too coarse for your lord-
ship's manchet^e

L BEAU Nay, pray you, tell me, for I see your
husband is an unhandsome fellow

Mis KNA O, my lord, I took him by weight, not
fashion, goldsmiths' wives taught me that way of
bargain, and some ladies swerve not to follow the
example

L BEAU But will you not tell me who is your
private friend?

Mis KNA. Yes, and^c you'll tell me who is yours

^c and] i e if

^d table] i e palm of the hand

^e manchet] See note, p 405

L BEAU Shall I shew you her?

MIS KNA Yes, when will you?

L BEAU Instantly look you, there you may
see her [Leading her to a mirror]

MIS KNA I'll break the glass, 'tis now worth
nothing

L BEAU Why?

MIS KNA You have made it a flattering one

L BEAU I have a summer-house for you, a fine
place to flatter solitariness, will you come and lie
there?

MIS KNA No, my lord

L BEAU Your husband has promised me, will
you not?

MIS KNA I must wink, I tell you, or say no-
thing

L BEAU So, I'll kiss you and wink too [kisses
her], midnight is Cupid's holyday

Re-enter KNAVESBY

KNA By this time 'tis concluded — Will you go,
my lord?

L BEAU I leave with you my best wishes till I
see you

KNA This now, if I may borrow our lawyer's
phrase, is my wife's *imparlance*, at her next ap-
pearance she must answer your *declaration*

L BEAU You follow it well, sir.

[*Exeunt* LORD BEAUFORT and KNAVESBY]

MIS KNA Did I not know my husband of so
base,

Contemptible [a] nature, I should think

'Twere but a trick to try me, but it seems

They're both in wicked earnest, and methinks

Upon the sudden, I've a great mind to loathe

This scurvy, unhandsome way my lord has ta'en

To compass me, why, 'tis for all the world
 As if he should come to steal some apricocks
 My husband kept for's own tooth, and climb up
 Upon his head and shoulders I'll go to him,
 He'll put me into brave^s clothes and rich jewels,
 'Twere a vey ill part in me not to go,
 His mercer and his goldsmith else might curse me,
 And what I'll do there, a' my troth, yet I know not
 Women, though puzzled with these subtle deeds,
 May, as i' the spring, pick physic out of weeds
[Exit

SCENE II

WATER-CAMLET's shop^h

WATER-CAMLET, GEORGE, and RALPH discovered

GEO What is't you lack,¹ you lack, you lack?
 Stuffs for the belly or the back?
 Silk-grograns, satins, velvet fine,
 The rosy-colour'd carnadine,^j
 Your nutmeg hue, or gingerline,
 Cloth-of-tissue or tabine,^k
 That like beaten gold will shine
 In your amorous ladies' eyne,^l
 Whilst you their softer silks do twine?
 What is't you lack, you lack, you lack?

^b *brave*] i e fine^h *shop*] See note, vol iii p 54¹ *What is't you lack*] See note, vol i p 447^j *carnadine*] Or *carnadine*—"Is," says Steevens, who quotes the present passage, "the old term for carnation" Note on Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, act ii sc 2^k *tabine*] A sort of wrought silk see in v *The Rates of Marchandizes*, &c in the reign of James I Old ed "Tobine"^l *eyne*] i e eyes

Enter MISTRESS WATER-CAMLET

MIS W CAM I do lack content, sir, content I lack, have you or your worshipful master here any content to sell?

GEO If content be a stuff to be sold by the yard, you may have content at home, and never go abroad for't

MIS W-CAM Do, cut me three yards, I'll pay for 'em

GEO There's all we have i' the shop, we must know what you'll give for 'em first

W-CAM Why, Rachel, sweet Rachel, my bosom Rachel,
How didst thou get forth? thou wert here, sweet Rac,

Within this hour, even in my very heart

MIS W-CAM Away! or stay still, I'll away from thee,

One bed shall never hold us both again,
Nor one roof cover us didst thou bring home —

GEO What is't you lack, you lack, you lack?

MIS W-CAM Peace, bandog, bandog! give me leave to speak,

Or I'll —

GEO Shall I not follow my trade? I'm bound to't, and my master bound to bring me up in't

W-CAM Peace, good George, give her anger leave,

Thy mistress will be quiet presently

MIS W-CAM Quiet! I defy thee and quiet too,
Quiet thy bastards thou hast brought home

GEO and RAL What is't you lack, you lack? &c

MIS W-CAM Death, give me an ell! ^m has one bawling cur

^m *an ell*] i e an ell wand compare vol iii p 166

My pretty cousins, she meant George and Ralph,
Rage will speak any thing, but they're ne'er the
worse

GEO Yes indeed, forsooth, she spoke to us, but
chiefly to Ralph, because she knows he has but one
stone

RAL No more of that, if you love me, George,
this is not the way to keep a quiet house

MAR Truly, sir, I would not, for more treasure
Than ever I saw yet, be in your house
A cause of discord

EDW And do you think I would, sister?

MAR No indeed, Ned

*Enter FRANKLIN junior and GEORGE CRESSINGHAM,
disguised*

EDW Why did you not speak for me with you
then, and said we could not have done so?

W-CAM No more, sweet cousins, now — Speak,
George, customers approach

G CRES Is the barber prepared?

FRANK JUN With ignorance enough to go through
with it, so near I am to him, we must call cousins,
would thou wert as sure to hit the tailor!

G CRES If I do not steal away handsomely, let
me never play the tailor again

GEO What is't you lack? &c

FRANK JUN Good satins, sir

GEO The best in Europe, sir, here's a piece
worth a piece every yard of him, the king of Naples
wears no better silk, mark his gloss, he dazzles
the eye to look upon him

FRANK JUN Is he not gummed?¹

¹ *gummed*] "Velvet and taffeta," says Nares, "were some-
times stiffened with gum, to make them sit better" *Gloss* (in

GEO Gummed! he has neither mouth nor tooth,
how can he be gummed?

FRANK JUN Very pretty

W-CAM An especial good piece of silk, the
worm never spun a finer thread, believe it, sir

FRANK JUN Gascoyn, you have some skill in it

W-CAM Your tailor, sir?

FRANK JUN Yes, sir

G CRES A good piece, sir, but let's see more
choice

RAL Tailor, drive thorough, you know your
bribes

G CRES Mum he bestows forty pounds, if I
say the word

RAL Strike through, there's poundage for you
then

FRANK JUN. Ay, marry, I like this better —
What sayst thou, Gascoyn?

G CRES A good piece indeed, sir

GEO The great Turk has worse satin at's elbow
than this, sir

FRANK JUN The price?

W-CAM Look on the mark, George

GEO O, *Souse* and *P*, by my facks, sir

W-CAM The best sort then, sixteen a yard
nothing to be bated

Gumm'd velvet)—Brathwait gives another reason for the use
of gum,

"If a penurious Master have a mind
To Satten-face his doublet, &c

Yet I confesse this Remnant that he bought
Such a commoditie 'twas good for nought,
Being gumm'd throughout to make it neatly shine,
Which gave content unto this spruce Divine"

Honest Ghost, 1658, p 189

FRANK JUN Fie, sir, fifteen's too high, yet so —
How^p many yards will serve for my suit, sirrah?

G CRES Nine yards, you can have no less, sir
Andrew

FRANK JUN But I can, sir, if you please to steal
less, I had but eight in my last suit

G CRES You pinch us too near, in faith, sir
Andrew

FRANK JUN Yet can you pinch out a false pair
of sleeves to a fizezado doublet

GEO No, sir, some purses and pin pillows per-
haps a tailor pays for his kissing that ways

FRANK JUN Well, sir, eight yards, eight fifteens
I give, and cut it

W-CAM I cannot, truly, sir

GEO My master must be no subsidy-man, sir, if
he take such fifteens

FRANK JUN I am at highest, sir, if you can take
money

W-CAM Well, sir, I'll give you the buying once,
I hope to gain it in your custom want you nothing
else, sir?

FRANK JUN Not at this time, sir

G CRES Indeed but you do, sir Andrew, I must
needs deliver my lady's message to you, she enjoined
me by oath to do it, she commanded me to move
you for a new gown

FRANK JUN Sirrah, I'll break your head, if you
motion it again

G CRES I must endanger myself for my lady,
sir you know she's to go to my lady Trenchmore's
wedding, and to be seen there without a new gown!
she'll have ne'er an eye to be seen there, for her
fingers in 'em nay, by my fack, sir, I do not think

^p How] Old ed "for hou "

she'll go, and then, the cause known, what a discredit 'twill be to you !

FRANK JUN Not a word more, goodman snip-snapper, for your ears —What comes this to, sir ?

W -CAM Six pound, sir

FRANK JUN There's your money [*Gives money*]
—Will you take this, and be gone and about your business presently ?

G CRES Troth, sir, I'll see some stuffs for my lady first, I'll tell her, at least, I did my good will —A fair piece of cloth-of-silver, pray you, now

GEO Or cloth-of-gold, if you please, sir, as rich as ever the Sophy wore

FRANK JUN You are the arrantest villain of a tailor that ever sat cross-legged, what do you think a gown of this stuff will come to ?

G. CRES Why, say it be forty pound, sir, what's that to you ? three thousand a-year I hope will maintain it

FRANK JUN It will, sir, very good, you were best be my overseer say I be not furnished with money, how then ?

G CRES A very fine excuse in you ' which place of ten now will you send me for a hundred pound, to bring it presently ?

W -CAM Sir, sir, your tailor persuades you well, 'tis for your credit and the great content of your lady

FRANK JUN 'Tis for your content, sir, and my charges —Never think, goodman false-stitch, to come to the mercer's with me again pray, will you see if my cousin Sweetball the barber—he's nearest hand—be furnished, and bring me word instantly.

G CRES I fly, sir [*Exit.*]

FRANK JUN You may fly, sir, you have clipt somebody's wings for it, to piece out your own, an arrant thief you are !

W -CAM Indeed he speaks honestly and justly, sir
 FRANK JUN You expect some gain, sir, there's
 your cause of love

W -CAM Surely I do a little, sir

FRANK JUN And what might be the price of this ?

W -CAM This is thirty a yard, but if you'll go
 to forty, here's a nonpareil

FRANK JUN So, there's a matter of forty pound
 for a gown-cloth ?

W -CAM Thereabouts, sir why, sir, there are
 far short of your means that wear the like

FRANK JUN Do you know my means, sir ?

GEO By overhearing your tailor, sir, — three
 thousand a-year, but if you'd have a petticoat for
 your lady, here's a stuff

FRANK JUN Are you another tailor, sirrah ?
 here's a knave ! what are you ?

GEO You are such another gentleman ! but for
 the stuff, sir, 'tis *L SS* and *K*, for the turn stript^p
 a' purpose, a yard and a quarter broad too, which
 is the just depth of a woman's petticoat

FRANK JUN And why stript for a petticoat ?

GEO Because if they abuse their petticoats, there
 are abuses stript, then 'tis taking them up, and
 they may be stript and whipt too^q

FRANK JUN Very ingenious !

GEO Then it is likewise stript standing, between
 which is discovered the open part, which is now
 called the placket^r

FRANK JUN Why, was it ever called otherwise ?

^p *stript*] i. e. striped why I have not altered the old
 spelling will appear from what follows

^q *stript and whipt too*] An allusion, perhaps, to the cele-
 brated poetical work of Wither, entitled *Abuses Stript and*
Whipt

^r *the open part, which is now called the placket*] Another pas-
 sage which disproves the assertion of Nares see notes, vol ii
 p 497, vol iii. p 241

GEO Yes, while the word remained pure in his original, the Latin tongue, who have no K's, it was called the *placet*, a *placendo*, a thing or place to please

Re-enter GEORGE CRESSINGHAM

FRANK JUN. Better and worse still — Now, sir, you come in haste, what says my cousin?

G CRES Protest, sir, he's half angry, that either you should think him unfurnished, or not furnished for your use, there's a hundred pound ready for you he desires you to pardon his coming, his folks are busy, and his wife trimming a gentleman, but at your first approach the money wants but telling

FRANK JUN He would not trust you with it— I con him thanks^a—for that he knows what trade you are of—Well, sir, pray, cut him patterns, he may in the meantime know my lady's liking let your man take the pieces whole, with the lowest prices, and walk with me to my cousin's

W -CAM With all my heart, sir — Ralph, your cloak, and go with the gentleman look you give good measure

G. CRES Look you carry a good yard with you

RAL The best i' the shop, sir, yet we have none bad — You'll have the stuff for the petticoat too?

FRANK, JUN No, sir, the gown only

G CRES By all means, sir not the petticoat? that were holy-day upon working-day, i'faith

FRANK, JUN You are so forward for a knave,^b sir!

^a *con him thanks*] i. e. feel thankful to him see Richardson's *Dict* in v *Con*—Tyrwhitt thinks the expression equivalent to the French *sçavoir gré* *Gloss* to Chaucer's *Cant Tales*

^b *so forward for a knave*] i. e. so forward a knave compare vol II p 421, and note

G CRES 'Tis for your credit and my lady's both
I do it, sir

FRANK JUN Your man is trusty, sir?

W -CAM O sir, we keep none but those we dare
trust, sir —Ralph, have a care of light gold

RAL I warrant you, sir, I'll take none

FRANK JUN Come, sirrah —Fare you well, sir

W -CAM Pray, know my shop another time, sir

FRANK JUN That I shall, sir, from all the shops
i' the town, 'tis the Lamb in Lombard Street

[*Exeunt FRANKLIN jun, G CRESSINGHAM, and
RALPH carrying the stuffs and a yard-measure*]

GEO A good morning's work, sir, if this custom
would but last long, you might shut up your shop
and live privately

W -CAM O George, but here's a grief that takes
away all the gains and joy of all my thrift

GEO What's that, sir?

W -CAM Thy mistress, George, her frowardness
sours all my comfort

GEO Alas, sir, they are but squibs and crackers,
they'll soon die, you know her flashes of old

W -CAM But they fly so near me, that they burn
me, George,

They are as ill as muskets charg'd with bullets

GEO She has discharged herself now, sir, you
need not fear her

W -CAM No man can love without his affliction,
George

GEO As you cannot without my mistress

W -CAM Right, right,^t there's harmony in dis-
cords this lamp of love, while any oil is left, can
never be extinct, it may, like a snuff, wink and

^t *Right, right, &c*] A speech originally, perhaps, blank
verse see note, p 421

seem to die, but up he will again and shew his head
I cannot be quiet, George, without my wife at home

Geo And when she's at home you're never
quiet, I'm sure, a fine life you have on't! Well,
sir, I'll do my best to find her, and bring her back,
if I can

W -CAM Do, honest George, at Knavesby's
house, that varlet's—

There is her haunt and harbour—who enforces
A kinsman on her, and [she] calls him cousin
Restore her, George, to ease this heart that's vex't,
The best new suit that e'er thou wor'st is next

Geo I thank you aforehand, sir [Exeunt

SCENE III

A room in SWEETBALL's house

Enter FRANKLIN jun and GEORGE CRESSINGHAM disguised as before, RALPH carrying the stuffs and a yard-measure, SWEETBALL, and Boy.

SWEET Were it of greater moment than you
speak of, noble sir, I hope you think me sufficient,
and it shall be effectually performed

FRANK JUN I could wish your wife did not know
it, coz, women's tongues are not always tuneable,
I may many ways requite it.

SWEET Believe me, she shall not, sir, which will
be the hardest thing of all

FRANK JUN Pray you, despatch him then

SWEET With the celerity a man tells gold to him

FRANK JUN He hits a good comparison [*Aside.*]
—Give my waste-good your stuffs, and go with my
cousin, sir, he'll presently despatch you

RAL Yes, sir [*Gives stuffs to G. CRESSINGHAM.*

SWEET Come with me, youth, I am ready for you in my more private chamber

[*Exeunt SWEETBALL and RALPH*]

FRANK JUN Sirrah, go you shew your lady the stuffs, and let her choose her colour, away, you know whither — Boy, prithee, lend me a brush i' the meantime — Do you tarry all day now?

G CRES That I will, sir, and all night too, ere I come again [Exit with the stuffs]

Boy Here's a brush, sir [Gives brush]

FRANK JUN A good child

SWEET [*within*] What, Toby!

Boy Anon, sir

SWEET [*within*] Why, when,^t Goodman picklock?

Boy I must attend my master, sir — I come

FRANK JUN Do, pretty lad [Exit Boy] — So, take water at Cole-Harbour^u

An easy mercer, and an innocent^v barber!

[Exit with the brush]

SCENE IV

Another room in SWEETBALL's house

Enter SWEETBALL, RALPH, and Boy.

SWEET So, friend, I'll now despatchⁿ you presently — Boy, reach me my dismembering instrument, and let my cauterizer^w be ready, and, hark you, snip-snap —

Boy. Ay, sir

SWEET See if my *luxivium*,^x my fomentation, be

^t *Why, when*] A frequent expression of impatience see notes, vol i pp 289, 362

^u *Cole-Harbour*] See note, vol ii p 58

^v *innocent*] i e foolish, silly

^w *cauterizer*] So old ed afterwards (p 454) here "cauterize"

^x *luxivium*] Occurs twice afterwards, and (p 466) Ralph plays on the word but qy "*luxivium*"?

provided first, and get my rollers, bolsters,^v and
pledgets armed [Exit Boy

RAL Nay, good sir, despatch my business first,
I should not stay from my shop

SWEET You must have a little patience, sir, when
you are a patient if *præputum* be not too much
perished, you shall lose but little by it, believe my
art for that

RAL What's that, sir?

SWEET Marry, if there be exulceration between
præputum and *glans*, by my faith, the whole *penis*
may be endangered as far as *os pubis*

RAL What's this you talk on, sir?

SWEET If they be gangrened once, *testiculæ*, *ve-*
sica, and all may run to mortification

RAL What a pox does this barber talk on?

SWEET O fie, youth! *pox* is no word of art,
morbus Gallicus, or *Neapolitanus*, had been well
come, friend, you must not be nice, open your
griefs freely to me

RAL Why, sir, I open my grief to you, I want
my money

SWEET Take you no care for that, your worthy
cousin has given me part in hand, and the rest I
know he will upon your recovery, and I dare take
his word

RAL 'Sdeath, where's my ware?

SWEET Ware! that was well, the word is cleanly,
though not artful; your ware it is that I must see.

RAL My *tabine*^w and cloth-of-tissue!

SWEET. You will neither have tissue nor issue, if
you linger in your malady, better a member cut
off than endanger the whole microcosm.

^v *bolsters*] In Vigon's *Workes of Chirurgerie*, 1571, various
kinds of *bolsters* are described, that "must be applied in hol-
lowe vlcers," &c fol cxiii

^w *tabine*] See note, p 440 Old ed "Tobine"

RAL Barber, you are not mad?

SWEET I do begin to fear you are subject to *subeth*,^v unkindly sleeps, which have bred oppilations in your brain, take heed, the *symptoma* will follow, and this may come to frenzy begin with the first cause, which is the pain of your member

RAL Do you see my yard, barber?

[*Holding up yard-measure*

SWEET Now you come to the purpose, 'tis that I must see indeed

RAL You shall feel it, sir death, give me my fifty pounds or my ware again, or I'll measure out your anatomy by the yard!

SWEET Boy, my cauterizing iron red hot!

Re-enter Boy with the iron

BOY 'Tis here, sir

SWEET If you go further, I take my dismembering knife

RAL Where's the knight, your cousin? the thief and the tailor, with my cloth-of-gold and tissue?

BOY The gentleman that sent away his man with the stuffs is gone a pretty while since, he has carried away our new brush

SWEET O that brush hurts my heart's side! Cheated, cheated! he told me that your *vurga* had a burning fever

RAL Pox on your *vurga*, barber!

SWEET And that you would be bashful, and ashamed to shew your head

RAL I shall so hereafter, but here it is, you see, yet, my head, my hair, and my wit, and here are my heels that I must shew to my master, if the cheaters be not found and, barber, provide thee

^v *subeth*] "Subée espèce d'apoplexie" Roquefort, *Gloss de la Lang Rom* in v

plasters, I will break thy head with every basin
under the pole [Exit.

SWEET Cool the *luxmum*,^x and quench the cau-
terizer ,

I'm partly out of my wits, and partly mad ,
My razor's at my heart these stoims will make
My sweet-balls stink, my harmless basins shake
[Exit.

ACT III SCENE I

An apartment in LORD BEAUFORT'S house

Enter MISTRESS GEORGE CRESSINGHAM *disguised as*
a page, and MISTRESS KNAVESBY.

MIS G CRES You're welcome, mistress, as I may
speak it,

But my lord will give't a sweeter emphasis ,
I'll give him knowledge of you [Going

MIS KNA Good sir, stay,
Methinks it sounds sweetest upon your tongue ,
I'll wish you to go no further for my welcome

MIS G CRES Mine ' it seems you never heard
good music,

That commend a bagpipe hear his harmony !

MIS KNA Nay, good now, let me borrow of your
patience,

I'll pay you again before I rise to-morrow
If it please you^y—

MIS G CRES What would you, forsooth ?

MIS KNA Your company, sir

MIS G CRES. My attendance you should have,

^x *luxmum*] See note, p 451

^y *If it please you, &c*] I suspect that the whole of this scene
was originally written in blank verse see note, p 421

mistress, but that my lord expects it, and 'tis his due

MIS KNA And must be paid upon the hour? that's too strict, any time of the day will serve

MIS G CRES Alas, 'tis due every minute! and paid, 'tis due again, or else I forfeit my recognisance, the cloth I wear of his

MIS KNA Come, come, pay it double at another time, and 'twill be quitted, I have a little use of you

MIS G CRES Of me, forsooth? small use can be made of me if you have suit to my lord, none can speak better for you than you may yourself

MIS KNA O, but I am bashful

MIS G CRES So am I, in troth, mistress

MIS KNA Now I remember me, I have a toy to deliver your lord that's yet unfinished, and you may further me pray you, your hands, while I unwind this skein of gold from you, 'twill not detain you long

[Putting skein on MIS G CRESSINGHAM's hands]

MIS G CRES You wind me into your service prettily with all the haste you can, I beseech you

MIS KNA If it tangle not, I shall soon have done

MIS G CRES No, it shall not tangle, if I can help it, forsooth

MIS KNA If it do, I can help it, fear not this thing of long length you shall see I can bring you to a bottom

MIS G CRES I think so too, if it be not bottomless, this length will reach it

MIS KNA It becomes you finely, but I forewarn you, and remember it, your enemy gain not this advantage of you, you are his prisoner then,

for, look you, you are mine now, my captive manacled, I have your hands in bondage²

Mis G CRES 'Tis a good lesson, mistress, and I am perfect in it, another time I'll take out this, and learn another pray you, release me now

Mis KNA I could kiss you now, spite of your teeth, if it please me

Mis G CRES But you could not, for I could bite you with the spite of my teeth, if it pleases me

Mis KNA Well, I'll not tempt you so far, I shew it but for rudiment

Mis G CRES When I go a-wooing, I'll think on't again

Mis KNA In such an hour I learnt it say I should,

In recompence of your hands' courtesy,
Make you a fine wrist-favour of this gold,
With all the letters of your name emboss'd
On a soft tress of hair, which I shall cut
From mine own fillet, whose ends should meet and close

In a fast true-love knot, would you wear it
For my sake, sir?

Mis G CRES I think not, truly, mistress,
My wrists have enough of this gold already,
Would they were rid on't yet! pray you, have done,
In troth, I'm weary

Mis KNA And what a virtue
Is here express'd in you, which had lain hid
But for this trial weary of gold, sir?
O that the close engrossers of this treasure
Could be so free to put it off of hand!

² *bondage*] Here old ed has a stage-direction "*Grasps the skain between his hands*"—i e the feigned page was to hold it so that his hands might seem to be fettered

What a new-mended world would here be !

It shews a generous condition^a in you ,
In sooth, I think I shall love you dearly for't

MIS G CRES But if they were in prison, as I am,
They would be glad to buy their freedom with it

MIS KNA Surely no , there are that, rather than
release

This dear companion, do lie in prison

With it, yes, and will die in prison too

MIS G CRES 'Twere pity but the hangman did
enfranchise both

Enter LORD BEAUFORT

L BEAU Selenger, where are you ?

MIS G CRES E'en heere, my lord — Mistress,
pray you, my liberty, you hinder my duty to my
lord

L BEAU [*taking off his hat*] Nay, sir, one cour-
tesy shall serve us both

At this time, you are busy, I perceive ,
When next your leisure^b serves you, I'd employ
you

MIS G CRES You must pardon me, my lord ,
you see I am entangled here — Mistress, I protest
I'll break prison, if you free me not take you no
notice ?

MIS KNA O, cry your honour mercy !—You are
now at liberty, sir [*Releasing her hands*]

MIS G CRES And I'm glad on't, I'll ne'er
give both my hands at once again to a woman's
command, I'll put one finger in a hole rather

L BEAU Leave us

MIS G CRES Free leave have you, my lord, so

^a condition] i e disposition, nature

^b next your leisure] Old ed "your leisure next"

I think you may have — Filthy beauty, what a white
witch thou art! [Exit

L BEAU Lady, you're welcome

MIS KNA I did believe^c it from your page, my
lord

L BEAU Your husband sent you to me?

MIS KNA He did, my lord,
With duty and commends unto your honour,
Beseeching you to use me very kindly,
By the same token your lordship gave him grant
Of a new lease of threescore pounds a-year,
Which he and his should forty years enjoy

L BEAU The token's true, and for your sake,
lady,

'Tis likely to be better'd, not alone the lease,
But the fee-simple may be his and yours

MIS KNA I have a suit unto your lordship too,
Only myself concerns

L BEAU 'Twill be granted, sure,
Though it outvalue thy husband's

MIS KNA Nay, 'tis small charge,
Only your good will and good word, my lord

L BEAU The first is thine confirm'd, the second,
then,

Cannot stay long behind

MIS KNA I love your page, sir

L BEAU Love him! for what?

MIS KNA. O the great wisdoms that
Our grandsires had! do you ask me reason for't?
I love him 'cause I like him, sir

L BEAU My page!

MIS KNA In mine eye he is a most delicate
youth,

But in my heart a thing that it would bleed for

^c *believe*] Qy "receive"? — See first line of this scene

L BEAU Either your eye's blinded or your remembrance broken,
Call to mind wherefore you came hither, lady.

MIS KNA I do, my lord, for love, and I'm in profoundly

L BEAU You trifle, sure, do you long for unripe fruit?

'Twill breed diseases in you

MIS KNA Nothing but worms
In my belly, and there's a seed to expel them,
In mellow, falling fruit I find no relish

L BEAU 'Tis true the youngest vines yield^d the most clusters,

But the old ever the sweetest grapes

MIS KNA I can taste of both, sir,
But with the old I am the soonest cloy'd,
The green keep still an edge on appetite.

L BEAU Sure you're a common creature

MIS KNA Did you doubt it?

Wherefore came I hither else? did you think
That honesty only had been immur'd for you,
And I should bring it as an offertory
Unto your shrine of lust? As 'twas, my lord,
'Twas meant to you, had not the slippery wheel
Of fancy^e turn'd when I beheld your page,
Nay, had I seen another before him
In mine eyes better grace, he had been forestall'd,
But as it is—all my strength cannot help—
Beseech you, your good will and good word, my lord,
You may command him, sir, if not affection,
Yet his body, and I desire but that
Do it, and I'll command myself your prostitute

L BEAU You're a base strumpet! I succeed my page!

^d *yield*] Old ed "yields"

^e *fancy*] i e love

MIS KNA O, that's no wonder, my lord, the
servant oft

Tastes to his master of the daintiest dish
He brings to him beseech you, my lord ——

L BEAU You're a bold mischief, and to make
me your spokesman,
Your procurer to my servant!

MIS KNA. Do you shrink at that?
Why, you've done worse without the sense of ill,
With a full, free conscience of a libertine
Judge your own sin,
Was it not worse, with a damn'd broking-fee
To corrupt a^d husband, 'state him a pander
To his own wife, by virtue of a lease
Made to him and your bastard issue, could you get
'em?

What a degree of baseness call you this?
'Tis a poor sheep-steal[er] provok'd by want
Compar'd unto a capital traitor the master
To his servant may be recompens'd, but the husband
To his wife never

L BEAU Your husband shall smart for this
[Exit

MIS KNA Hang him, do' you have brought him
to deserve it,
Bring him to the punishment, there I'll join with
you,

I loathe him to the gallows! hang your page too,
One mourning-gown shall serve for both of them.
This trick hath kept mine honesty secure,
Best soldiers use policy the lion's skin
Becomes the body not^e when 'tis too great,
But then the fox's may sit close and neat [Exit.

^d corrupt a] Old ed "a corrupt"

^e the body not] Old ed "not the body"

SCENE II

A Street

Enter SWEETBALL, FLESH-HOOK, and COUNTERBUFF

SWEET Now, Flesh-hook, use thy talon, set upon his right shoulder, thy sergeant, Counterbuff, at the left, grasp in his jugulars, and then let me alone to tickle his *diaphragma*

FLESH You are sure he has no protection, sir?

SWEET A protection to cheat and cozen¹ there was never any granted to that purpose

FLESH I grant you that too, sir, but that use has been made of 'em

COUN Marry has there, sir, how could else so many broken bankrupts play up and down by their creditors' noses, and we dare not touch 'em?

SWEET That's another case, Counterbuff, there's privilege to cozen, but here cozenage went before, and there's no privilege for that to him boldly, I will spend all the scissors in my shop, but I'll have him snap

COUN Well, sir, if he come within the length of large mace once, we'll teach him to cozen

SWEET Marry, hang him! teach him no more cozenage, he's too perfect in't already, go gingerly about it, lay your mace on gingerly, and spice him soundly

COUN He's at the tavern, you say?

SWEET At the Man in the Moon, above stairs, so soon as he comes down, and the bush² left at his back, Ralph is the dog behind him, he watches to give us notice be ready then, my dear blood-hounds, you shall deliver him to Newgate, from

¹ *bush*] An allusion both to the bush carried by the man in the moon, and to the tavern-bush see note, p 177

thence to the hangman his body I will beg of the sheriffs, for at the next lecture I am likely to be the master of my anatomy, then will I ve every vein about him, I will find where his disease of cozenage lay, whether in the *vertebræ* or in *os coxendix*,^f but I guess I shall find it descend from *humore*,^g through the *thorax*, and lie just at his fingers'-ends

Enter RALPH

RAL Be in readiness, for he's coming this way, alone too, stand to't like gentlemen and yeomen so soon as he is in sight, I'll go fetch my master

SWEET I have had a conquassation in my *cerebrum* ever since the disaster, and now it takes me again, if it turn to a megrim, I shall hardly abide the sight of him

RAL My action of defamation shall be clapt on him too, I will make him appear to't in the shape of a white sheet, all embroïdered over with *peccavis* look about, I'll go fetch my master [Exit

Enter FRANKLIN junior

COUN I arrest you, sir

FRANK JUN *Ha' qui va là ? que pensez-vous faire, messieurs ? me voulez-vous déobéir ? je n'ai point d'argent ; je suis un pauvre gentilhomme François*

SWEET Whoop ! pray you, sir, speak English, you did when you bought cloth-of-gold at six *mhils* a-yard, when Ralph's *præputium* was exulcerated

FRANK JUN *Que voulez-vous ? me voulez-vous tuer ? les François ne sont point ennemis voilà ma bourse, que voulez-vous d'avantage ?*

COUN Is not your name Franklin, sir ?

FRANK JUN *Je n'ai point de joyaux que cestui-ci,*

^f *os coxendix*] Comes nearest to the reading of old ed "Oscocx-Index" but qy "*os coccygis*"?

et c'est à monsieur l'ambassadeur, il m'envoie à ses affaires, et vous empêchez mon service

COUN Sir, we are mistaken, for ought I perceive

Enter WATER-CAMLET with RALPH, hastily

W -CAM So, so, you have caught him, that's well — How do you, sir?

FRANK JUN *Vous semblez être un homme courtois, je vous prie entendez mes affaires, il y a ici deux ou trois canailles qui m'ont assiégé, un pauvre étranger, qui ne leur a fait nul mal, ni donné mauvaise parole, ni tiré mon épée, l'un me prend par une épaule, et me frappe deux livres pesant, l'autre me tire par le bras, il parle je ne sais quoi je leur ai donné ma bourse, et s'ils ne me veulent point laisser aller, que ferai-je, monsieur?*

W -CAM This is a Frenchman, it seems, sirs

COUN We can find no other in him, sir, and what that is we know not

W -CAM He's very like the man we seek for, else my lights go false

SWEET In your shop^f they may, sir, but here they go true, this is he

RAL The very same, sir, as sure as I am Ralph, this is the rascal

COUN Sir, unless you will absolutely challenge him the man, we dare not proceed further

FLESH I fear we are too far already

W -CAM I know not what to say to't.

Enter MARGARITA

MAR *Bon jour, bon jour, gentilhommes*

SWEET How now? more news from France?

FRANK JUN *Cette femme ici est de mon pays —*

^f *In your shop, &c*] Compare p 442 of this vol, and p 482 of vol 1

Madame, je vous prie leur dire mon pays, ils m'ont retargé,^s je ne sais pourquoi

MAR *Etes-vous de France, monsieur ?*

FRANK JUN *Madame, vrai est, que je les ai trompés, et suis arrêté, et n'ai nul moyen d'échapper qu'en changeant mon langage aidez-moi en cette affaire, je vous connois bien, où vous tenez un bordeau, vous et les vôtres en serez de mieux*

MAR *Laissez faire à moi Etes-vous de Lyons, dites-vous ?*

FRANK JUN *De Lyon, ma chère dame*

MAR *Mon cousin ! je suis bien aise de vous voir en bonne disposition* [They embrace and compliment

FRANK JUN *Ma cousine !*

W -CAM This is a Frenchman sure

SWEET If he be, 'tis the likest an Englishman that ever I saw, all his dimensions, proportions, had I but the dissecting of his heart, in *capsula cordis* could I find it now, for a Frenchman's heart is more quassative and subject to tremor than an Englishman's

W -CAM Stay, we'll further inquire of this gentlewoman — Mistress, if you have so much English to help us with—as I think you have, for I have long seen you about London—pray, tell us, and truly tell us, is this gentleman a natural Frenchman or no ?

MAR Ey, begar, de Frenchman, born à Lyons, my cozin

W -CAM Your cousin ? if he be not your cousin, he's my cousin, sure

MAR Ey connosh his père, what you call his fadre, he sell *poissons*

SWEET Sell poisons ? his father was a 'pothecary then.

^s *retarge*] i e retardé see Cotgrave in v

MAR. No, no, *poissons*,—whât you call fish, fish
SWEET O, he was a fishmonger

MAR. *Ouz, ouz*

W-CAM Well, well, we are mistaken, I see, pray you, so tell him, and request him not to be offended, an honest man may look like a knave, and be ne'er the wiser for't the error was in our eyes, and now we find it in his tongue

MAR *J'essayerai encore une fois, monsieur cousin, pour votre sauve-té, allez-vous en, votre liberté est suffisante je gagnerai le reste pour mon devoir, et vous aurez votre part à mon école, j'ai une fille qui parle un peu François, elle conversera avec vous à la Fleur-de-Lis en Turnbull Street* ⁵ *Mon cousin, ayez soin de vous-même, et trompez ces ignorans*

FRANK JUN *Cousin, pour l'amour de vous, et principalement pour moi, je suis content de m'en aller je trouverai votre école, et si vos écoliers me sont agréables, je tirerai à l'épée seule, et si d'aventure je la romps, je payerai dix sous, et pour ce vieux fol, et ces deux canailles, ce poulain snip-snap, et l'autre bonnet rond, je les verrai pendre premier que je les vois*

[*Exit.*]

W-CAM. So, so, she has got him off, but I perceive much anger in his countenance still — And what says he, madam?

MAR Moosh, moosh anger, but ey connosh heer lodging shall cool him very well, dere is a kins-womans can moosh allay heer heat and heer spleen, she shall do for my saka, and he no trobla you

W-CAM. [*giving money*] Look, there is earnest, but thy reward's behind, come to my shop, the Holy Lamb in Lombard Street thou hast one friend more than e'er thou hadst

⁵ *Turnbull Street*] See note, p 34

MAR Tank u, monsieur, shall visit u, ey make
all pacifie *à votre service très humblement*,—tree,
four, five fool of u [Aside, and exit

W-CAM What's to be done now?

COUN To pay us for our pains, sir, and better
reward us, that we may be provided against further
danger that may come upon 's for false imprison-
ment

W-CAM All goes false, I think What do you,
neighbour Sweetball?

SWEET I must phlebotomise, sir, but my almanac
says the sign is in Taurus, I dare not cut my own
throat, but if I find any precedent that ever barber
hanged himself, I'll be the second example

RAL This was your ill *luxmum*,^g barber, to cause
all to be cheated

COUN What say you to us, sir?

W-CAM Good friends, come to me at a calmer
hour,

My sorrows lie in heaps upon me now
What you have, keep, if further trouble follow,
I'll take it on me I would be piess'd to death

COUN Well, sir, for this time we'll leave you

SWEET I will go with you, officers, I will walk
with you in the open street, though it be a scandal
to me, for now I have no care of my credit, a
cacokenny^h is run all over me

[Exit SWEETBALL, FLESH-HOOK, and
COUNTERBUFF.

W-CAM What shall we do now, Ralph?

RAL Faith, I know not, sir here comes George,
it may be he can tell you

W-CAM And there I look for more disaster still;
Yet George appears in a smiling countenance.

^g *luxmum*] See note, p 451

^h *cacokenny*] Qy *cacochymy*?"

Enter GEORGE

Ralph, home to the shop, leave George and I together

RAL I am gone, sir [Exit

W-CAM Now, George, what better news eastward? all goes ill t'other way.

GEO I bring you the best news that ever came about your ears in your life, sir

W-CAM Thou puttest me in good comfort, George

GEO My mistress, your wife, will never trouble you more

W-CAM Ha! never trouble me more? of this, George, may be made a sad construction, that phrase we sometimes use when death makes the separation, I hope it is not so with her, George?

GEO No, sir, but she vows she'll never come home again to you, so you shall live quietly, and this I took to be very good news, sir

W-CAM The worst that could be this, candied poison

I love her, George, and I am bound to do so,
The tongue's bitterness must not separate
United^h souls 'twere base and cowardly
For all to yield to the small tongue's assault
The whole building must not be taken down
For the repairing of a broken window

GEO Ay, but this is a principal, sir the truth is, she will be divorced, she says, and is labouring with her cousin Knave—what do you call him?
I have forgotten the latter end of his name

W-CAM Knavesby, George

GEO Ay, Knave, or Knavesby, one I took it to be

W-CAM Why, neither rage nor envy can make a cause, George

^h *United*] Old ed "the *united*"

GEO Yes, sir, not only at your person, but she shoots at your shop too, she says you vent ware that is not warrantable, braided ware, and that you give not London measure, women, you know, look for more than a bare yard and then you keep children in the name of your own, which she suspects came not in at the right door

W -CAM She may as well suspect immaculate truth

To be curs'd falsehood

GEO Ay, but if she will, she will, she's a woman,
SIR

W -CAM 'Tis most true, George well, that shall be redress'd,

My cousin Cressingham must yield me pardon,
The children shall home again, and thou shalt conduct 'em, George

GEO That done, I'll be bold to venture once more for her recovery, since you cannot live at liberty, but because you are a rich citizen, you will have your chain about your neck I think I have a device will bring you together by th' ears again, and then look to 'em as well as you can

W -CAM O George, 'mongst all my heavy troubles, this

Is the groaning weight, but restore my wife!^h

GEO Although you ne'er lead hour of quiet life

W -CAM I will endeavour 't, George, I'll lend her will

A power and rule to keep all hush'd and still

Eat we all sweetmeats, we are soonest rotten.

GEO A sentence! pity 't should have been forgotten!
[*Exeunt.*]

^h *wife*] There can be no doubt that this speech was originally verse, however awkwardly, in the present state of the text, it may read as such the answer of George is intended to rhyme with the second line.

ACT IV SCENE I

A room in SIR FRANCIS CRESSINGHAM's house

*Enter SIR FRANCIS CRESSINGHAM and Surveyor
severally*

SUR Where's master steward?

SIR F CRES Within what are you, sir?

SUR A surveyor, sir

SIR F CRES And an almanac-maker, I take it
can you tell me what foul weather is toward?

SUR Marry, the foulest weather is, that your
land is flying away [Exit

SIR F CRES A most terrible prognostication! All
the resort, all the business to my house is to my
lady and master steward, whilst sir Francis stands
for a cipei, I have made away myself and my
power, as if I had done it by deed of gift here
comes the comptroller of the game

Enter SAUNDER

SAUN What, are you yet resolved to translate
this unnecessary land into ready money?

SIR F CRES Translate it!

SAUN The conveyances are drawn, and the money
ready my lady sent me to you to know directly
if you meant to go through in the sale, if not, she
resolves of another course

SIR F. CRES Thou speakest this cheerfully, me-
thinks, whereas faithful servants were wont to
mourn when they beheld the lord that fed and che-
rished them, as¹ by cursed enchantment, removed

¹ toward] 1 e at hand
as] Old ed "is"

into another blood Cressingham of Cressingham has continued many years, and must the name sink now?

SAUN All this is nothing to my lady's resolution, it must be done, or she'll not stay in England she would know whether your son be sent for, that must likewise set his hand to the sale, for otherwise the lawyers say there cannot be a sure conveyance made to the buyer

SIR F CRES Yes, I have sent for him, but, I pray thee, think what a hard task 'twill be for a father to persuade his son and heir to make away his inheritance

SAUN Nay, for that, use your own logic, I have heard you talk at the sessions terribly against deer-stealers, and that kept you from being put out of the commission [Exit

SIR F CRES I do live to see two miseries, one to be commanded by my wife, the other to be censured by my slave

Enter GEORGE CRESSINGHAM

G CRES That which I have wanted long, and has been cause of my irregular courses, I beseech you let raise me from the ground [Kneels

SIR F CRES [*raising him and giving money*] Rise, George, there's a hundred pounds for you, and my blessing, with these your mother's favour but I hear your studies are become too licentious of late

G CRES Has heard of my cozenage [Aside

SIR F CRES What's that you are writing?

G CRES Sir, not any thing

SIR F CRES Come, I hear there's something coming forth of yours will be your undoing

G CRES Of mine?

SIR F CRES Yes, of your writing, somewhat

you should write will be dangerous to you I have a suit to you

G CRES Sir, my obedience makes you commander in all things

SIR F CRES I pray, suppose I had committed some fault, for which my life and sole estate were forfeit to the law, and that some great man near the king should labour to get my pardon, on condition he might enjoy my lordship, could you prize your father's life above the grievous loss of your inheritance?

G CRES Yes, and my own life at stake too

SIR F CRES You promise fair, I come now to make trial of it You know I have married one whom I hold so dear, that my whole life is nothing but a mere estate depending upon her will and her affections to me, she deserves so well, I cannot longer merit than *durante bene placita* 'tis her pleasure, and her wisdom moves in't too, of which I'll give you ample satisfaction hereafter, that I sell the land my father left me you change colour! I have promised her to do't, and should I fail, I must expect the remainder of my life as full of trouble and vexation as the suit for a divorce it lies in you, by setting of your hand unto the sale, to add length to his life that gave you yours

G. CRES Sir, I do now^k ingeniously perceive why you said lately somewhat I should write would be my undoing, meaning, as I take it, setting my hand to this assurance O, good sir, shall I pass away my birthright? O, remember there is a malediction denounced against it in holy writ! Will you, for her pleasure, the inheritance of desolation leave to

^k *Sir, I do now, &c*] Were not this speech, and the two preceding speeches of sir F Cressingham, originally blank verse? see note, p 421

your posterity? think how compassionate the creatures of the field, that only live on the wild benefits of nature,¹ are unto their young ones, think likewise you may have more children by this woman, and by this act you undo them too 'Tis a strange precedent this, to see an obedient son labouring good counsel to the father, but know, sir, that the spirits of my great-grandfather and your father move^m at this present in me, and what they bequeathed you on theirⁿ deathbed, they charge you not to give away in the dalliance of a woman's bed Good sir, let it not be thought presumption in me that I have continued my speech unto this length, the cause, sir, is urgent, and, believe it, you shall find her beauty as malevolent unto you as a red morning, that doth still foretell a foul day to follow O, sir, keep your land! keep that to keep your name immortal, and you shall see

All that her malice and proud will procures
Shall shew her ugly heart, but hurt not yours

SIR F CRES O, I am distracted, and my very soul sends blushes into my cheeks!

Enter GEORGE with MARIA and EDWARD

G CRES See here an object to beget more compassion. *

GEO O, sir Francis, we have a most lamentable house at home! nothing to be heard in't but separation and divorces, and such a noise of the spiritual court, as if it were a tenement upon London Bridge, and built upon the arches

¹ *wild benefits of nature*] This expression occurs in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfi*, see my edition of his *Works*, vol 1 p 253 but it may be traced to Sir P Sidney, "to have for food the wild benefits of nature" *Arcadia*, b iv p 426, ed 1633
^m move] Old ed. "moves" ⁿ *their*] Old ed "your"

SIR F CRES What's the matter ?

GEO All about boarding your children my mistress is departed

SIR F CRES Dead !

GEO In a sort she is, and laid out too, for she is run away from my master

SIR F CRES Whither ?

GEO Seven miles off, into Essex, she vowed never to leave Barking while she lived, till these were brought home again

SIR F CRES O, they shall not offend her I am sorry for't

MARIA ⁿ I am glad we are come home, sir, for we lived in the unquietest house !

EDW The angry woman, methought, grutched^o us our victuals, our new mother is a good soul, and loves us, and does not frown so like a vixen as she does

MARIA I am at home now, and in heaven, methinks what a comfort 'tis to be under your wing !

EDW Indeed, my mother was wont to call me your nestle-cock, and I love you as well as she did

SIR F CRES You are my pretty souls !

G CRES Does not the prattle of these move you ?

Re-enter SAUNDER with KNAVESBY, and Surveyor

SAUN. Look you, sir, here's the conveyance and my lady's solicitor, pray resolve what to do, my lady is coming down — How now, George ? how does thy mistress, that sits in a wainscot-gown,^p like

ⁿ *Maria* *Edw*] Old ed "1 Childe" "2 Childe"
We learn their names from an earlier scene, p 442

^o *grutched*] i e grudged

^p *wainscot-gown*] If there be no misprint here, means, perhaps, a gown with a *waving* pattern see Richardson's *Diet* in v *Wainscot* but qy "waistcoat-gown" ?

a citizen's lure to draw in customers? O, she's a pretty mouse-trap!

GRO She's ill baited though to take a Welshman, she cannot away withⁿ cheese

SIR F CRES And what must I do now?

KNA Acknowledge a fine and recovery of the land, then for possession the course is common

SIR F CRES Carry back the writings, sir, my mind is changed

SAUN Changed! do not you mean to seal?

Enter LADY CRESSINGHAM

SIR F CRES No, sir, the tide's turned

SAUN You must temper him like wax, or he'll not seal

L CRES Are you come back again?—How now, have you done?

MARIA. How do you, lady mother?

L CRES You are good children — Bid my woman give them some sweetmeats

MARIA Indeed, I thank you — is not this a kind mother?

G CRES Poor fools, you know not how dear you shall pay for this sugar!

[Exeunt GEORGE with MARIA and EDWARD]

L CRES What, ha'nt you despatched?

SIR F CRES No, sweetest, I'm dissuaded by my son From the sale o' the land

L CRES. Dissuaded by your son!

SIR F CRES. I cannot get his hand to't

L CRES Where's our steward?

Cause presently that all my beds and hangings
Be taken down, provide carts, pack them up,
I'll to my house i' the country · have I studied

ⁿ cannot away with] i e cannot endure

The way to your preferment and your children's,
And do you cool i' th' upshot?

G CRES With your pardon,
I cannot understand this course a way
To any preferment, rather a direct
Path to our ruin

L CRES O, sir, you're young-sighted —
Shew them the project of the land I mean
To buy in Ireland, that shall outvalue yours
Three thousand in a year

KNA [*shewing map*] Look you, sir, here is Clangibbon, a fruitful country, and well wooded

SIR F CRES What's this? marsh ground?

KNA No, these are bogs, but a little cost will drain them this upper part, that runs by the black water, is the Cossack's land,—a spacious country, and yields excellent profit by the salmon and fishing for herring, here runs the Kernesdale, admirable feed for cattle, and hereabout is St. Patrick's Purgatory °

G. CRES. Purgatory? shall we purchase that too?

L CRES Come, come, will you despatch the other business,

We may go through with this?

SIR F CRES My son's unwilling

L CRES Upon my soul, sir, I'll ne'er bed with you

Till you have seal'd

SIR F CRES Thou hear'st her on thy blessing
Follow me to the court, and seal

G CRES Sir, were it my death, were't to the loss of my estate, I vow to obey you in all things, yet with it remember there are two young ones living

° *Saint Patrick's Purgatory*] See note, vol III p 131

that may curse you, I pray dispose part of the money on their generous educations.

L CRES Fear no[t] you, sir — The caroach there !
 — When you have despatched, you shall find me at the scrivener's, where I shall receive the money

G CRES She'll devour that mass too

L CRES How likest thou my power over him ?

SAUN Excellent

L CRES This is the height of a great lady's sway,
 When her night-service makes her rule i' the day
 [Exeunt

SCENE II^p

A hall in KNAVESBY'S house

Enter KNAVESBY

KNA Not yet, Sib ? my lord keeps thee so long, thou'rt welcome, I see then, and pays sweetly too a good wench, Sib, thou'rt, to obey thy husband She's come a hundred mark^a a-year, how fine and easy it comes into mine arms now ! —

Enter MISTRESS KNAVESBY

Welcome home ! what says my lord, Sib ?

MIS KNA My lord says you are a cuckold !

KNA. Ha, ha, ha, ha ! I thank him for that bob, i'faith, I'll afford it him again at the same price a month hence, and let the commodity grow as scarce as it will. Cuckold, says his lordship ? ha, ha ! I

^p *Scene II*] Here, instead of marking a new scene, the old ed has "*Exeunt manet Knaves-bee*", and the audience were to imagine that, when the others had gone out, the stage represented the interior of Knavesby's house see note, p 291

^a *mark*] See note, p 10

shall burst my sides with laughing, that's the worst,
name not a hundred [a]-year, for then I burst^r It
smarts not so much as a fillip on the forehead by
five parts what has his dalliance taken from thy
lips? 'tis as sweet as e'er twas, let me try else,
buss me, sugar-candy

MIS KNA Forbear! you presume to a lord's
pleasure!

KNA How's that? not I, Sib

MIS KNA Never touch me more,
I'll keep the noble stamp upon my lip,
No under baseness shall deface it now
You taught me the way,
Now I am in, I'll keep it, I have kiss'd
Ambition, and I love it, I loathe the memory
Of every touch my lip hath tasted from thee

KNA Nay, but, sweet Sib, you do forget your-
self

MIS KNA I will forget all that I ever was,
And nourish new^s sirrah, I am a lady

KNA Lord bless us, madam!

MIS. KNA I've enjoy'd a lord,
That's real possession, and daily shall,
The which all ladies have not with their lords

KNA But, with your patience, madam, who was
it that preferred you to this ladyship?

MIS KNA 'Tis all I am beholding^t to thee for,
Thou'st brought me out of ignorance into light
Simple as I was, I thought thee a man,
[Un]till I found the difference by a man,
Thou art a beast, a hornèd beast, an ox!

KNA Are these ladies' terms?

MIS KNA. For thy pander's fee,

^r burst] Perhaps a couplet was intended here

^s new] Qy "new thoughts"?

^t beholding] See note, p 40

It shall be laid under the candlestick,
Look for't, I'll leave it for thee

KNA A little lower,

Good your ladyship, my cousin Camlet
Is in the house, let these things go no further

MIS KNA 'Tis for mine own credit if I forbear,
not thine, thou bugle-browed^u beast thou!

Enter GEORGE with rolls of paper in his hand.

GEO Bidden, bidden, bidden, bidden so, all
these are past, but here's as large a walk to come
if I do not get it up at the feast, I shall be leaner
for bidding the guests, I'm sure

KNA. How now? who's this?

GEO [*reads*] *Doctor Glister et*—what word's this?
f u x o r—O, *uxor*—the doctor and his wife—
Master Body et uxor of Bow Lane, Master Knavesby
et uxor

KNA Ha! we are in, whatsoever the matter is

GEO Here's forty couple more in this quarter,
but there, the provision bringing in, that puzzles
me most [*Reads*] *One ox*,—that will hardly serve
for beef too,—*five muttons, ten lambs*,—poor inno-
cents, they'll be devoured too!—*three gross of*
capons—

KNA Mercy upon us! what a slaughter-house
is here!

GEO. [*reads*] *Two bushels of small birds, plovers,*
snipes, woodcocks, partridge[s], larks,—then for
baked meats—

KNA George, George, what feast is this? 'tis
not for St George's day?

GEO. Cry you mercy, sir, you and your wife

^u *bugle-brow'd*] i e horned. *bugle* meant several kinds of
horned cattle,—the bull, buffalo, &c

are in my roll my master invites you his guests to-morrow dinner

KNA Dinner, say'st thou? he means to feast a month sure

GEO Nay, sir, you make up but a hundred couple

KNA Why, what ship has brought an India home to him, that he's so bountiful? or what friend dead—unknown to us—has so much left to him of arable land, that he means to turn to pasture thus?

GEO Nay, 'tis a vessel, sir, a good estate comes all in one bottom to him, and 'tis a question whether ever he find the bottom or no, a thousand a-year, that's the uppermost

KNA A thousand a-year!

GEO To go no further about the bush, sir, now the bird is caught, my master is to-morrow to be married, and, amongst the rest, invites you a guest at his wedding-dinner the second

KNA Married!

GEO There is no other remedy for flesh and blood, that will have leave to play, whether we will or no, or wander into forbidden pastures

KNA Married! why, he is married, man, his wife is in my house now, thy mistress is alive, George

GEO She that was, it may be, sir, but dead to him, she played a little, too rough with him, and he has discarded her, he's divorced, sir

KNA He divorced! then is her labour saved, for she was labouring a divorce from him

GEO They are well parted then, sir

KNA But wilt thou not speak with her? i'faith, invite her to't

GEO 'Tis not in my commission, I dare not fare you well, sir, I have much business in hand, and the time is short

KNA Nay, but, George, I prithee, stay, may I report this to her for a certain truth?

GEO Wherefore am I employed in this invitation, sir?

KNA Prithee, what is she his second choice?

GEO Truly, a goodly presence, likely to bear great children, and great store, she never saw five-and-thirty summers together in her life by her appearance, and comes in her French hood, by my fecks, a great match 'tis like to be. I am sorry for my old mistress, but cannot help it. Pray you, excuse me now, sir, for all the business goes through my hands, none employed but myself. *[Exit*

KNA. Why, here is news that no man will believe but he that sees

MIS KNA This and your cuckoldry will be digestion throughout the city-dinners and suppers for a month together, there will need no cheese

KNA. No more of that, Sib. I'll call my cousin Camlet, and make her partaker of this sport

Enter MISTRESS WATER CAMLET

She's come already — Cousin, take't at once, you're a free woman, your late husband's to be married to-morrow

MIS W -CAM Married! to whom?

KNA To a French hood, byrlakins,^v as I understand, great cheer prepared, and great guests invited, so far I know

MIS W -CAM What a cursed wretch was I to pare my nails to-day! a Friday too, I looked for some mischief

KNA. Why, I did think this had accorded with

^v *byrlakins*] i. e. by our *lady-kin* (the diminutive of *lady*)

your best liking, you sought for him what he has sought for you, a separation, and by divorce too ^w

MIS W -CAM I'll divorce 'em' is he to be married to a French hood? I'll dress it the English fashion ne'er a coach to be had with six horses to strike fire i' the streets as we go?

KNA Will you go home then?

MIS W -CAM Good cousin, help me to whet one of my knives, while I sharp the other, ^x give me a sour apple to set my teeth a'n edge, I would give five pound for the paring of my nails again! have you e'er a bird-spit i' the house? I'll dress one dish to the wedding

KNA This violence hurts yourself the most

MIS W -CAM I care not who I hurt O my heart, how it beats a' both sides! Will you run with me for a wager into Lombard Street now?

KNA I'll walk with you, cousin, a sufficient pace, Sib shall come softly after, I'll bring you thorough Bearbinder Lane

MIS W -CAM Bearbinder Lane cannot hold me, I'll the nearest way over St Mildred's church if I meet any French hoods by the way, I'll make black patches enow for the rheum

[*Exeunt* MISTRESS WATER-CAMLET and
KNAVESBY

MIS KNA So, 'tis to my wish Master Knavesby, Help to make peace abroad, here you'll find wars, I'll have a divorce too, with locks and bars. [*Exit*

^w too] Here again, perhaps (see note, p 477), a couplet was intended

^x the other] Old ed "the t'other"

SCENE III

*A room in WATER-CAMLET's house**Enter GEORGE and MARGARITA*

Geo Madam, but stay here a little, my master comes instantly, I heard him say he did owe you a good turn, and now's the time to take it, I'll warrant you a sound reward ere you go

MAR Ey tank u *de bon cœur, monsieur*

Enter WATER-CAMLET

Geo Look, he's here already — Now would a skilful navigator take in his sails, for sure there is a storm towards ^x [*Aside, and exit*

W -CAM O madam, I perceive in your countenance—

I am beholding^y to you—all is peace?

MAR All quiet, goor frendsheap, ey mooch a do, ey strive wid him, give goor worda for you, no more speak a de matra, all es undonne, u no more trobla

*Enter behind MISTRESS WATER-CAMLET and**KNAVESBY*

W -CAM Look, there's the price of a fair pair of gloves,

And wear 'em for my sake [*Gives money*

MIS W -CAM O, O, O' my heart's broke out of my ribs!

KNA Nay, a little patience

MAR. Ey tank u artely, shall no bestow en gloves, shall put moosh more to dees, an bestow your shop regarde dees stofa, my petticoate, u no soosh anodre, shall deal wid u for moosh, take in your hand

^x towards] i e at hand.

^y beholding] See note, p 40

W -CAM I see it, mistress, 'tis good stuff indeed,
It is a silk rash, I can pattern it

MIS W -CAM Shall he take up her coats before
my face? O beastly creature! [*Coming forward*]
French hood, French hood, I will make your hair
grow thorough!^z

W -CAM My wife return'd!—O, welcome home,
sweet Rachel!

MIS W -CAM I forbid the banes,^a lecher!—and,
strumpet, thou shalt bear children without noses!

MAR O, *pardonnez-moi*, by my trat, ey mean
u no hurta wat u meant by dees?

MIS W -CAM I will have thine eyes out, and thy
bastards shall be as blind as puppies!

W -CAM Sweet Rachel!—Good cousin, help to
pacify

MIS W -CAM I forbid the banes, adulterer!

W -CAM What means she by that, sir?

KNA Good cousin, forbid your rage awhile,
unless you hear, by what sense will you receive
satisfaction? [*Restraining her*]

MIS W -CAM By my hands and my teeth, sir,
give me leave! will you bind me whiles mine enemy
kills me?

W -CAM Here all are your friends, sweet wife

MIS W -CAM Wilt have two wives? do, and be^b
hanged, fornicator! I forbid the banes give me
the French hood, I'll tread it under feet in a pair
of pantofles^c

^z *grow thorough*] An allusion to a proverbial saying,

"There is a nest of chickens which he doth brood

That will sure make his haye growe through his hood"

Heywood's *Dialogue*, sig G 2,—*Workes*, ed 1598.

Ray gives "*His hair grows through his hood*—He is very poor,
his hood is full of holes" *Proverbs*, p. 57, ed 1768

^a *banes*] i e bans see note, vol 1 p 471

^b *be*] Old ed "by" ^c *pantofles*] i e a sort of slippers

MAR Begar, shall save hood, head, and all,
shall come no more heer, ey warran u [Exit

KNA Sir, the truth is, report spoke it for truth
You were to-morrow to be married

MIS W -CAM I forbid the banes !

W -CAM Mercy deliver me !

If my grave embrace me in the bed of death,
I would to church with willing ceremony,
But for my wedlock-fellow, here she is,

The first and last that e'er my thoughts look'd on

KNA Why, la, you, cousin, this was nought but
error,

Or an assault of mischief

W -CAM Whose report was it ?

KNA Your man George's, who invited me to the
wedding

W -CAM. George ! and was he sober ? good sir,
call him

Enter GEORGE

GEO It needs not, sir, I am here already

W -CAM Did you report this, George ?

GEO Yes, sir, I did

W -CAM And wherefore did you so ?

GEO For a new suit that you promised me, sir,
if I could bring home my mistress, and I think
she's come, with a mischief

MIS W -CAM Give me that villan's ears !

GEO I would give ear, if I could hear you talk
wisely.

MIS W -CAM Let me cut off his ears !

GEO I shall hear worse of you hereafter then,
limb for limb, one of my ears for one of your
tongues, and I'll lay out for my master

W -CAM 'Twas knavery with a good purpose in it
Sweet Rachel, this was even George's meaning,
A second marriage 'twixt thyself and me,

And now I woo thee to't, a quiet night
 Will make the sun, like a fresh bridegroom, rise
 And kiss the chaste cheek of the rosy morn,
 Which we will imitate, and, like him, create
 Fresh buds of love, fresh-spreading arms, fresh
 fruit,

Fresh wedding-robcs, and George's fresh new suit
 MIS W -CAM This is fine stuff, have you much
 on't to sell?

GEO A remnant of a yard

W -CAM Come, come, all's well —

Sir, you must sup, instead of to-morrow's dinner

KNA I follow you [*Exeunt all except KNAVESBY*]

—No, 'tis another way,

My lord's reward calls me to better cheer,
 Many good meals, a hundred marks a-year
 My wife's transform'd a lady, tush, she'll come
 To her shape again • my lord rides the circuit,
 If I ride along with him, what need I grutch?^c
 I can as easily sit, and speed as much [*Exit*]

ACT V. SCENE I

A street

Enter FRANKLIN senior in mourning, GEORGE CRESSINGHAM, and FRANKLIN junior disguised as an old Serving-man

G CRES Sir, your son's death, which has appeared
 parell'd you

In this darker wearing, is a loss wherein
 I've ample share, he was my friend

FRANK. SEN. He was my nearest

^c grutch] i e grudge.

And dearest^c enemy, and the perpetual
 Fear of a worse end, had he continuèd
 His former dissolute course[s], makes me weigh
 His death the lighter

G CRES Yet, sir, with your pardon,
 If you value him every way as he deserv'd,
 It will appear your scanting of his means,
 And the lord Beaufort's most unlordly breach
 Of promise to him, made him fall upon
 Some courses, to which his nature and mine own—
 Made desperate likewise by the cruelty of
 A mother-in-law—would else have been as strange
 As insolent greatness is to distress'd virtue

FRANK SEN Yes, I have heard of that too, your
 defeat^d

Made upon a mercer, I style't modestly,
 The law intends it plain cozenage

G CRES 'Twas no less,
 But my penitence and restitution may
 Come fairly off from't it was no impeachment
 To the glory won at Agincourt's great battle,
 That the achiever of it in his youth
 Had been a purse-taker, this with all reverence
 To the great example Now to my business,
 Wherein you've made such noble trial of
 Your worth, that in a world so dull as this,
 Where faith is almost grown to be a miracle,
 I've found a friend so worthy as yourself,
 To purchase all the land my father sold
 At the persuasion of a riotous woman,
 And charitable, to reserve it for his use
 And the good of his three children, this, I say,

^c *dearest*] i e most hurtful, most injurious (from the old verb *dere*, to hurt) So also in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, (act 1 sc 2, "*dearest* foe"), though Steevens explains it "most immediate, consequential, important."

^d *defeat*] Qy "deceit"?

Is such a deed shall style you our preserver,
And owe the memory of your worth, and pay it
To all posterity

FRANK SEN Sir, what I've done
Looks to the end of the good deed itself,
No other way i' the world

G CRES But would you please,
Out of a friendly reprehension,
To make him sensible of the weighty wrong
He has done his children? yet I would not have't
Too bitter, for he undergoes already
Such torment in a woman's naughty pride,
Too harsh reproof would kill him

FRANK SEN Leave you that
To my discretion I have made myself
My son's executor, and am come up
On purpose to collect his creditors,
And where I find his pennyworth conscionable,
I'll make them in part satisfaction

Enter GEORGE

O, this fellow was born near me, and his trading
here i' the city may bring me to the knowledge of
the men my son ought^d money to

GEO Your worship's welcome to London, and I
pray, how do^e all our good friends i' the country?

FRANK SEN They are well, George how thou
art shot up since I saw thee! what, I think thou art
almost out of thy time?

GEO I am out of my wits, sir, I have lived in a
kind of bedlam these four years, how can I be mine
own man then?

FRANK SEN Why, what's the matter?

GEO. I may turn soap-boiler, I have a loose body
I am turned away from my master

FRANK SEN How! turned away?

^d *ought*] i e owed

^e *do*] Old ed. "does"

GEO I am gone, sir, not in drink, and yet you may behold my indentures [*shewing indenture*] O the wicked wit of woman! for the good turn I did bringing her home, she ne'er left sucking my master's breath, like a cat, kissing him, I mean, till I was turned away

FRANK SEN I have heard she's a terrible woman

GEO Yes, and the miserablest! her sparing in housekeeping has cost him somewhat—the *Dagger-pies*^e can testify she has stood in's light most miserably, like your fasting days before red letters in the almanac, saying the pinching of our bellies would be a mean to make him wear scarlet the sooner She had once persuaded him to have bought spectacles for all his servants, that they might have worn 'em dinner and supper

FRANK SEN To what purpose?

GEO. Marry, to have made our victuals seem bigger than 't was she shews from whence she came, that my wind-colic can witness

FRANK SEN Why, whence came she?

GEO Marry, from a courtier, and an officer too, that was up and down I know not how often

FRANK SEN Had he any great place?

GEO Yes, and a very high one, but he got little by it, he was one that blew the organ in the court chapel, our Puritans,^f especially your Puritans in Scotland, could ne'er away with^g him

^e *Dagger-pies*] 1 e pies made at *The Dagger*, a low ordinary and public-house in Holborn, they were in great repute, as well as its ale

^f *our Puritans, &c*] Compare vol 11 p 153, and note, also the following passage of the Latin comedy *Cornelianum Doctum*, 1638, "imo membra sua vix tolerare queunt quia *Organa* appellata sunt," p 6 though the play just cited has on its title-page "auctore T R." (1 e, as commonly explained, Thomas Randolph), I have little doubt that it was written by Brathwait.

^g *away with*] 1 e endure.

FRANK SEN Is she one of the sect?

GEO Faith, I think not, for I am certain she denies her husband the supremacy

FRANK SEN Well, George, your difference may be reconciled I am now to use your help in a business that concerns me, here's a note of men's names here i' the city unto whom my son ought^s money, but I do not know their dwelling

GEO [*taking note from FRANK SEN*] Let me see, sir [*reads*] *Fifty pound ta'en up at use of Master Waterthen the brewer*

FRANK SEN What's he?

GEO An obstinate fellow, and one that denied payment of the groats till he lay by the heels for't, I know him [*reads*] *Item, fourscore pair of provant breeches,^h a' the new fashion, to Pinchbuttock, a hosier in Burchen Lane, so much*

FRANK SEN What the devil did he with so many pair of breeches?

FRANK JUN Supply a captain, sir, a friend of his went over to the Palatinate

GEO [*reads*] *Item, to my tailor, master Weatherwise, by St Clement's church*

G CRES Who should that be? it may be 'tis the new prophet, the astrological tailor

FRANK JUN. No, no, no, sir, we have nothing to do with him

GEO. Well, I'll read no further, leave the note

^s ought] i e owed

^h provant breeches] i e such breeches as were supplied to the soldiers from the magazines of the army see Gifford's note on B Jonson's *Works*, vol 1 p 70—*Provant* meant provision "put in apposition with any other thing," says Nares, it "implied that such an article was supplied for mere provision, as we say ammunition bread, &c, meaning a common sort" *Gloss* in v

to my discretion, do not fear but I'll inquire them all

FRANK. SEN Why, I thank thee, George¹—Sir, rest assured I shall in all your business be faithful to you, and at better leisure find time to imprint deeply in your father the wrong he has done you

G CRES You are worthy in all things —

[*Exeunt FRANKLIN senior, FRANKLIN junior, and GEORGE*

(*Scene changes to a room in SIR F. CRESSINGHAM'S house*)

Enter SAUNDER

Is my father stirring?

SAUN Yes, sir my lady wonders you are thus chargeable to your father, and will not direct yourself unto some gainful study, may quit him of your dependance

G. CRES What study?

SAUN Why, the law, that law that takes up most a' the wits i' the kingdom, not for most good but most gain, or divinity, I have heard you talk well, and I do not think but you'd prove a singular fine churchman

G CRES I should prove a plural better, if I could attain to fine benefices

SAUN My lady, now she has money, is studying to do good works, she talked last night what a goodly act it was of a countess^k—Northamptonshire

¹ *George*] Is printed in old ed, as the prefix to "Sir, rest assured," &c

¹ *Scene changes, &c*] There can be no doubt, I think, that, on the departure of the two Franklins and George, the poet intended the audience to suppose that a change of scene took place as I have marked it See notes, pp 291, 476

^k *countess, &c*] i e Godeva see Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, p 86, ed 1656

breed belike, or thereabouts—that to make Coventry a corporation, rode through the city naked, and by daylight

G CRES I do not think but you have ladies living would discover as much in private, to advance but some member of a corporation

SAUN Well, sir, your wit is still goring at my lady's projects here's your father

Enter SIR FRANCIS CRESSINGHAM

SIR F CRES Thou comest to chide me, hearing how like a ward I am handled since the sale of my land

G CRES No, sir, but to turn your eyes into your own bosom

SIR F CRES Why, I am become my wife's pensioner, am confined to a hundred mark¹ a-year, t' one suit, and one man to attend me

SAUN. And is not that enough for a private gentleman?

SIR F CRES Peace, sirrah, there is nothing but knave speaks in thee —and my two poor children must be put forth to 'prentice'

G CRES Ha' to 'prentice? sir, I do not come to grieve you, but to shew how wretched your estate was, that you could not come to see order until foul disorder pointed the way to't,
So inconsiderate,^m yet so fruitful still
Is dotage to beget its own destruction

SIR F CRES. Surely I am nothing, and desireⁿ to be so —Pray thee, fellow, entreat her only to be

¹ mark] See note, p 10

^m So inconsiderate, &c] Two lines, evidently, of blank verse—in which, probably, more of this scene was originally written than I have been able to arrange as such see note, p 421

ⁿ desire] Qy. "deserve"? compare p 279, and note.

quiet, I have given her all my estate on that condition

SAUN Yes, sir, her coffers are well lin'd, believe me

SIR F CRES And yet she's not contented. we observe

The moon is ne'er so pleasant and so clear
As when she's at the full

G CRES You did not use
My mother with this observance, you are like
The frogs, who, weary of their quiet king,
Consented to th' election of the stork,
Who in the end devour'd them

SIR F CRES You may see
How apt man is to forfeit all his judgment
Upon the instant of his fall

G CRES Look up, sir

SIR F CRES O, my heart's broke! weighty are
injuries

That come from an enemy, but those are deadly
That come from a friend, for we see commonly
Those are ta'en most to heart She comes

G CRES What a terrible eye she darts on us!

Enter LADY CRESSINGHAM

SIR F CRES O, most natural for lightning to go
before the thunder

L CRES What! are you in council? are ye
levying faction against us?

SIR F CRES Good friend —

L CRES Sir, sir, pray, come hither, there is
winter in your looks, a latter winter, do you complain to your kindred? I'll make you fear extremely, to shew you have any cause to fear.—Are the bonds sealed for the six thousand pounds I put forth to use?

SAUN Yes, madam.

L CRES The bonds were made in my uncle's name?

SAUN Yes

L CRES 'Tis well

SIR F CRES 'Tis strange though

L CRES Nothing strange, you'll think the allowance I have put you to as strange, but your judgment cannot reach the aim I have in't you were pricked last year to be high sheriff, and what it would have cost you I understand now, all this charge, and the other by the sale of your land, and the money at my dispose, and your pension so small, will settle you in quiet, make you master of a retired life, and our great ones may think you a politic man, and that you are aiming at some strange business, having made all over

SIR F CRES I must leave you man is never truly awake till he be dead!

[Exeunt SIR F CRESSINGHAM and SAUNDER]

G CRES What a dream have you made of my father!

L CRES Let him be so, and keep the proper place of dreams, his bed, until I raise him

G CRES Raise him! not unlikely, 'tis you have ruined him

L CRES You do not come to quarrel?

G CRES No, certain, but to persuade you to a thing, that, in the virtue of it, nobly carries its own commendation, and you shall gain much honour by it, which is the recompence of all virtuous actions — to use my father kindly.

L CRES. Why, does he complain to you, sir?

G CRES Complain? why should a king complain for any thing, but for his sins to heaven? the prerogative of husband is like to his over his wife

L CRES I'm full of business, sir, and will not
mind you

G CRES I must not leave you thus, I tell
you, mother, 'tis dangerous to a woman when her
mind raises her to such height, it makes her only
capable of her own merit, nothing of duty O, 'twas
a strange, unfortunate o'erprizing your beauty,
brought him, otherwise discreet, into the fatal ne-
glect of his poor children! What will you give us
of the late sum you received?

L CRES Not a penny, away, you are trouble-
some and saucy

G CRES You are too cruel denials even from
princes, who may do what they list, should be sup-
plied with a gracious verbal usage, that, though
they do not cure the sore, they may abate the sense
of 't the wealth you seem to command over is his,
and he, I hope, will dispose of't to our use

L CRES When he can command my will

G CRES Have you made him so miserable, that
he must take a law from his wife?

L CRES Have you not had some lawyers forced
to groan under the burden?

G CRES O, but the greater the women, the more
visible are their vices!

L CRES So, sir,
You've been so bold by all can bind an oath,
And I'll not break it, I'll not be the woman
To you hereafter you expected

G CRES Be not,
Be not yourself, be not my father's wife,
Be not my lady Cressingham, and then
I'll thus speak to you, but you must not answer
In your own person

L CRES A fine puppet-play!

G CRES Good madam, please you, pity the dis-

tress of a poor gentleman, that is undone by a cruel mother-in-law, you do not know her, nor does she deserve the knowledge of any good one, for she does not know herself, you would sigh for her that e'er she took you^[1] sex, if you but heard her qualities

L CRES This is a fine crotchet

G CRES Envy and pride flow in her painted breasts, she gives no other suck, all her attendants do not belong to her husband, his money is hers, marry, his debts are his own she bears such sway, she will not suffer his religion be his own, but what she please to turn it to

L CRES And all this while I am the woman you libel against

G CRES I remember, ere the land was sold, you talked of going to Ireland, but should you touch there, you would die presently

L CRES Why, man?

G CRES The country brooks no poison ° go,
You'll find how difficult a thing it is
To make a settled or assur'd estate
Of things ill-gotten when my father's dead,
The curse of lust and riot follow you!
Marry some young gallant that may rifle you,
Yet add one blessing to your needy age,
That you may die full of repentance

L CRES Ha, ha, ha!

G CRES O, she is lost to any kind of goodness!
[*Exeunt severally*]

° brooks no poison] See note, vol iii p 177

SCENE III

A room^p*Enter* LORD BEAUFORT *and* KNAVESBY

L BEAU Sirrah, begone! you're base

KNA Base, my good lord?

'Tis a ground part in music, trebles, means,^q
 All is but fiddling^r your honour bore a part,
 As my wife says, my lord

L BEAU Your wife's a stumptet!

KNA Ah ha! is she so? I am glad to hear it,
 Open confession, open payment,
 The wager's mine then, a hundred a-year, my lord,
 I said so before, and stak'd my head against it
 Thus after darksome night the day is come, my lord

L BEAU Hence, hide thy branded head, let no
day see thee,

Not thou any but thy execution-day

KNA That's the day after washing-day, once
a-week

I see't at home, my lord

L BEAU Go home and see

Thy prostituted wife—for sure 'tis so—

Now folded in a boy's adultery,

My page, on whom the hot-rein'd harlot doats

This night he hath been her attendant, my house

He is fled from, and must no more return

^p *a room*] Intent mainly on bringing together nearly the whole of the *dramatis personæ*, Middleton appears to have left the location of this scene to the imagination of the audience. Soon after Water-Camlet and George have been concealing themselves "*behind the arras*," Sweetball and Knavesby enter, and agree (as if they were walking out of doors), that "the next man they meet shall judge them"

^q *means*] i e tenor^r *is but fiddling*] Old ed "has but sidling"

Go, and make haste, sir, lest your reward be lost
For want of looking to

KNA My reward lost?

Is there nothing due for what is past, my lord?

L BEAU Yes, pander, wittol,^s macrio,^t basest of
knaves,

Thou bolster-bawd to thine own infamy!

Go, I've no more about me at this time,
When I am better stor'd thou shalt have more,
Where'er I meet thee

KNA Pander, wittol, macrio, base knave, bolster-bawd! here is but five mark toward a hundred a-year, this is poor payment. If lords may be trusted no better than thus, I will go home and cut my wife's nose off, I will turn over a new leaf, and hang up the page, lastly, I will put on a large pair of wet-leather boots, and drown myself, I will sink at Queen hive,^u and rise again at Charing Cross, contrary to the statute in *Edwardo primo* [Exit

Enter FRANKLIN senior, FRANKLIN junior disguised as before, GEORGE, and several Creditors

FRANK SEN Good health to your lordship!

L BEAU Master Franklin, I heard of your arrival, and the cause of this your sad appearance

FRANK SEN And 'tis no more than as your honour says, indeed, appearance, it has more form than feeling sorrow, sir, I must confess there's none of these gentlemen, though aliens in blood, but have as large cause of grief as I

FIRST C No, by your favour, sir, we are well satisfied, there was in his life a greater hope, but less assurance

^s wittol] i e tame cuckold

^t macrio] i e pander, pimp

^u sink at Queen hive, &c] See note, vol II p 255

SEC C Sir, I wish all my debts of no better promise to pay me thus, fifty in the hundred comes fairly homewards

FRANK JUN Considering hard bargains and dead commodities, sir

SEC C Thou sayest true, friend—and from a dead debtor, too

L BEAU And so you have compounded and agreed all your son's riotous debts?

FRANK SEN There's behind but one cause of worse condition, that done, he may sleep quietly

FIRST C Yes, sure, my lord, this gentleman is come a wonder to us all, that so fairly, with half a loss, could satisfy those debts were dead, even with his son, and from whom we could have nothing claimed

FRANK SEN I shewed my reason, I would have a good name live after him, because he bore my name

SEC C May his tongue perish first—and that will spoil his trade—that first gives him a syllable of ill!

L BEAU Why, this is friendly

Enter WATER-CAMLET

W -CAM My lord!

L BEAU Master Camlet! very welcome

W -CAM Master Franklin, I take it these gentlemen I know well, good master Pennystone, master Philip, master Cheyney I am glad I shall take my leave of so many of my good friends at once Your hand first, my lord—fare you well, sir—nay, I must have all your hands to my pass

[Taking their hands]

GEO Will you have mine too, sir?

W -CAM Yes, thy two hands, George, and, I

think, two honest hands of a tradesman, George, as any between Cornhill and Lombard Street

GEO Take heed what you say, sir, there's Birchin Lane between 'em

L BEAU But what's the cause of this, master Camlet?

W -CAM I have the cause in handling now, my lord, George, honest George, is the cause, yet no cause of George's, George is turned away one way, and I must go another

L BEAU And whither is your way, sir?

W -CAM E'en to seek out a quiet life, my lord
I do hear of a fine peaceable island

L BEAU Why, 'tis the same you live in

W -CAM No, 'tis so fam'd,
But we th' inhabitants find it not so
The place I speak of^v has been kept with thunder,
With frightful lightnings, amazing noises,
But now, th' enchantment broke, 'tis the land of
peace,

Where hogs and tobacco yield fair increase

L BEAU This is a little wild, methinks

W -CAM Gentlemen, fare you well, I am for the Bermudas

L BEAU Nay, good sir, stay and is that your only cause, the loss of George?

W -CAM The loss of George, my lord? make you that no cause? why, but examine, would it not break the stout heart of a nobleman to lose his george,^w much more the tender bosom of a citizen?

L BEAU Fie, fie, I'm sorry your gravity should

^v *The place I speak of, &c*] See Malone's Essay on the Origin of *The Tempest*, reprinted in vol xv of his *Shakespeare* (by Boswell) At p 425 of the Appendix to that tract, Malone, having occasion to notice the present passage, says, that *Any Thing for a Quiet Life* "appears from internal evidence to have been written about the year 1619"

^w *george*] i e the insignia of St George

run back to lightness thus you go to the Bermoothes !^x

FRANK SEN Better to Ireland, sir

W -CAM The land of Ire ? that's too near home , my wife will be heard from Hellbree to Diviln^y

FRANK SEN Sir, I must of necessity a while detain you I must acquaint you with a benefit that's coming towards you, you were cheated of some goods of late—come, I'm a cunning man, and will help you to the most part again, or some reasonable satisfaction

W -CAM That's another cause of my unquiet life, sir , can you do that, I may chance stay another tide or two

Enter MISTRESS WATER-CAMLET

My wife ! I must speak more private with you—by forty foot, pain of death, I dare not reach her ! no words of me, sweet gentlemen

[Slips behind the arras

Geo I had need hide too *[Follows W -CAMLET*

MIS W CAM O, my lord, I have scarce tongue enough yet to tell you—my husband, my husband's gone from me ! your warrant, good my lord ! I never had such need of your warrant , my husband's gone from me !

L BEAU Going he is, 'tis true, has ta'en his leave of me and all these gentlemen, and 'tis your sharp tongue that whips him forwards

MIS W -CAM A warrant, good my lord !

L BEAU You turn away his servants, such on whom his estate depends, he says, who know his books, his debts, his customers , the form and order of all his affairs you make orderless—chiefly, his George you have banished from him

^x *Bermoothes*] Or *Bermoothes*—an old form of *Bermudas*

^y *Diviln*] i e Dublin

MIS W -CAM My lord, I will call George again

GEO [*behind the arras*] Call George again !

L BEAU Why, hark you, how high-voiced you are, that raise an echo from my cellarage, which we with modest loudness cannot !

MIS W -CAM My lord, do you think I speak too loud ?

GEO [*behind the arras*] Too loud !

L BEAU Why, hark, your own tongue answers you, and reverberates your words into your teeth !

MIS W -CAM I will speak lower all the days of my life, I never found the fault in myself till now your warrant, good my lord, to stay my husband !

L BEAU Well, well, it shall o'ertake him ere he pass Gravesend, provided that he meet his quietness at home, else he's gone again

FRANK SEN And withal to call George again

MIS W -CAM I will call George again

GEO [*behind the arras*] Call George again !

L BEAU See, you are rais'd again, the echo tells you !

MIS W -CAM I did forget myself indeed, my lord, this is my last fault I will go make a silent inquiry after George, I will whisper half a score porters in the ear, that shall run softly up and down the city to seek him Be wi' ye, my lord—bye all, gentlemen [*Exit*]

L BEAU George, your way lies before you now [*GEORGE comes from behind the arras*], cross the street, and come into her eyes, your master's journey will be stayed

GEO I'll warrant you bring it to better subjection yet [*Exit*]

L BEAU These are fine flashes ! [*WATER-CAMLET comes from behind the arras*]—How now, master Camlet ?

W -CAM I had one ear lent to youward, my lord,
And this o' th' other^y side, both sounded sweetly
I've whole recover'd my late losses, sir,
The one half paid, the other is forgiven

L BEAU Then your journey is stayed?

W CAM Alas, my lord, that was a trick of age!
For I had left never a trick of youth
Like it, to succour me

Enter SWELTBALL with KNAVESBY

L BEAU How now? what new object's here?

SWEET The next man we meet shall judge us

KNA Content, though he be but a common councilman

L BEAU The one's a knave, I could know him
at twelve score distance

FRANK SEN And t'other's a barber-surgeon, my lord

- KNA I'll go no further, here is the honourable
lord that I know will grant my request My lord—

SWEET Peace, I will make it plain to his lordship
My lord, a covenant by *jus jurandum* is between us,
he is to suffocate my respiration by his *capistrum*,
and I to make incision so far as mortification by his jugulars

L BEAU This is not altogether so plain neither,
sir

SWEET I can speak no plainer, my lord, unless
I wrong mine art

KNA I can, my lord, I know some part of the
law I am to take him in this place where I find
him, and lead him from hence to the place of execution,
and there to hang him till he dies, he in equal
courtesy is to cut my throat with his razor, and
there's an end of both on's

^y other] Old ed here and next line but one, "to'ther"

SWEET There is the end, my lord, but we want the beginning I stand upon it to be strangled first, before I touch either his *gula* or *cervix*

KNA I am against it, for how shall I be sure to have my throat cut after he's hanged?

L BEAU Is this a condition betwixt you?

KNA A firm covenant, signed and sealed by oath and handfast, and wants nothing but agreement

L BEAU A little pause what might be the cause on either part?

SWEET My passions are grown to putrefaction, and my griefs are gangrened, master Camlet has scarified me all over, besides the loss of my new brush

KNA I am kept out of mine own castle, my wife keeps the hold against me, your page, my lord, is her champion I summoned a *parle*⁷ at the window, was answered with defiance they confess they have lain together, but what they have done else, I know not

L BEAU Thou canst have no wrong that deserves pity, thou art thyself so bad

KNA I thank your honour for that, let me have my throat cut then

W-CAM Sir, I can give you a better remedy than his *capistrum*,—your ear a little

Enter MISTRESS KNAVESBY, and MISTRESS GEORGE CRESSINGHAM *in female attire*

MIS KNA I come with a bold innocence to answer

The best and worst that can accuse me here

L BEAU Your husband

MIS KNA He's the worst, I dare his worst

KNA Your page, your page

⁷ *parle*] i e parley

MIS KNA We lay together in bed,
It is confess'd, you and your ends of law
Make^z worser of't, I did it for rewaide

L BEAU I'll hear no more of this —Come, gentlemen, will you walk?

Enter GEORGE CRESSINGHAM

G CRES My lord, a little stay, you'll see a sight
That neighbour amity will be much pleas'd with
It is already come,^a my father, sir

Enter SIR FRANCIS CRESSINGHAM in rich apparel

L BEAU There must be cause, certain, for this good change —
Sir, you are bravely^b met,
This is the best I ever saw you at^c

SIR F CRES My lord, I am amazement to myself
I slept in poverty, and am awake
Into this wonder how I came^d thus brave,
My dreams did not so much as tell me of,
I am of my kind son's new making up,
It exceeds the pension much that yesternight
Allow'd me, and my pockets centupled,
But I'm my son's child, sir, he knows of me
More than I do myself

G CRES Sir, you yet have
But earnest of your happiness, a pinnace
Fore-riding a goodly vessel, by this near anchor,
Bulk'd like a castle, and with jewels fraught—
Joys above jewels, sir—from deck to keel

^z *Make*] Old ed "makes"

^a *already come*] Old ed "come already"

^b *bravely*] i e finely (in fine apparel)

^c *the best I ever saw you at*] Old ed "at the best I ever saw you"

^d *came*] Old ed "can"

Make way for the receipt, empty your bosom
Of all griefs and troubles, leave not a sigh
To beat her back again, she is so stor'd,
Y'had need have room enough to take her lading

SIR F CRES If one commodity be wanting now,
All this is nothing

G CRES Tush, that must out too
There must be no remembrance, not the thought
That ever youth in woman did abuse you,
That e'er your children had a stepmother,
That you sold lands to please your punishment,
That you were circumscrib'd and taken in,
Abridg'd the large extendure of your grounds,
And put into the pin-fold that belong'd to't,
That your son did cheat for want of maintenance,
That he did beg you shall remember only,
For I have begg'd off all these troubles from you

L BEAU This was a good week's labour

G CRES Not an hour's, my lord, but 'twas a
happy one —
See, sir, a new day shines on you.

*Enter LADY CRESSINGHAM in civil^c habit, MARIA and
EDWARD very gallant, and SAUNDER*

L CRES O sir,
Your son has robb'd me —

SIR F CRES Ha, that way I instructed¹

G CRES Nay, hear her, sir

L CRES Of my good purpose, sir,
He hath forc'd out of me what lay conceal'd,
Ripen'd my pity with his dews of duty
Forgive me, sir, and but keep the number
Of every grief that I have pain'd you with,
I'll ten-fold pay with fresh obedience

^{c civil} i e sober, grave, plain—opposed to “gallant,”
which follows

W -CAM O that my wife were here to learn this lesson!

L CRES Your state^d is not abated, what was yours is still your own, and take the cause withal of my harsh-seeming usage,—it was to reclaim faults in yourself, the swift consumption of many large revenues, gaming, that of not much less speed, burning up house and land, not casual, but cunning fire, which, though it keeps the chimney, and outward shews like hospitality, is only devourer on't, consuming chemistry,—there I have made you a flat banquerout,^e all your stillatories and labouring minei^{als} are demolished—that part of hell in your house is extinct,

Put out your desire with them, and then these feet Shall level with my hands until you raise

My stoop'd humility to higher grace,
To warm these lips with love, and duty do
To every silver hair, each one shall be
A senator to my obedience

SIR F CRES All this I knew^f before whoe'er of you

That had but one ill thought of this good woman,
You owe a knee to her, and she is merciful
If she forgive you

Re-enter GEORGE and MISTRESS WATER-CAMLET

L BEAU That shall be private penance, sir, we'll all joy in public with you

GEO On the conditions I tell you, not else.

MIS W -CAM Sweet George, dear George, any conditions

W -CAM My wife!

^d *Your state, &c*] A speech the whole of which seems to have been originally verse see note, p 421

^e *banquerout*] i e bankrupt

^f *knew*] Old ed "know"

FRANK SEN Peace, George is bringing her to conditions

W.-CAM Good ones, good George!

GEO You shall never talk your voice above the key sol, sol, sol

MIS W.-CAM Sol, sol, sol—ay, George

GEO. Say, Welcome home, honest George, in that pitch

MIS W.-CAM Welcome home, honest George!

GEO Why, this is well now

W.-CAM That's well indeed, George

GEO *Rogue* nor *rascal* must never come out of your mouth

MIS W.-CAM They shall never come in, honest George

GEO Nor I will not have you call my master plain *husband*, that's too coarse, but as your gentlewomen in the country use, and your parsons' wives in the town,—'tis comely, and shall be customed in the city,—call him *master* Camlet at every word

MIS W.-CAM At every word, honest George.

GEO. Look you, there he is, salute him then

MIS W.-CAM Welcome home, good master Camlet!

W.-CAM Thanks, and a thousand,^s sweet—*wife*, I may say, honest George?

GEO Yes, sir, or *bird*, or *chuck*, or *heart's-ease*, or plain *Rachel*, but call her *Rac* no more, so long as she is quiet

W.-CAM God-a-mercy, sha't have thy new suit a' Sunday, George

MIS W.-CAM George shall have two new suits, master Camlet

^s *Thanks, and a thousand*] i. e. a thousand thanks compare note, vol II p 86

W -CAM God-a-mercy, i'faith, chuck

SWEET Master Camlet, you and I are friends,
all even betwixt us?

W -CAM I do acquit thee, neighbour Sweetball

SWEET I will not be hanged then—Knavesby,
do thy worst, nor I will not cut thy throat

KNA I must do't myself

SWEET If thou comest to my shop, and usurpest
my chair of maintenance, I will go as near as I can,
but I will not do't

G CRES No, 'tis I must cut Knavesby's throat,
for slandering a modest gentlewoman and my wife,
in shape of your page, my lord, in her own I durst
not place her so near your lordship

L BEAU No more of that, sir, if your ends
have acquired their own events, crown 'em with
your own joy

G CRES Down a' your knees, Knavesby, to your
wife, she's too honest for you

SWEET Down, down, before you are hanged,
'twill be too late afterwards, and long thou canst
not 'scape it

[KNAVESBY kneels

MIS KNA You'll play the pander no more, will
you?

KNA O, that's an inch into my throat!

MIS KNA. And let out your wife for hire?^h

KNA O, sweet wife, go no deeper!

MIS KNA Dare any be bail for your better be-
haviour?

L BEAU Yes, yes, I dare, he will mend one day

MIS KNA And be worse the next

KNA Hang me the third then, dear, merciful
wife,

I will do any thing for a quiet life

[Rises.

L BEAU. All then is reconciled?

^h hire] Old ed. "her"

SWEET Only my brush is lost, my dear new brush

FRANK SEN I will help you to satisfaction for that too, sir

SWEET O spermaceti! I feel it heal already

FRANK SEN Gentlemen, I have fully satisfied my dead son's debts?

CREDITORS All pleased, all paid, sir

FRANK SEN Then once more here I bring him back to life,

From my servant to my son nay, wonder not,
I have not dealt by fallacy with any,
My son was dead, whoe'er outlives his virtues
Is a dead man, for when you hear of spirits
That walk in real bodies, to th' amaze
And cold astonishment of such as meet 'em,
And all would shun, those are men of vices,
Who nothing have but what is visible,
And so, by consequence, they have no souls,
But if the soul return, he lives again,
Created newly, such my son appears,
By my blessing rooted, growing by his tears

CREDITORS You have beguiled us honestly, sir

FRANK JUN And you shall have your brush again

SWEET My basins shall all ring for joy

L BEAU Why, this deserves a triumph,¹ and my cost

Shall begin a feast to it, to which I do
Invite you all, such happy reconcilements
Must not be past without a health of joy
Discorded friends aton'd,² men and their wives,
This hope proclaims your after quiet lives

[*Exeunt omnes*]

¹ *triumph*] See note, p 403

² *aton'd*] i e reconciled

EPILOGUE.

I am sent t' inquire your censure,^k and to know
How you stand affected? whether we do owe
Our service to your favours, or must strike
Our sails, though full of hope, to your dislike?
Howe'er, be pleas'd to think we purpos'd well,
And from my fellows thus much I must tell,
Instruct us but in what we went astray,
And, to redeem it, we'll take any way

^k *censure*] i e judgment

WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN

*Women Beware Women A Tragedy, By Tho Middleton,
Gent London Printed for Humphrey Moseley, 1657*—is the
second of *Two New Playes*, originally published together in
8vo see vol iii p 553

It has been reprinted in the 5th vol of *A Continuation of
Dodsley's Old Plays*, 1816

"The Foundation of this Play," says Langbaine, "is bor-
row'd from a Romance called *Hyppolito and Isabella*, octavo"
Acc of Engl Dram Poets, p 374

UPON THE TRAGEDY OF MY FAMILIAR
ACQUAINTANCE, THO MIDDLETON

Women beware Women, 'tis a true text
Never to be forgot, drabs of state vex
Have plots, poisons, mischiefs that seldom miss,
To murder virtue with a venom-kiss
Witness this worthy tragedy, exprest
By him that well deserv'd among the best
Of poets in his time he knew the rage,
Madness of women cross'd, and for the stage
Fitted their humours, hell-bred malice, strife
Acted in state, presented to the life
I that have seen't can say, having just cause,
Never came tragedy off with more applause

NATH RICHARDS ^a

^a *Nath Richards*] According to the *Biogr Dram*, "was of Caius College, Cambridge, where, in 1634, he took the degree of LL B" He was author of *Messalena the Roman Empress*, a tragedy, 1640, and *Poems Sacred and Satyricall*, 1641

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Duke of Florence
Lord Cardinal, brother to the duke
 FABRICIO, *father to Isabella*
 HIPPOLITO, *brother to Fabricio*
 GUARDIANO, *uncle to the Ward*
The Ward, a rich young heir
 LEANTIO, *a factor, husband to Bianca*
 SORDIDO, *servant to the Ward*
Cardinals, Knights, States of Florence, Citizens, &c

LIVIA, *sister to Fabricio and Hippolito*
 ISABELLA, *daughter to Fabricio*
 BIANCA,^b *wife to Leantio*
Mother to Leantio
Ladies

Scene, FLORENCE

^b *Bianca*] Old ed, both in the list of characters and throughout the play, "*Brancha*" The violation of metre which the latter name occasions would alone be sufficient to prove it a misprint e g

"Sure you're not well, *Brancha*, how dost, prithee?"

"What shall I think of first? Come forth, *Brancha*!"

"Thou hast been seen, *Brancha*, by some stranger"

"*Brancha*

Would you keep me closer yet?"

"I should fall forward rather

Come, *Brancha*!"

"Come sit, *Brancha*

This is some good yet"

"Here's to thyself, *Brancha*

Nothing comes"

"Of bright *Brancha*, we sat all in darkness"

Her family name, as we learn from act iii sc 1, was Capello—Most readers will recollect the celebrated *Bianca Capello*, second wife of Francis de Medici, grand duke of Tuscany the earlier events in her history, and in that of the Bianca of the tragedy, have a sort of resemblance, both fled from Venice to Florence, &c

WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN

ACT I SCENE I

An outer room in the house of LEANTIO's Mother

Enter LEANTIO, BIANCA, and Mother

MOTH Thy sight was never yet more precious
to me,
Welcome, with all th' affection of a mother,
That comfort can express from natural love!
Since thy birth-joy—a mother's chiefest gladness,
After sh'as undergone her curse of sorrows—
Thou wast not more dear to me than this hour
Presents thee to my heart welcome again!

LEAN 'Las, poor affectionate soul, how her joys
speak to me!

I have observ'd it often, and I know it is
The fortune commonly of knavish children
To have the loving'st mothers [*Aside*]

MOTH What's this gentlewoman?

LEAN O, you have nam'd the most unvalu'dst^c
purchase
That youth of man had ever knowledge of!
As often as I look upon that treasure,
And know it to be mine—there lies the blessing—
It joys me that I ever was ordain'd

^c *unvalu'dst*] i e invaluablest

To have a being, and to live 'mongst men,
 Which is a fearful living, and a poor one,
 Let a man truly think on't
 To have the toil and griefs of fourscore years
 Put up in a white sheet, tied with two knots,
 Methinks it should strike earthquakes in adul-
 terers,

When even the very sheets they commit sin in
 May prove, for aught they know, all their last gar-
 ments

O what a mark were there for women then'
 But beauty, able to content a conqueror
 Whom earth could scarce content, keeps me in
 compass

I find no wish in me bent sinfully
 To this man's sister, or to that man's wife,
 In love's name let 'em keep their honesties,
 And cleave to their own husbands,—'tis their duties
 Now when I go to church I can pray handsomely,
 Nor come like gallants only to see faces,
 As if lust went to market still on Sundays
 I must confess I'm guilty of one sin, mother,
 More than I brought into the world with me,
 But that I glory in, 'tis theft, but noble
 As ever greatness yet shot up withal

MOTH How's that?

LEAN Never to be repented, mother,
 Though sin be death, I had died, if I had not sinn'd,
 And here's my masterpiece, do you now behold
 her!

Look on her well, she's mine, look on her better,
 Now say if't be not the best piece of theft
 That ever was committed? and I've my pardon
 for't,—

'Tis seal'd from heaven by marriage

MOTH Married to her!

LEAN You must keep counsel, mother, I'm undone else,
If it be known, I've lost her, do but think now
What that loss is,—life's but a trifle to't
From Venice, her consent and I have brought her
From parents great in wealth, more now in rage,
But let storms spend their furies, now we've got
A shelter o'er our quiet innocent loves,
We are contented little money sh'as brought me,
View but her face, you may see all her dowry,
Save that which lies lock'd up in hidden virtues,
Like jewels kept in cabinets

MOTH You're to blame,
If your obedience will give way to a check,
To wrong such a perfection

LEAN How?

MOTH Such a creature,
To draw her from her fortune, which, no doubt,
At the full time might have prov'd rich and noble,
You know not what you've done, my life can give
you

But little helps, and my death lesser hopes,
And hitherto your own means has but made shift
To keep you single, and that hardly too
What ableness have you to do her right then
In maintenance fitting her birth and virtues?
Which every woman of necessity looks for,
And most to go above it, not confin'd
By their conditions, virtues, bloods, or births,
But flowing to affections, wills, and humours

LEAN Speak low, sweet mother, you're able to
spoil as many
As come within the hearing, if it be not
Your fortune to mar all, I have much marvel
I pray do not you teach her to rebel,
When she is in a good way to obedience,

To rise with other women in commotion
Against their husbands for six gowns a-year,
And so maintain their cause, when they're once up,
In all things else that require cost enough
They're all of 'em a kind of spirits soon rais'd,
But not so soon laid, mother, as, for example,
A woman's belly is got up in a trice,—
A simple charge ere't be laid down again
So ever in all their quarrels and their couises,
And I'm a proud man I hear nothing of 'em,
They're very still, I thank my happiness,
And sound asleep, pray let not your tongue wake
'em

If you can but rest quiet, she's contented
With all conditions that my fortunes bring her to,
To keep close, as a wife that loves her husband,
To go after the rate of my ability,
Not the licentious swing of her own will,
Like some of her old school-fellows, she intends
To take out other works in a new sampler,
And frame the fashion of an honest love,
Which knows no wants, but, mocking poverty,
Brings forth more children, to make rich men
wonder

At divine providence, that feeds mouths of infants,
And sends them none to feed, but stuffs their rooms
With fruitful bags, their beds with barren wombs
Good mother, make not you things worse than they
are

Out of your too much openness, pray take heed
on't,

Nor imitate the envy of old people,
That strive to mar good sport because they're perfect

I would have you more pitiful to youth,
Especially to your own flesh and blood

I'll prove an excellent husband, here's my hand,
Lay in provision, follow my business roundly,
And make you a grandmother in forty weeks
Go, pray salute her, bid her welcome cheerfully

MOTH [*saluting* BIANCA] Gentlewoman, thus much
is a debt of courtesies,

Which fashionable strangers pay each other
At a kind meeting then there's more than one
Due to the knowledge I have of your nearness,
I'm bold to come again, and now salute you
By the name of daughter, which may challenge more
Than ordinary respect

LEAN Why, this is well now,
And I think few mothers of threescore will mend it
[*Aside*

MOTH What I can bid you welcome to, is mean,
But make it all your own, we're full of wants,
And cannot welcome worth

LEAN Now this is scurvy,
And spoke^d as if a woman lack'd her teeth,
These old folks talk of nothing but defects,
Because they grow so full of 'em themselves

[*Aside*
BIAN. Kind mother, there is nothing can be
wanting

To her that does enjoy all her desires
Heaven send a quiet peace with this man's love,
And I'm as rich as virtue can be poor,
Which were enough after the rate of mind
To erect temples for content plac'd here
I have forsook friends, fortunes, and my country,
And hourly I rejoice in't. Here's my friends,
And few is the good number — Thy successes,
Howe'er they look, I will still name my fortunes ;

^d *spoke*] Old ed "spake"

Hopeful or spiteful, they shall all be welcome
Who invites many guests has of all sorts,
As he that traffics much drinks of all fortunes,
Yet they must all be welcome, and us'd well
I'll call this place the place of my birth now,
And rightly too, for here my love was born,
And that's the birthday of a woman's joys
You have not bid me welcome since I came

LEAN That I did questionless

BIAN No, sure — how was't ?

I've quite forgot it

LEAN Thus

[*Kisses her*]

BIAN O, sir, 'tis true,

Now I remember well, I've done thee wrong,

Pray take 't again, sir

[*Kisses him*]

LEAN How many of these wrongs

Could I put up in an hour, and turn up the glass
For twice as many more !

MOTH Will't please you to walk in, daughter ?

BIAN Thanks, sweet mother,

The voice of her that bare me is not more pleasing

[*Exit with Mother*]

LEAN Though my own care and my rich master's
trust

Lay their commands both on my factorship,
This day and night I'll know no other business
But her and her dear welcome 'Tis a bitterness
To think upon to-morrow ! that I must leave
Her still to the sweet hopes of the week's end,
That pleasure should be so restrain'd and curb'd
After the course of a rich work-master,
That never pays till Saturday night ! marry,
It comes together in a round sum then,
And does more good, you'll say O fair-ey'd Flo-
rence,

Didst thou but know what a most matchless jewel

Thou now art mistress of, a pride would take thee,
Able to shoot destruction through the bloods
Of all thy youthful sons' but 'tis great policy
To keep choice treasures in obscurest places,
Should we shew thieves our wealth, 'twould make
 'em bolder,

Temptation is a devil will not stick
To fasten upon a saint, take heed of that
The jewel is cas'd up from all men's eyes,
Who could imagine now a gem were kept
Of that great value under this plain roof?
But how in times of absence? what assurance
Of this restraint then? Yes, yes, there's one with
 her

Old mothers know the world, and such as these,
When sons lock chests, are good to look to keys
[Exit

SCENE II.

A garden attached to FABRICIO's house

Enter GUARDIANO, FABRICIO, and LIVIA

GUAR What, has your daughter seen him yet?
 know you that?

FAB. No matter, she shall love him

GUAR Nay, let's have fair play,
He has been now my ward some fifteen year,
And 'tis my purpose, as time calls upon me,
By custom seconded and such moral virtues,
To tender him a wife Now, sir, this wife
I'd fain elect out of a daughter of yours,
You see my meaning's fair if now this daughter
So tender'd,—let me come to your own phrase, sir,—
Should offer to refuse him, I were hansell'd —
Thus am I fain to calculate all my words

For the meridian of a foolish old man,
To take his understanding [*Aside*]—What do you
answer, sir?

FAB I say still, she shall love him

GUAR Yet again?

And shall she have no reason for this love?

FAB Why, do you think that women love with
reason?

GUAR I perceive fools are not at all hours foolish,
No more than wise men wise [*Aside*

FAB I had a wife,

She ran mad for me, she had no reason for't,
For aught I could perceive —What think you, lady
sister?

GUAR 'Twas a fit match that, being both out of
their wits,

A loving wife, it seem'd

She strove to come as near you as she could [*Aside*

FAB And if her daughter prove not mad for love
too,

She takes not after her, nor after me,
If she prefer reason before my pleasure —
You're an experienc'd widow, lady sister,
I pray, let your opinion come amongst us

LIV I must offend you then, if truth will do't,
And take my niece's part, and call't injustice
To force her love to one she never saw
Maids should both see and like, all little enough,
If they love truly after that, 'tis well
Counting the time, she takes one man till death,
That's a hard task, I tell you, but one may
Inquire at three years' end amongst young wives,
And mark how the game goes

FAB Why, is not man
Tied to the same observance, lady sister,
And in one woman?

LIV 'Tis enough for him,
Besides, he tastes of many sundry dishes
That we poor wretches never lay our lips to,
As obedience forsooth, subjection, duty, and such
kickshaws,

All of our making, but serv'd in to them,
And if we lick a finger then sometimes,
We're not to blame, your best cooks [often] use it

FAB Thou'rt a sweet lady, sister, and a witty

LIV A witty! O the bud of commendation,
Fit for a girl of sixteen! I am blown, man,
I should be wise by this time, and, for instance,
I've buried my two husbands in good fashion,
And never mean more to marry

GUAR No! why so, lady?

LIV Because the third shall never bury me
I think I'm more than witty How think you, sir?

FAB I have paid often fees to a counsellor
Has had a weaker brain

LIV Then I must tell you
Your money was soon parted

GUAR Light her now, brother^d

LIV Where is my niece? let her be sent for
straight,

If you have any hope 'twill prove a wedding,
'Tis fit, I'faith, she should have one sight of him,
And stop upon't, and not be join'd in haste,
As if they went to stock a new-found land

FAB Look out her uncle, and you're sure of her,
Those two are ne'er asunder, they've been heard
In argument at midnight, moonshine nights

^d GUAR *Light her now, brother*] Here, I apprehend, is some corruption of the text, and something wrong in the assignment of the speeches, but feeling dissatisfied with the alterations which I attempted, I leave the passage as it stands in the old ed

Are noondays with them, they walk out their
 sleeps,
 Or rather at those hours appear like those
 That walk in 'em, for so they did to me
 Look you, I told you truth, they're like a chain,—
 Draw but one link, all follows

Enter HIPPOLITO and ISABELLA

GUAR O affinity,
 What piece of excellent workmanship art thou!
 'Tis work clean wrought, for there's no lust but
 love in't,
 And that abundantly, when in stranger things
 There is no love at all but what lust brings

FAB On with your mask! for 'tis your part to
 see now,
 And not be seen go to, make use of your time,
 See what you mean to like, nay, and I charge you,
 Like what you see do you hear me? there's no
 dallying,
 The gentleman's almost twenty, and 'tis time
 He were getting lawful heirs, and you a-breeding
 on 'em

ISA Good father —

FAB Tell not me of tongues and rumours
 You'll say the gentleman is somewhat simple,
 The better for a husband, were you wise,
 For those that marry fools live ladies' lives
 On with the mask! I'll hear no more he's rich,
 The fool's hid under bushels

LIV Not so hid neither
 But here's a foul great piece of him, methinks,
 What will he be when he comes altogether?

Enter the Ward with a trap-stick, and SORDIDO

WARD Beat him?

I beat him out o' the field with his own cat-stick,
Yet gave him the first hand

SOR O strange!

WARD I did it,
Then he set jacks^d on me

SOR What, my lady's tailor?

WARD Ay, and I beat him too

SOR Nay, that's no wonder,
He's us'd to beating

WARD Nay, I tickled him
When I came once to my tippings

SOR Now you talk on 'em,

There was a poulterer's wife made a great complaint
Of you last night to your guardianer, that you struck
A bump in her child's head as big as an egg

WARD An egg may prove a chicken, then in time
The poulterer's wife will get by't when I am
In game, I'm furious, came my mother's eyes
In my way, I would not lose a fair end, no,
Were she alive, but with one tooth in her head,
I should venture the striking out of that
I think of nobody when I'm in play,
I am so earnest Coads me, my guardianer!
Prithee, lay up my cat and cat-stick^e safe

^d jacks; i e fellows

^e cat and cat-stick] "TIF-CAT, or perhaps more properly, the game of CAT, is a rustic pastime well known in many parts of the kingdom Its denomination is derived from a piece of wood called a *cat*, with which it is played, the cat is about six inches in length, and an inch and a half or two inches in diameter, and diminished from the middle to both the ends, in the shape of a double cone, by this curious contrivance the places of the trap and of the ball are at once supplied, for when the cat is laid upon the ground, the player with his cudgel [or cat stick] strikes it smartly, it matters not at which end, and it will rise with a rotatory motion, high enough for him to beat it away as it falls, in the same manner as he would a ball" *Sports, &c* (p 86), by Strutt, who de-

SOR Where, sir? i' the chimney-corner?

WARD Chimney-corner!

SOR Yes, sir, your cats are always safe i' the chimney-corner,

Unless they burn their coats

WARD Marry, that I am afraid on!

SOR Why, then, I will bestow your cat i' the gutter,

And there she's safe, I'm sure

WARD If I but live

To keep a house, I'll make thee a great man,
If meat and drink can do't I can stoop gallantly,
And pitch out when I list, I'm dog at a hole
I ma'nt my guardianer does not seek a wife for me,
I protest I'll have a bout with the maids else,
Or contract myself at midnight to the larder-
woman,

In presence of a fool or a sack-posset

GUAR Ward!

WARD I feel myself after any exercise
Horribly prone let me but ride, I'm lusty,
A cock-horse, straight, i' faith!

GUAR Why, Ward, I say!

WARD I'll forswear eating eggs in moonshine
nights,

There's ne'er a one I eat but turns into a cock

In four-and-twenty hours, if my hot blood

Be not took down in time, sure 'twill crow shortly

GUAR Do you hear, sir? follow me, I must new-
school you

WARD School me? I scorn that now, I am past
schooling

scribes two of the various ways in which the game is played
—The "trap-stick" with which the Ward enters is, of course,
the same as cat-stick, and "tippings" is a term of the game
'mar'!] i e marvel

I'm not so base to learn to write and read,
I was born to better fortunes in my cradle

[*Exeunt* GUARDIANO, the Ward, and SORDIDO

FAB How do you like him, girl? this is your
husband

Like him, or like him not, wench, you shall have him,
And you shall love him

LIV O, soft there, brother! though you be a
justice,

Your warrant cannot be serv'd out of your liberty
You may compel, out of the power of father,
Things merely harsh to a maid's flesh and blood,
But when you come to love, there the soil alters,
You're in another country, where your laws
Are no more set by than the cacklings
Of geese in Rome's great Capitol

FAB Marry him she shall then,
Let her agree upon love afterwards [Exit

LIV You speak now, brother, like an honest
mortal

That walks upon th' earth with a staff, you were up
I' the clouds before, you would command love,
And so do most old folks that go without it —
My best and dearest brother, I could dwell here,
There is not such another seat on earth,
Where all good parts better express themselves

HIP You'll make me blush anon

LIV 'Tis but like saying grace before a feast then,
And that's most comely, thou art all a feast,
And she that has thee a most happy guest
Prithee, cheer up thy^t niece with special counsel

[Exit

HIP I would 'twere fit to speak to her what I
would, but

^t *thy*] Old ed "that"

'Twas not a thing ordain'd, heaven has forbid it,
 And 'tis most meet that I should rather perish
 Than the decree divine receive least blemish
 Feed inward, you my sorrows, make no noise,
 Consume me silent, let me be stark dead
 Ere the world know I'm sick You see my honesty,
 If you befriend me, so [Aside]

ISA Marry a fool!

Can there be greater misery to a woman
 That means to keep her days true to her husband,
 And know no other man? so virtue wills it
 Why, how can I obey and honour him,
 But I must needs commit idolatry?
 A fool is but the image of a man,
 And that but ill made neither O the heartbreak-
 ings

Of miserable maids, where love's enforc'd!
 The best condition is but bad enough,
 When women have their choices, commonly
 They do but buy their thraldoms, and bring great
 portions

To men to keep 'em in subjection,
 As if a fearful prisoner should bribe
 The keeper to be good to him, yet lies in still,
 And glad of a good usage, a good look sometimes
 Byrlady,^s no misery surmounts a woman's,
 Men buy their slaves, but women buy their masters,
 Yet honesty and love make^h all this happy,
 And, next to angels', the most bless'd estate
 That providence, that has made every poison
 Good for some use, and sets four warring elements
 At peace in man, can make a harmony
 In things that are most strange to human reason

^s *Byrlady*] i e By our lady

^h *make*] Old ed "makes"

O, but this marriage! [*Aside*]—What, are you sad too, uncle?

Faith, then there's a whole household down together
Where shall I go to seek my comfort now,
When my best friend's distress'd? what is't afflicts you, sir?

HIP Faith, nothing but one grief, that will not leave me,

And now 'tis welcome, every man has something
To bring him to his end, and this will serve,
Join'd with your father's cruelty to you,—
That helps it forward

ISA O, be cheer'd, sweet uncle!
How long has 't been upon you? I ne'er spied it,
What a dull sight have I! how long, I pray, sir?

HIP Since I first saw you, niece, and left Bologna

ISA And could you deal so unkindly with my heart,

To keep it up so long hid from my pity?
Alas! how shall I trust your love hereafter?
Have we pass'd through so many arguments,
And miss'd of that still, the most needful one?
Walk'd^h out whole nights together in discourses,
And the main point forgot? we're to blame both,
This is an obstinate, wilful forgetfulness,
And faulty on both parts let's lose no time now,
Begin, good uncle, you that feel 't, what is it?

HIP You of all creatures, niece, must never hear on't,

'Tis not a thing ordain'd for you to know

ISA Not I, sir? all my joys that word cuts off,
You made profession once you lov'd me best,
'Twas but profession

^h *Walk'd*] Altered by the editor of 1816 to "*Wak'd*" but compare p 526, "they *walk* out their sleeps," &c

HIP Yes, I do't too truly,
And fear I shall be chid for't Know the worst
then,

I love thee dearlier than an uncle can

ISA Why, so you ever said, and I believ'd it

HIP So simple is the goodness of her thoughts,
They understand not yet th unhallow'd language
Of a near sinner, I must yet be forc'd,
Though blushes be my venture, to come nearer —

[*Aside*

As a man loves his wife, so love I thee

ISA What's that?

Methought I heard ill news come toward me,
Which commonly we understand too soon,
Then over-quick at hearing, I'll prevent it,
Though my joys fare the harder, welcome it
It shall ne'er come so near mine ear again
Farewell all friendly solaces and discourses,
I'll learn to live without ye, for your dangers
Are greater than your comforts What's become
Of truth in love, if such we cannot trust,
When blood, that should be love, is mix'd with lust?

[*Exit*

HIP The worst can be but death, and let it come,
He that lives joyless, every day's his doom [Exit

SCENE III

Street before the house of LEANTIO's Mother

Enter LEANTIO

LEAN Methinks I'm even as dull now at departure,
As men observe great gallants the next day
After a revel,¹ you shall see 'em look

¹ *revel*] Old ed. "revels"

Much of my fashion, if you mark 'em well
 'Tis even a second hell to part from pleasure
 When man has got a smack on't as many holydays
 Coming together make¹ your poor heads idle
 A great while after, and are said to stick
 Fast in their fingers' ends,—even so does game
 In a new-married couple, for the time
 It spoils all thrift, and indeed lies a-bed
 T' invent all the new ways for great expenses

[*BIANCA and Mother appear above*

See, and² she be not got on purpose now
 Into the window to look after me!
 I've no power to go now, and³ I should be hang'd,
 Farewell all business, I desire no more
 Than I see yonder let the goods at key
 Look to themselves, why should I toil my youth
 out?

It is but begging two or three year sooner,
 And stay with her continually is't a match?
 O, fie, what a religion have I leap'd into!
 Get out again, for shame! the man loves best
 When his care's most, that shews his zeal to love
 Fondness is but the idiot to^k affection,
 That plays at hot-cockles with rich merchants'
 wives,

Good to make sport withal when the chest's full,
 And the long warehouse cracks 'Tis time of day
 For us to be more wise, 'tis early with us,
 And if they lose the morning of their affairs,
 They commonly lose the best part of the day
 Those that are wealthy, and have got enough,
 'Tis after sunset with 'em, they may rest,

¹ *make*] Old ed "makes"

² *and*] i e if

^k *to*] i e compared with

Grow fat with ease, banquet, and toy, and play,
 When such as I enter the heat o' the day,
 And I'll do't cheerfully

BIAN I perceive, sir,
 You're not gone yet, I've good hope you'll stay
 now

LEAN Farewell, I must not

BIAN Come, come, pray return,
 To-morrow, adding but a little care more,
 Will despatch all as well, believe me 'twill, sir

LEAN I could well wish myself where you would
 have me,

But love that's wanton must be rul'd awhile
 By that that's careful, or all goes to ruin
 As fitting is a government in love
 As in a kingdom, where 'tis all mere lust,
 'Tis like an insurrection in the people,
 That, rais'd in self-will, wars against all reason,
 But love that is respective for increase
 Is like a good king, that keeps all in peace
 Once more, farewell

BIAN But this one night, I prithee !

LEAN Alas, I'm in for twenty, if I stay,
 And then for forty more ! I've such luck to flesh,
 I never bought a horse but he bore double
 If I stay any longer, I shall turn
 An everlasting spendthrift as you love
 To be maintain'd well, do not call me again,
 For then I shall not care which end goes forward
 Again, farewell to thee

BIAN Since it must, farewell too

* [Exit LEANTIO

MOTH Faith, daughter, you're to blame, you
 take the course
 To make him an ill husband, troth you do,
 And that disease is catching, I can tell you,

Ay, and soon taken by a young man's blood,
 And that with little urging Nay, fie, see now,
 What cause have you to weep? would I had no
 more,
 That have liv'd threescore years¹ there were a
 cause,
 And¹ 'twere well thought on Trust me, you're to
 blame,
 His absence cannot last five days at utmost
 Why should those tears be fetch'd forth? cannot
 love
 Be even as well express'd in a good look,
 But it must see her face still in a fountain?
 It shews like a country maid dressing her head
 By a dish of water come, 'tis an old custom
 To weep for love

*Enter several Boys, several Citizens, and an
 Apprentice*

FIRST BOY Now they come, now they come!
 SEC BOY The duke!
 THIRD BOY The state[s]!
 FIRST CIT How near, boy?
 FIRST BOY I' the next street, sir, hard at hand
 FIRST CIT You, sirrah, get a standing for your
 mistress,
 The best in all the city
 APPREN I have't for her, sir,
 'Twas a thing I provided for her over-night,
 'Tis ready at her pleasure
 FIRST CIT Fetch her to't then
 Away, sir! [*Exeunt Boys, Citizens, and Apprentice*]
 BIAN What's the meaning of this hurry?
 Can you tell, mother?

¹ And] i e if

MOTH What a memory
 Have I! I see by that years come upon me
 Why, 'tis a yearly custom and solemnity,
 Religiously observ'd by the Duke and state[s],
 To St Mark's temple, the fifteenth of April,
 See, if my dull brains had not quite forgot it!
 'Twas happily question'd of thee, I had gone down
 else,

Sat like a drone below, and never thought on't
 I would not, to be ten years younger again,
 That you had lost the sight now you shall see
 Our Duke, a goodly gentleman of his years

BIAN Is he old, then?

MOTH About some fifty-five

BIAN That's no great age in man, he's then at
 best

For wisdom and for judgment

MOTH. The lord Cardinal,
 His noble brother—there's a comely gentleman,
 And greater in devotion than in blood

BIAN He's worthy to be mark'd

MOTH You shall behold

All our chief states of Florence you came for-
 tunately

Against this solemn day

BIAN I hope so always

MOTH I hear 'em near us now do you stand
 easily? [Music within]

BIAN Exceeding well, good mother

MOTH Take this stool

BIAN I need it not, I thank you.

MOTH Use your will then.

*Enter six knights bare-headed, then two cardinals,
 then the lord Cardinal, then the Duke, after him
 the states of Florence by two and two, with variety*

*of music and song They pass over the stage in
great pomp, and exeunt*

MOTH How like you, daughter?

BIAN 'Tis a noble state,
Methinks my soul could dwell upon the reverence
Of such a solemn and most worthy custom
Did not the Duke look up? methought he saw us

MOTH That's every one's conceit that sees a
duke,
If he look stedfastly, he looks straight at them,
When he, perhaps, good, careful gentleman,
Never minds any, but the look he casts
Is at his own intentions, and his object
Only the public good

BIAN Most likely so

MOTH Come, come, we'll end this argument
below *[Exeunt above]*

ACT II SCENE I

An apartment in LIVIA's house

Enter HIPPOLITO and LIVIA.

LIV A strange affection, brother! when I think
on't,
I wonder how thou cam'st by't

HIP Even as easily
As man comes by destruction, which oftentimes
He wears in his own bosom

LIV Is the world
So populous in women, and creation
So prodigal in beauty, and so various,
Yet does love turn thy point to thine own blood?
'Tis somewhat too unkindly must thy eye
Dwell evilly on the fairness of thy kindred,

And seek not where it should? it is confin'd
 Now in a narrower prison than was made for't,
 It is allow'd a stranger, and where bounty
 Is made the great man's honour, 'tis ill husbandry
 To spare, and servants shall have small thanks
 for't,

So he heaven's bounty seems to scorn and mock
 That spares free means, and spends of his own
 stock

Hrp Ne'er was man's misery so soon summ'd¹ up,
 Counting how truly

Liv Nay, I love you so,
 That I shall venture much to keep a change from
 you

So fearful as this grief will bring upon you,
 Faith, it even kills me when I see you faint
 Under a reprehension, and I'll leave it,
 Though I know nothing can be better for you
 Prithee, sweet brother, let not passion waste
 The goodness of thy time and of thy fortune
 Thou keep'st the treasure of that life I love
 As dearly as mine own, and if you think
 My former words too bitter, which were minister'd
 By truth and zeal, 'tis but a hazarding
 Of grace and virtue, and I can bring forth
 As pleasant fruits as sensuality wishes
 In all her teeming longings, this I can do

Hrp O, nothing that can make my wishes perfect¹

Liv I would that love of yours were pawn'd to't,
 brother,

And as soon lost that way as I could win!
 Sir, I could give as shrewd a lift to chastity
 As any she that wears a tongue in Florence,
 Sh'ad need be a good horsewoman, and sit fast,
 Whom my strong argument could not fling at last.

¹ summ'd] Old ed "sow'd"

Pruthee, take courage, man, though I should counsel
 Another to despair, yet I am pitiful
 To thy afflictions, and will venture hard—
 I will not name for what, it is not handsome,
 Find you the proof, and praise me

HIP Then I fear me
 I shall not praise you in haste

LIV This is the comfort,
 You are not the first, brother, has attempted
 Things more forbidden than this seems to be
 I'll minister all cordials now to you,
 Because I'll cheer you up, sir

HIP I'm past hope

LIV Love, thou shalt see me do a strange cure
 then,

As e'er was wrought on a disease so mortal
 And near akin to shame When shall you see her?

HIP Never in comfort more

LIV You're so impatient too!

HIP Will you believe? death, sh'as forsworn my
 company,

And seal'd it with a blush

LIV So, I perceive

All lies upon my hands then, well, the more glory
 When the work's finish'd.

Enter Servant

How now, sir? the news?

SER Madam, your niece, the virtuous Isabella,
 Is lighted now to see you

LIV That's great fortune,

Sir, your stars bless you—Simple, lead^m her in

[*Exit Servant.*]

HIP What's this to me?

^m *bless you—Simple, lead, &c*] Qy “bless you *simply*—
 Lead?” &c Old ed thus, “bless, you simple, lead,” &c

LIV Your absence, gentle brother,
I must bestir my wits for you

HIP Ay, to great purpose [Exit

LIV Beshrew you, would I lov'd you not so
well!

I'll go to bed, and leave this deed undone
I am the fondest where I once affect,
The carefull'st of their healths and of their ease,
forsooth,

That I look still but slenderly to mine own
I take a course to pity him so much now,
That I've none left for modesty and myself
This 'tis to grow so liberal you've few sisters
That love their brothers' ease 'bove their own
honesties,

But if you question my affections,
That will be found my fault

Enter ISABELLA

Niece, your love's welcome
Alas, what draws that paleness to thy cheeks?
This enforc'd marriage towards?^m

ISA It helps, good aunt,
Amongst some other griefs, but those I'll keep
Lock'd up in modest silence, for they're sorrows
Would shame the tongue more than they grieve the
thought

LIV Indeed, the Ward is simple

ISA Simple! that were well,
Why, one might make good shift with such a hus-
band,
But he's a fool entail'd, he halts downright in't

LIV And knowing this, I hope 'tis at your choice
To take or refuse, niece

ISA You see it is not

^m towards] i e in preparation

I loathe him more than beauty can hate death,
Or age her spiteful neighbour

LIV Let 't appear then

ISA How can I, being born with that obedience
That must submit unto a father's will?

If he command, I must of force consent

LIV Alas, poor soul! be not offended, prithee,
If I set by the name of niece awhile,
And bring in pity in a stranger fashion,
It lies here in this breast would cross this match

ISA How! cross it, aunt?

LIV Ay, and give thee more liberty
Than thou hast reason yet to apprehend

ISA Sweet aunt, in goodness keep not hid from
me

What may befriend my life!

LIV Yes, yes, I must,
When I return to reputation,
And think upon the solemn vow I made
To your dead mother, my most loving sister,
As long as I've her memory 'twixt mine eyelids,
Look for no pity now

ISA Kind, sweet, dear aunt —

LIV No, 'twas a secret I've took special care of,
Deliver'd by your mother on her deathbed,
That's nine years now, and I'll not part from't yet,
Though ne'er was fitter time, nor greater cause
for't

ISA As you desire the praises of a virgin —

LIV Good sorrow, I would do thee any kindness
Not wronging secrecy or reputation

ISA Neither of which, as I have hope of fruit-
[ful]ness,

Shall receive wrong from me

LIV Nay, 'twould be your own wrong
As much as any's, should it come to that once

ISA I need no better means to work persuasion
then

LIV Let it suffice, you may refuse this fool,
Or you may take him, as you see occasion
For your advantage, the best wits will do't,
You've liberty enough in your own will,
You cannot be enforc'd, there grows the flower,
If you could pick it out, makes whole life sweet to
you

That which you call your father's command's no-
thing,

Then your obedience must needs be as little
If you can make shift here to taste your happiness,
O! pick out aught that likesⁿ you, much good do
you,

You see your cheer, I'll make you no set dinner

ISA And, trust me, I may starve for all the good
I can find yet in this sweet aunt, deal plainlier

LIV Say I should trust you now upon an oath,
And give you, in a secret, that would start you,
How am I sure of you in faith and silence?

ISA Equal assurance may I find in mercy
As you for that in me!

LIV It shall suffice

Then know, however custom has made good,
For reputation's sake, the names of niece
And aunt 'twixt you and I, we're nothing less

ISA How's that?

LIV I told you I should start your blood
You are no more allied to any of us,
Save what the courtesy of opinion casts
Upon your mother's memory and your name,
Than the merest stranger is, or one begot
At Naples when the husband lies at Rome,

ⁿ *likes*] i e pleases

There's so much odds betwixt us Since your
knowledge

Wish'd more instruction, and I have your oath
In pledge for silence, it makes me talk the freelier
Did never the report of that fam'd Spaniard,
Marquis of Coria, since your time was ripe
For understanding, fill your ear with wonder ?

ISA Yes, what of him? I've heard his deeds of
honour

Often related when we liv'd in Naples

LIV You heard the praises of your father then

ISA My father !

LIV That was he, but all the business
So carefully and so discreetly carried,
That fame receiv'd no spot by't, not a blemish,
Your mother was so wary to her end,
None knew it but her conscience and her friend,
Till penitent confession made it mine,
And now my pity yours, it had been long else,
And I hope care and love alike in you,
Made good by oath, will see it take no wrong now
How weak his commands now whom you call
father !

How vain all his enforcements, your obedience !
And what a largeness in your will and liberty,
To take, or to reject, or to do both !
For fools will serve to father wise men's children
All this you've time to think on O my wench,
Nothing o'erthrows our sex but indiscretion !
We might do well else of a brittle people
As any under the great canopy
I pray, forget not but to call me aunt still,
Take heed of that, it may be mark'd in time else
But keep your thoughts to yourself, from all the
world,

Kindred, or dearest friend, nay, I entreat you,

From him that all this while you have call'd uncle,
And though you love him dearly, as I know
His deserts claim as much even from a stranger,
Yet let not him know this, I prithee, do not,
As ever thou hast hope of second pity,
If thou shouldst stand in need on't, do not do't

ISA Believe my oath, I will not

LIV Why, well said —

Who shews more craft t' undo a maidenhead,
I'll resign my part to her [Aside]

Enter HIPPOLITO

She's thine own, go

HIP Alas, fair flattery cannot cure my sorrows'
[Exit LIVIA]

ISA Have I past so much time in ignorance,
And never had the means to know myself
Till this bless'd hour? thanks to her virtuous pity
That brought it now to light, would I had known it
But one day sooner! he had then receiv'd
In favours, what, poor gentleman, he took
In bitter words, a slight and harsh reward
For one of his deserts [Aside]

HIP There seems to me now
More anger and distraction in her looks
I'm gone, I'll not endure a second storm,
The memory of the first is not past yet [Aside]

ISA Are you return'd, you comforts of my life,
In this man's presence? I will keep you fast now,
And sooner part eternally from the world
Than my good joys in you [Aside] — Prithee,
forgive me,

I did but chide in jest, the best loves use it
Sometimes, it sets an edge upon affection.
When we invite our best friends to a feast,
'Tis not all sweetmeats that we set before them,

There's somewhat sharp and salt, both to whet
appetite

And make 'em taste their wine well, so, methinks,
After a friendly, sharp, and savoury chiding,
A kiss tastes wondrous well, and full o' the grape,
How think'st thou? does 't not? [*Kisses him*]

HIP 'Tis so excellent,

I know not how to praise it, what to say to t'

ISA This marriage shall go forward

HIP With the Ward?

Are you in earnest?

ISA 'Twould be ill for us else

HIP For us! how means she that? [*Aside*]

ISA Troth, I begin

To be so well, methinks, within this hour,
For all this match able to kill one's heart,
Nothing can pull me down now, should my father
Provide a worse fool yet—which I should think
Were a hard thing to compass—I'd have him either,
The worse the better, none can come amiss now,
If he want wit enough, so discretion love me,
Desert and judgment, I've content sufficient.
She that comes once to be a housekeeper
Must not look every day to fare well, sir,
Like a young waiting-gentlewoman in service,
For she feeds commonly as her lady does,
No good bit passes her but she gets a taste on't,
But when she comes to keep house for herself,
She's glad of some choice cates then once a-week,
Or twice at most, and glad if she can get 'em,
So must affection learn to fare with thankfulness
Pray, make your love no stranger, sir, that's all,—
Though you be one yourself, and know not on't,
And I have sworn you must not [*Aside, and exit.*]

HIP This is beyond me!

Never came joys so unexpectedly

To meet desires in man how came she thus ?
 What has she done to her, can any tell ?
 'Tis beyond sorcery this, drugs, or love-powders,
 Some art that has no name, sure, strange to me
 Of all the wonders I e'er met withal
 Throughout my ten years' travels, but I'm thankful
 for't
 This marriage now must of necessity forward,
 It is the only veil wit can devise
 To keep our acts hid from sin-piercing eyes [*Exit*

SCENE II

*Another apartment in LIVIA'S house a chess board
 set out*

Enter LIVIA and GUARDIANO

LIV How, sir? a gentlewoman so young, so fair,
 As you set forth, spied from the widow's window?

GUAR She

LIV Our Sunday-dinner woman?

GUAR And Thursday-supper woman, the same
 still

I know not how she came by her, but I'll swear
 She's the prime gallant for a face in Florence,
 And no doubt other parts follow their leader
 The Duke himself first spied her at the window,
 Then, in a rapture—as if admiration
 Were poor when it were single—beckon'd me,
 And pointed to the wonder warily,
 As one that fear'd she would draw in her splendour
 Too soon, if too much gaz'd at I ne'er knew him
 So infinitely taken with a woman,
 Nor can I blame his appetite, or tax
 His raptures of slight folly, she's a creature

Able to draw a state from serious business,
And make it their best piece to do her service
What course shall we devise? has spoke twice
now

LIV Twice?

GUAR 'Tis beyond your apprehension
How strangely that one look has catch'd his heart
'Twould prove but too much worth in wealth and
favour

To those should work his peace

LIV And if I do't not,

OL at least come as near it—if your art
Will take a little pains and second me—
As any wench in Florence of my standing,
I'll quite give o'er, and shut up shop in cunning
GUAR 'Tis for the Duke, and if I fail your
purpose,

All means to come by riches or advancement
Miss me, and skip me over!

LIV. Let the old woman then
Be sent for with all speed, then I'll begin
GUAR A good conclusion follow, and a sweet
one,

After this stale beginning with old ware!
Within there!

Enter Servant.

SER Sir, do you call?

GUAR Come near, list hither [Whispers

LIV I long myself to see this absolute creature,
That wins the heart of love and praise so much

GUAR Go, sir, make haste

LIV Say I entreat her company
Do you hear, sir?

SER Yes, madam

LIV That brings her quickly

[Exit

GUAR I would 'twere done! the Duke waits the
 good hour,
 And I wait the good fortune that may spring from't
 I've had a lucky hand these fifteen year
 At such court-passage,ⁿ with three dice in a dish —

Enter FABRICIO.

Signor Fabricio!

FAB O sir,

I bring an alteration in my mouth now

GUAR An alteration?—No wise speech, I hope,
 He means not to talk wisely, does he, trow?^o—

[Aside

Good, what's the change, I pray, sir?

FAB A new change

GUAR Another yet? faith, there's enough already

FAB My daughter loves him now

GUAR. What, does she, sir?

FAB Affects him beyond thought who but the
 Ward, forsooth,

No talk but of the Ward, she would have him

To choose 'bove all the men she ever saw

My will goes not so fast as her consent now,

Her duty gets before my command still

GUAR. Why, then, sir, if you'll have me speak
 my thoughts,

I smell 'twill be a match

FAB Ay, and a sweet young couple,

If I have any judgment

ⁿ *passage*] "It is a game at dice, to be played at but by two, and it is performed with three dice The caster throws continually till he hath thrown doublets under ten, and then he is out and loseth, or doublets above ten, and then he passeth and wins *Complete Gamester*" Editor of 1816

^o *trow*] i. e. think you

GUAR Faith, that's little — [Aside
Let her be sent to-morrow, before noon,
And handsomely trick'd up, for 'bout that time
I mean to bring her in, and tender her to him.

FAB I warrant you for handsome, I will see
Her things laid ready, every one in order,
And have some part of her trick'd up to-night

GUAR Why, well said,

FAB 'Twas a use her mother had,
When she was invited to an early wedding,
She'd dress her head o'er night, sponge up herself,
And give her neck three lathers

GUAR Ne'er a halter? [Aside

FAB On with her chain of pearl, her ruby
bracelets,
Lay ready all her tricks and juggembobs

GUAR So must your daughter

FAB I'll about it straight, sir [Exit

LIV How he sweats in the foolish zeal of father-
hood,

After six ounces an hour, and seems
To toil as much as if his cares were wise ones'

GUAR You've let his folly blood in the right
vein, lady

LIV And here comes his sweet son-in-law that
shall be,

They're both allied in wit before the marriage,
What will they be hereafter, when they're nearer'
Yet they can go no further than the fool,
There's the world's end in both of 'em

*Enter the Ward and SORDIDO, one with a shuttlecock,
the other with a battledoor.*

GUAR Now, young heir

WARD What's the next business after shuttle-
cock now?

GUAR To-morrow you shall see the gentlewoman
Must be your wife

WARD There's even another thing too,
Must be kept up with a pair of battledoors
My wife ! what can she do ?

GUAR Nay, that's a question you should ask
yourself, Ward,
When you're alone together

WARD That's as I list,
A wife's to be ask[^d] any where, I hope ,
I'll ask her in a congregation,
If I've a mind to't, and so save a license.
My guardianer has no more wit than an herb-
woman,

That sells away all her sweet herbs and nosegays,
And keeps a stinking breath for her own pottage
SOR Let me be at the choosing of your belov'd,
If you desire a woman of good parts

WARD Thou shalt, sweet Sordido

SOR I have a plaguy guess , let me alone to see
what she is if I but look upon her—'way ! I know
all the faults to a hair that you may refuse her for

WARD Dost thou ? I prithee, let me hear 'em,
Sordido

SOR Well, mark 'em then , I have 'em all in
rhyme

The wife your guardianer ought to tender
Should be pretty, straight, and slender ,
Her hair not short, her foot not long,
Her hand not huge, nor too, too loud her tongue ,
No pearl in eye,^p nor ruby in her nose,
No burn or cut but what the catalogue shews ,
She must have teeth, and that no black ones,
And kiss most sweet when she does smack once ,

^p *pearl in eye*] See note, p 125

Her skin must be both white and plump['d],
Her body straight, not hopper-rump'd,
O! wriggle sideways like a crab,
She must be neither slut nor drab,
Nor go too splay-foot with her shoes,
To make her smock lick up the dews,
And two things more, which I forgot to tell ye,
She neither must have bump in back nor belly
These are the faults that will not make her pass

WARD And if I spy not these, I'm a rank ass

SOR Nay, more, by right, sir, you should see
her naked,

For that's the ancient order

WARD See her naked?

That were good sport, i'faith I'll have the books
turn'd o'er,

And if I find her naked on record,

She shall not have a rag on but stay, stay,

How if she should desire to see me so too?

I were in a sweet case then, such a foul skin!

SOR But you've a clean shirt, and that makes
amends, sir

WARD I will not see her naked for that trick
though

[*Exit*

SOR Then take her with all faults with her
clothes on,

And they may hide a number with a bum-roll^a

Faith, choosing of a wench in a huge farthingale

Is like the buying of ware under a great pent-
house,

What with the deceit of one,

And the false light of th' other, mark my speeches,

He may have a diseas'd wench in's bed,

And rotten stuff in's breeches

[*Exit*

^a *bum-roll*] See note, vol 1 p 482

GUAR It may take handsomely ^a

LIV I see small hindrance —

Re-enter Servant, shewing in Mother

How now? so soon return'd?

GUAR She's come

LIV That's well —

[Exit Servant]

Widow, come, come, I've a great quarrel to you,
Faith, I must chide you, that you must be sent for,
You make yourself so strange, never come at us,
And yet so near a neighbour, and so unkind,
Troth, you're to blame, you cannot be more welcome

To any house in Florence, that I'll tell you

MOTH My thanks must needs acknowledge so much, madam

LIV How can you be so strange then? I sit here
Sometime[s] whole days together without company,
When business draws this gentleman from home,
And should be happy in society
Which I so well affect as that of yours
I know you're alone too, why should not we,
Like two kind neighbours, then, supply the wants
Of one another, having tongue-discourse,
Experience in the world, and such kind helps
To laugh down time, and meet age merrily?^r

MOTH Age, madam! you speak mirth, 'tis at my door,

But a long journey from your ladyship yet

LIV My faith, I'm nine and-thirty, every stroke, wench,

And 'tis a general observation

^a *It may take handsomely*] After this speech the editor of 1816 puts a stage-direction, "*Guard goes out and returns almost immediately*," and follows the old ed in marking the subsequent entrance thus, "*Enter Mother*"

^r *merrily*] Old ed "*meerly*"

'Mongst knights — wives or widows, we account
ourselves
Then old, when young men's eyes leave looking
at's,

'Tis a true rule amongst us, and ne'er fail'd yet
In any but in one, that I remember,
Indeed, she had a friend at nine-and-forty;
Marry, she paid well for him, and in th' end
He kept a quean or two with her own money,
That robb'd her of her plate and cut her throat

MOTH She had her punishment in this world,
madam,

And a fair warning to all other women
That they live chaste at fifty

LIV Ay, or never, wench
Come, now I have thy company, I'll not part with't
Till after supper

MOTH Yes, I must crave pardon, madam

LIV I swear you shall stay supper, we've no
strangers, woman,
None but my sojourners and I, this gentleman
And the young heir his ward, you know our com-
pany

MOTH Some other time I'll make bold with you,
madam

GUAR Nay, pray stay, widow.

LIV Faith, she shall not go
Do you think I'll be forsworn?

MOTH 'Tis a great while
Till supper-time, I'll take my leave then now,
madam,

And come again i' th' evening, since your ladyship
Will have it so

LIV I' th' evening? by my troth, wench,
I'll keep you while I have you you've great business,
sure,

To sit alone at home, I wonder strangely
 What pleasure you take in't, were't to me now,
 I should be ever at one neighbour's house
 Or other all day long having no charge,
 Or none to chide you, if you go or stay,
 Who may live merrier, ay, or more at heart's ease?
 Come, we'll to chess or draughts, there are an
 hundred tricks

To drive out time till supper, never fear't, wench
 MOTH I'll but make one step home, and return
 straight, madam

 LIV Come, I'll not trust you, you use more
 excuses

To your kind friends than ever I knew any
 What business can you have, if you be sure
 You've lock'd the doors? and, that being all you
 have,

I know you're careful on't One afternoon
 So much to spend here! say I should entreat you
 now

To lie a night or two, or a week, with me,
 Or leave your own house for a month together,
 It were a kindness that long neighbourhood
 And friendship might well hope to prevail in,
 Would you deny such a request? 'faith,
 Speak truth, and freely

 MOTH I were then uncivil, madam

 LIV Go to then, set your men, we'll have whole
 nights

Of mirth together, ere we be much older, wench

[LIVIA and Mother sit down to the chess-board]

 MOTH As good now tell her then, for she will
 know't,

I've always found her a most friendly lady [Aside]

 LIV Why, widow, where's your mind?

 MOTH Troth, even at home, madam

To tell you truth, I left a gentlewoman
Even sitting all alone, which is uncomfortable,
Especially to young bloods

LIV Another excuse!

MOTH No, as I hope for health, madam, that's
a truth

Please you to send and see.

LIV What gentlewoman? pish!

MOTH Wife to my son, indeed, but not known,
madam,

To any but yourself

LIV Now I beshrew you,
Could you be so unkind to her and me,
To come and not bring her? faith, 'tis not friendly

MOTH I fear'd to be too bold

LIV Too bold! O, what's become
Of the true hearty love was wont to be
'Mongst neighbours in old time!

MOTH And she's a stranger, madam.

LIV The more should be her welcome when is
courtesy

In better practice than when 'tis employ'd
In entertaining strangers? I could chide, i'faith
Leave her behind, poor gentlewoman! alone too!
Make some amends, and send for her betimes, go

MOTH Please you, command one of your ser-
vants, madam

LIV Within there!

Re-enter Servant

SER Madam

LIV Attend the gentlewoman^s

^s *Attend the gentlewoman*] Part of the present scene,—from the entrance of the Mother to these words,—is given, with a few omissions, in *Specimens of Engl Dram Poets*, by Lamb, who observes, "This is one of those scenes which has the air

MOTH It must be carried wondrous privately
From my son's knowledge, he'll break out in stoims
else —

Hark you, sir

[Whispers the Servant, who then goes out]

LIV *[to GUAR]* Now comes in the heat of your
part

GUAR True, I know't, lady, and if I be out,
May the Duke banish me from all employments,
Wanton or serious!

LIV So, have you sent, widow?

MOTH Yes, madam, he's almost at home by this

LIV And, faith, let me entreat you that hence-
forward

All such unkind faults may be swept from friend-
ship,

Which does but dim the lustre, and think thus
much,

It is a wrong to me, that have ability
To bid friends welcome, when you keep 'em from
me,

You cannot set greater dishonour near me,
For bounty is the credit and the glory
Of those that have enough I see you're sorry,
And the good 'mends is made by't

Re-enter Servant, shewing in BIANCA

MOTH. Here she is, madam *[Exit Servant]*

BIAN I wonder how she comes to send for me
now *[Aside]*

LIV Gentlewoman, you're most welcome, trust
me, you are,

of being an immediate transcript from life Livia, the 'good
neighbour,' is as real a creature as one of Chaucer's characters.
She is such another jolly Housewife as the Wife of Bath''
P 155.

As courtesy can make one, or respect
Due to the presence of you

BIAN I give you thanks, lady

LIV I heard you were alone, and 't had appear d
An ill condition^t in me, though I knew you not,
Nor ever saw you—yet humanity
Thinks every case her own—t' have kept your
company

Here from you, and left you all solitary
I rather ventur'd upon boldness then,
As the least fault, and wish'd your presence here,
A thing most happily motion'd of that gentleman,
Whom I request you, for his care and pity,
To honour and reward with your acquaintance,
A gentleman that ladies' rights stands for,
That's his profession

BIAN 'Tis a noble one,
And honours my acquaintance.

GUAR All my intentions
Are servants to such mistresses

BIAN 'Tis your modesty,
It seems, that makes your deserts speak so low, sir

LIV Come, widow—Look you, lady, here's our
business, [*Pointing to the chess-board.*]
Are we not well employ'd, think you? an old
quarrel

Between us, that will ne'er be at an end

BIAN No? and, methinks, there's men enough
to part you, lady

LIV Ho, but they set us on, let us come off
As well as we can, poor souls, men care no farther.
I pray, sit down, forsooth, if you've the patience
To look upon two weak and tedious gamesters

GUAR Faith, madam, set these by till evening,

^t condition] See note, p 457

You'll have enough on't then , the gentlewoman,
Being a stranger, would take more delight
To see your rooms and pictures

LIV Marry, good sir,
And well remember'd , I beseech you, shew 'em
her,

That will beguile time well , pray heartily, do, sir,
I'll do as much for you here, take these keys ,

[*Gives keys to* GUARDIANO

Shew her the monument too, and that's a thing
Every one sees not, you can witness that, widow
MOTH And that's worth sight indeed, madam

BIAN Kind lady,
I fear I came to be a trouble to you

LIV O, nothing less, forsooth !

BIAN. And to this courteous gentleman,
That wears a kindness in his breast so noble
And bounteous to the welcome of a stranger

GUAR If you but give acceptance to my service,
You do the greatest grace and honour to me
That courtesy can merit

BIAN I were to blame else,
And out of fashion much I pray you, lead, sir

LIV After a game or two, we're for you, gentle-
folks

GUAR We wish no better seconds in society
Than your discourses, madam, and your partner's
there

MOTH. I thank your praise, I listen'd to you, sir,
Though, when you spoke, there came a paltry rook
Full in my way, and chokes up all my game

[*Exeunt* GUARDIANO and BIANCA

LIV. Alas, poor widow, I shall be too hard for
thee !

MOTH. You're cunning at the game, I'll be sworn,
madam

LIV It will be found so, ere I give you over —
[*Aside*]

She that can place her man well —

MOTH As you do, madam

LIV As I shall, wench, can never lose her game
Nay, nay, the black king's mine

MOTH Cry you mercy, madam!

LIV And this my queen

MOTH I see't now

LIV Here's a duke^u

Will strike a sure stroke for the game anon,
Your pawn cannot come back to relieve itself

MOTH I know that, madam

LIV You play well the whilst
How she belies her skill! I hold two ducats,
I give you check and mate to your white king,
Simplicity itself, your saintish king there

MOTH Well, ere now, lady,
I've seen the fall of subtlety, jest on

LIV Ay, but simplicity receives two for one

MOTH What remedy but patience!

Enter GUARDIANO and BIANCA above^v

BIAN Trust me, sir,
Mine eye ne'er met with fairer ornaments
GUAR Nay, livelier, I'm persuaded, neither Flo-
rence

Nor Venice can produce

BIAN Sir, my opinion
Takes your part highly

GUAR There's a better piece
Yet than all these

BIAN Not possible, sir!

GUAR Believe it,

^u *duke*] See p 311

^v *above*] The upper-stage (see note, vol II p 125) was probably intended to represent "for the nonce" a gallery

You'll say so when you see't turn but your eye
now,

You're upon't presently

[*Draws a curtain,*^w and discovers the Duke,
then exit

BIAN O sir!

DUKE He's gone, beauty
Pish, look not after him, he's but a vapour,
That, when the sun appears, is seen no more

BIAN O, treachery to honour!

DUKE Prithce, tremble not,
I feel thy breast shake like a turtle panting
Under a loving hand that makes much on't
Why art so fearful? as I'm friend to brightness,
There's nothing but respect and honour near thee
You know me, you have seen me, here's a heart
Can witness I have seen thee

BIAN The more's my danger

DUKE The more's thy happiness Pish, strive
not, sweet,

This strength were excellent employ'd in love now,
But here^x 'tis spent amiss strive not to seek
Thy liberty, and keep me still in prison,
I'faith, you shall not out till I'm releas'd now,
We'll be both freed together, or stay still by't,
So is captivity pleasant

BIAN O my lord!

DUKE I am not here in vain, have but the
leisure

To think on that, and thou'lt be soon resolv'd
The lifting of thy voice is but like one
That does exalt his enemy, who, proving high,
Lays all the plots to confound him that rais'd him

^w *Draws a curtain, &c*] The upper-stage was furnished
with curtains Old ed has merely "*Duke above*"
^x *here*] Old ed "*here's*"

Take warning, I beseech thee, thou seem'st to me
A creature so compos'd of gentleness,
And delicate meekness—such as bless the faces
Of figures that are drawn for goddesses,
And make^{*} art proud to look upon her work—
I should be sorry the least force should lay
An unkind touch upon thee

BIAN O my extremity!
My lord, what seek you?

DUKE Love

BIAN 'Tis gone already,
I have a husband

DUKE That's a single comfort,
Take a friend to him

BIAN That's a double mischief,
Or else there's no religion

DUKE Do not tremble
At fears of thine own making

BIAN Nor, great lord,
Make me not bold with death and deeds of ruin,
Because they fear not you, me they must fright—
Then am I best in health should thunder speak,
And none regard it, it had lost the name,
And were as good be still I'm not like those
That take their soundest sleeps in greatest tempests,
Then wake I most, the weather fearfullest,
And call for strength to virtue

DUKE Sure, I think
Thou know'st the way to please me I affect
A passionate pleading 'bove an easy yielding,
But never pitied any,—they deserve none,—
That will not pity me I can command,
Think upon that, yet if thou truly knewest
The infinite pleasure my affection takes

^{*} *make*] Old ed "makes"

In gentle, fair entreatings, when love's businesses
Are carried courteously 'twixt heart and heart,
You'd make more haste to please me

BIAN Why should you seek, sir,
To take away that you can never give?

DUKE But I give better in exchange,—wealth,
honour,

She that is fortunate in a duke's favour
'Lights on a tree that bears all women's wishes
If your own mother saw you pluck fruit there,
She would commend your wit, and praise the time
Of your nativity, take hold of glory
Do not I know you've cast away your life
Upon necessities, means merely doubtful
To keep you in indifferent health and fashion—
A thing I heard too lately, and soon pitied—
And can you be so much your beauty's enemy,
To kiss away a month or two in wedlock,
And weep whole years in wants for ever after?
Come, play the wise wench, and provide for ever,
Let storms come when they list, they find thee
shelter'd

Should any doubt arise, let nothing trouble thee,
Put trust in our love for the managing
Of all to thy heart's peace we'll walk together,
And shew a thankful joy for both our fortunes

[*Exeunt Duke and BIANCA above*]

LIV Did not I say my duke would fetch you
o'er, widow?

MOTH I think you spoke in earnest when you
said it, madam.

LIV And my black king makes all the haste he
can too

MOTH Well, madam, we may meet with him in
time yet

LIV I've given thee blind mate twice

MOTH You may see, madam,
My eyes begin to fail
LIV I'll swear they do, wench

Re-enter GUARDIANO

GUAR I can but smile as often as I think on't
How prettily the poor fool was beguil'd '
How unexpectedly ' it's a witty age,
Never were finer snares for women's honesties
Than are devis'd in these days , no spider's web
Made of a daintier thread than are now practis'd
To catch love's flesh-fly by the silver wing
Yet, to prepare her stomach by degrees
To Cupid's feast, because I saw 'twas queasy,
I shew'd her naked pictures by the way,
A bit to stay the appetite Well, advancement,
I venture hard to find thee , if thou com'st
With a greater title set upon thy crest,
I'll take that first cross patiently, and wait
Until some other comes greater than that,
I'll endure all [Aside

LIV The game's even at the best now you may
see, widow,
How all things draw to an end.

MOTH Even so do I, madam

LIV I pray, take some of your neighbours along
with you

MOTH They must be those are almost twice
your years then,

If they be chose fit matches for my time, madam

LIV Has not my duke bestirr'd himself?

MOTH Yes, faith, madam ,
Has done me all the mischief in this game.

LIV Has shew'd himself in's kind.

MOTH In's kind, call you it ?
I may swear that

LIV Yes, faith, and keep your oath
 GUAR Hark, list! there's somebody coming down
 'tis she [Aside]

Re-enter BIANCA

BIAN Now bless me from a blasting! I saw that
 now,

Fearful for any woman's eye to look on,
 Infectious mists and mildews hang at's eyes,
 The weather of a doomsday dwells upon him
 Yet since mine honour's leprous, why^x should I
 Preserve that fair that caus'd the leprosy?
 Come, poison all at once. [Aside]—Thou in whose
 baseness

The bane of virtue broods, I'm bound in soul
 Eternally to curse thy smooth-brow'd treachery,
 That wore the fair veil of a friendly welcome,
 And I a stranger, think upon't, 'tis worth it,
 Murders pil'd up upon a guilty spirit,
 At his last breath will not lie heavier
 Than this betraying act upon thy conscience
 Beware of offering the first-fruits to sin,
 His weight is deadly who commits with strumpets,
 After they've been abas'd, and made for use,
 If they offend to the death, as wise men know,
 How much more they, then, that first make 'em so!
 I give thee that to feed on I'm made bold now,
 I thank thy treachery, sin and I'm acquainted,
 No couple greater, and I'm like that great one,
 Who, making politic use of a base villain,
 He likes the treason well, but hates the traitor,
 So I hate thee, slave!

GUAR Well, so the Duke love me,
 I fare not much amiss then, two great feasts

^x why] Old ed "who"

Do seldom come together in one day,
We must not look for 'em

BIAN What, at it still, mother?

MOTH You see we sit by't are you so soon re-
turn'd?

LIV So lively and so cheerful! a good sign that
[*Aside*

MOTH You have not seen all since, sure?

BIAN That have I, mother,
The monument and all I'm so beholding^r
To this kind, honest, courteous gentleman,
You'd little think it, mother, shew'd me all,
Had me from place to place so fashionably,
The kindness of some people, how 't exceeds!
Faith, I've seen that I little thought to see
I' the morning when I rose

MOTH Nay, so I told you
Before you saw't, it would prove worth your sight —
I give you great thanks for my daughter, sir,
And all your kindness towards her

GUAR O, good widow,
Much good may['t] do her!—forty weeks hence,
i'faith [*Aside*

Re-enter Servant

LIV Now, sir?

SER May't please you, madam, to walk in,
Supper's upon the table

LIV Yes, we come — [*Exit Servant*
Will't please you, gentlewoman?

BIAN Thanks, virtuous lady —
You're a damn'd bawd [*Aside to LIVIA*]—I'll follow
you, forsooth;

^r *beholding*] See note, p 40

Pray, take my mother in, — an old ass go with you! — [Aside]

This gentleman and I vow not to part

LIV Then get you both before

BIAN. There lies his art

[Exeunt BIANCA and GUARDIANO]

LIV Widow, I'll follow you [Exit Mother] Is't so? damn'd band!

Are you so bitter? 'tis but want of use
Her tender modesty is sea-sick a little,
Being not accustom'd to the breaking billow
Of woman's wavering faith blown with temptations
'Tis but a qualm of honour, 'twill away,
A little bitter for the time, but lasts not
Sin tastes at the first draught like wormwood-water,
But drunk again, 'tis nectar ever after [Exit]

ACT III SCENE I

A room in the house of LEANTIO's Mother

Enter Mother

MOTH I would my son would either keep at home,

Or I were in my grave!

She was but one day abroad, but ever since

She's grown so cutted,² there's no speaking to her

Whether the sight of great cheer at my lady's,

And such mean fare at home, work discontent in her,

I know not, but I'm sure she's strangely alter'd

I'll ne'er keep daughter-in-law i' th' house with me

Again, if I had an hundred when read I of any

² *cutted*] i e "cross, querulous" Editor of 1816

That agreed long together, but she and her mother
 Fell out in the first quarter[?] nay, sometime
 A grudging of² a scolding the first week, byrlady!^{1a}
 So takes the new disease, methinks, in my house
 I'm weary of my part, there's nothing likes^b her,
 I know not how to please her here a' late
 And here she comes

Enter BIANCA

BIAN This is the strangest house
 For all defects as ever gentlewoman
 Made shift withal to pass away her love in
 Why is there not a cushion-cloth of drawn-work,
 Or some fair cut-work pinn'd up in my bed-chamber,
 A silver and gilt casting-bottle^c hung by't?[?]—
 Nay, since I am content to be so kind to you,
 To spare you for a silver basin and ewer,
 Which one of my fashion looks for of duty,
 She's never offer'd under where she sleeps

MOTH She talks of things here my whole state's
 not worth

BIAN Never a green silk quilt is there i' th'
 house, mother,
 To cast upon my bed?

MOTH No, by troth, is there,
 Nor orange-tawny neither

BIAN Here's a house
 For a young gentlewoman to be got with child in!

MOTH. Yes, simple though you make it, there
 has been three

Got in a year in't, since you move me to't,
 And all as sweet-fac'd children and as lovely
 As you'll be mother of I will not spare you

² of] Qy "or"?

^a byrlady] See note, p 530

^b likes] i e pleases

^c casting-bottle] See note, vol 11 p 216

What, cannot children be begot, think you,
Without guilt casting-bottles? yes, and as sweet
ones

The miller's daughter brings forth as white boys^c
As she that bathes herself with milk and bean-
flour

'Tis an old saying, One may keep good cheer
In a mean house, so may true love affect
After the rate of princes in a cottage

BIAN Troth, you speak wondrous well for your
old house here,

'Twill shortly fall down at your feet to thank you,
Or stoop, when you go to bed, like a good child,
To ask you blessing Must I live in want
Because my fortune match'd me with your son?
Wives do not give away themselves to husbands
To the end to be quite cast away, they look
To be the better us'd and tender'd rather,
Higher respected, and maintain'd the richer,
They're well rewarded else for the free gift
Of their whole life to a husband! I ask less now
Than what I had at home when I was a maid,
And at my father's house, kept short of that
Which a wife knows she must have, nay, and will—
Will, mother, if she be not a fool born,
And report went of me, that I could wrangle
For what I wanted when I was two hours old,
And, by that copy, this land still I hold
You hear me, mother

[Exit

MORN Ay, too plain, methinks,
And were I somewhat deafer when you spake,
'Twere ne'er a whit the worse for my quietness

^c *white boys*] There is a play on words here "white boy"
was often used as a term of endearment,

"And that's to talk of her *white boy*, she's fond on"

Brome's *New Academy*, p. 7 (*Five New Playes*, 1659)

'Tis the most sudden'st, strangest alteration,
And the most subtlest, that e'er wit at threescore
Was puzzled to find out I know no cause for't, but
She's no more like the gentlewoman at first,
Than I'm like her that never lay with man yet,—
And she's a very young thing, where'er she be
When she first lighted here, I told her then
How mean she should find all things, she was
pleas'd, forsooth,

None better I laid open all defects to her,
She was contented still, but the devil's in her,
Nothing contents her now To-night my son
Promis'd to be at home, would he were come once,
For I am weary of my charge, and life too!
She'd be serv'd all in silver, by her good will,
By night and day, she hates the name of pewterer
More than sick men the noise, or diseas'd bones
That quake at fall o' th' hammer, seeming to have
A fellow-feeling with't at every blow
What course shall I think on? she frets me so!

[*Exit*

Enter LEANTIO

LEAN How near am I now to a happiness
That earth exceeds not! not another like it
The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the conceal'd comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love I scent the air
Of blessings when I come but near the house
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!
The violet-bed's not sweeter Honest wedlock
Is like a banqueting-house built in a garden,
On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight
To cast their modest odours, when base lust,
With all her powders, paintings, and best pride,
Is but a fair house built by a ditch-side

When I behold a glorious dangerous strumpet,
 Sparkling in beauty and destruction too,
 Both at a twinkling, I do liken straight
 Her beautified body to a goodly temple
 That's built on vaults where carcasses lie rotting,
 And so, by little and little, I shrink back again,
 And quench desire with a cool meditation,
 And I'm as well, methinks Now for a welcome
 Able to draw men's envies upon man,
 A kiss now, that will hang upon my lip
 As sweet as morning-dew upon a rose,
 And full as long, after a five-days' fast
 He'll be so greedy now, and cling about me,
 I take care how I shall be rid of her
 And here't begins

Re-enter BIANCA and Mother

BIAN O sir, you're welcome home !

MOTH O, is he come ? I'm glad on't

LEAN Is that all ?

Why, this is^d dreadful now as sudden death
 To some rich man, that flatters all his sins
 With promise of repentance when he's old,
 And dies in the midway before he comes to't —

[*Aside*

Sure you're not well, Bianca, how dost, prithee ?

BIAN I have been better than I am at this time

LEAN. Alas, I thought so !

BIAN Nay, I've been worse too
 Than now you see me, sir.

LEAN I'm glad thou mend'st yet,
 I feel my heart mend too how came it to thee ?
 Has any thing dishk'd^e thee in my absence ?

^d *is*] Old ed "as"

^e *dislik'd*] i e displeased

BIAN No, certain, I have had the best content
That Florence can afford

LEAN Thou mak'st the best on't —
Speak, mother, what's the cause? you must needs
know

MOTH Troth, I know none, son, let her speak
herself,
Unless it be the same gave Lucifer
A tumbling cast, — that's pride

BIAN Methinks this house stands nothing to my
mind,
I'd have some pleasant lodging i' th' high street,
sir,
Or if 'twere near the court, sir, that were much
better

'Tis a sweet recreation for a gentlewoman
To stand in a bay-window and see gallants

LEAN Now I've another temper, a mere stranger
To that of yours, it seems, I should delight
To see none but yourself

BIAN I praise not that,
Too fond is as unseemly as too churlish
I would not have a husband of that proneness
To kiss me before company for a world,
Beside, 'tis tedious to see one thing still, sir,
Be it the best that ever heart affected,
Nay, were't yourself, whose love had power, you
know,

To bring me from my friends, I'd not stand thus
And gaze upon you always, troth, I could not, sir,
As good be blind and have no use of sight,
As look on one thing still what's the eye's treasure
But change of objects? you are learnèd, sir,
And know I speak not ill 'tis^f full as virtuous

For woman's eye to look on several men,
As for her heart, sir, to be fix'd on one

LEAN Now thou com'st home to me, a kiss for
that word

BIAN No matter for a kiss, sir, let it pass,
'Tis but a toy, we'll not so much as mind it,
Let's talk of other business, and forget it
What news now of the pirates? any surring?
Prithee, discourse a little

MOTH I'm glad he's here yet,
To see her tricks himself, I had lied monstrously
If I had told 'em first [Aside]

LEAN Speak, what's the humour, sweet,
You make your lip so strange? this was not wont

BIAN Is there no kindness betwixt man and wife,
Unless they make a pigeon-house of friendship,
And be still billing? 'tis the idlest fondness
That ever was invented, and 'tis pity
It's grown a fashion for poor gentlewomen,
There's many a disease kiss'd in a year by't,
And a French cur[t]sy made to't alas, sir!
Think of the world, how we shall live, grow
serious,

We have been married a whole fortnight now

LEAN How? a whole fortnight! why, is that so
long?

BIAN 'Tis time to leave off dalliance, 'tis a doc-
trine

Of your own teaching, if you be remember'd,
And I was bound to obey it

MOTH Here's one fits him,
This was well catch'd, i'faith, son, like a fellow
That rids another country of a plague,
And brings it home with him to his own house

[Aside — Knocking within.
Who knocks?

LEAN Who's there now?—Withdraw you, Bianca,
Thou art a gem no stranger's eye must see,
Howe'er thou^[rt] pleas'd now to look dull on me —
[Exit BIANCA]

Enter Messenger

You're welcome, sir, to whom your business, pray?

MESS To one I see not here now

LEAN Who should that be, sir?

MESS A young gentlewoman I was sent to

LEAN A young gentlewoman?

MESS Ay, sir, about sixteen why look you wildly, sir?

LEAN At your strange error, you've mistook the house, sir,

There's none such here, I assure you

MESS I assure you too

The man that sent me cannot be mistook

LEAN Why, who is't sent you, sir?

MESS The Duke

LEAN The Duke?

MESS Yes, he entreats her company at a banquet
At lady Livia's house

LEAN Troth, shall I tell you, sir,

It is the most erroneous business

That e'er your honest pains was abus'd with,

I pray, forgive me if I smile a little,

I cannot choose, i'faith, sir, at an error

So comical as this,—I mean no harm though

His grace has been most wondrous ill inform'd,

Pray, so return it, sir What should her name be?

MESS That I shall tell you straight too—Bianca
Capello^s

^s Bianca Capello] Old ed "Brancha Capella" see note,
p 516

LEAN How, sir? Bianca? what do you call th'
other?

MESS Capello Sir, it seems you know no such
then?

LEAN Who should this be? I never heard o' the
name

MESS Then 'tis a sure mistake

LEAN What if you inquir'd

In the next street, sir? I saw gallants there

In the new houses that are built of late,

Ten to one there you find her

MESS Nay, no matter,

I will return the mistake, and seek no further

LEAN Use your own will and pleasure, sir, you're
welcome

[Exit Messenger]

What shall I think of first?—Come forth, Bianca!

Re-enter BIANCA.

Thou art betray'd, I fear me

BIAN Betray'd! how, sir?

LEAN The Duke knows thee

BIAN Knows me! how know you that, sir?

LEAN Has got thy name

BIAN Ay, and my good name too,

That's worse o' the twain

[Aside]

LEAN. How comes this work about?

BIAN How should the Duke know me? can you
guess, mother?

MOTH Not I, with all my wits, sure we kept
house close

LEAN Kept close! not all the locks in Italy

Can keep you women so, you have been gadding,

And ventur'd out at twilight to the court-green
yonder,

And met the gallant bowlers coming home,

Without your masks too, both of you, I'll be hang'd
else

Thou hast been seen, Bianca, by some stranger,
Never excuse it

BIAN I'll not seek the way, sir,
Do you think you've married me to mew me up,
Not to be seen? what would you make of me?

LEAN A good wife, nothing else

BIAN Why, so are some
That are seen every day, else the devil take 'em
LEAN No more, then, I believe all virtuous in
thee,

Without an argument, 'twas but thy hard chance
To be seen somewhere, there lies all the mischief
But I've devis'd a riddance

MOTH Now I can tell you, son,
The time and place

LEAN When? where?

MOTH What wits have I!
When you last took your leave, if you remember,
You left us both at window

LEAN Right, I know that

MOTH And not the third part of an hour after,
The Duke pass'd by, in a great solemnity,
To St Mark's temple, and, to my apprehension,
He look'd up twice to the window

LEAN O, there quicken'd
The mischief of this hour!

BIAN If you call't mischief,
It is a thing I fear I am conceiv'd with [Aside]

LEAN Look'd he up twice, and could you take
no warning?

MOTH Why, once may do as much harm, son, as
a thousand,

Do not you know one spark has fir'd an house
As well as a whole furnace?

LEAN My heart flames for't
Yet let's be wise, and keep all smother'd closely,
I have bethought a means is the door fast?

MOTH I lock'd it myself after him

LEAN You know, mother,
At the end of the dark parlour there's a place
So artificially contriv'd for a conveyance,
No search could ever find it, when my father
Kept in for manslaughter, it was his sanctuary,
There will I lock my life's best treasure up,
Bianca

BIAN Would you keep me closer yet?
Have you the conscience? you're best e'en choke
me up, sir
You make me fearful of your health and wits,
You cleave to such wild courses, what's the
matter?

LEAN Why, are you so insensible of your danger
To ask that now? the Duke himself has sent for
you

To lady Livia's to a banquet, forsooth

BIAN Now I beshrew you heartily, has he so?
And you the man would never yet vouchsafe
To tell me on't till now? you shew your loyalty
And honesty at once, and so farewell, sir

LEAN Bianca, whither now?

BIAN Why, to the Duke, sir,
You say he sent for me

LEAN But thou dost not mean
To go, I hope

BIAN No? I shall prove unmannerly,
Rude, and uncivil, mad, and imitate you! —
Come, mother, come, follow his humour no longer,
We shall be all executed for treason shortly

MOTH Not I, i'faith, I'll first obey the Duke,
And taste of a good banquet, I'm of thy mind

I'll step but up and fetch two handkerchiefs
To pocket up some sweetmeats, and o'ertake thee

[*Exit*

BIAN Why, here's an old wench would trot into
a bawd now

For some dry sucket,^h or a colt in march-paneⁱ

[*Aside, and exit*

LEAN O thou, the ripe time of man's misery,
wedlock,

When all his thoughts, like overladen trees,
Crack with the fruits they bear, in cares, in jea-
lousies!

O, that's a fruit that ripens hastily,
After 'tis knit to marriage! it begins,
As soon as the sun shines upon the bride,
A little to shew colour Blessèd pow'ers,
Whence comes this alteration? the distractions,
The fears and doubts it brings, are numberless,
And yet the cause I know not What a peace
Has he that never marries! if he knew
The benefit he enjoy'd, or had the fortune
To come and speak with me, he should know then
Th' infinite wealth he had, and discern rightly
The greatness of his treasure by my loss
Nay, what a quietness has he 'bove mine
That wears his youth out in a strumpet's arms,
And never spends more care upon a woman
Than at the time of lust, but walks away,
And if he find her dead at his return,
His pity is soon done,—he breaks a sigh
In many parts, and gives her but a piece on't
But all the fears, shames, jealousies, costs and
troubles,

^h sucket] i e sweetmeat

ⁱ march-pane] See note, vol iii p 269

And still renew'd cares of a marriage-bed,
Live in the issue, when the wife is dead

Re-enter Messenger

MESS A good perfection to your thoughts !

LEAN The news, sir ?

MESS Though you were pleas'd of late to pin
an error on me,

You must not shift another in your stead too
The Duke has sent me for you

LEAN How ! for me, sir ?—

I see then 'tis my theft, we're both betray'd
Well, I'm not the first has stol'n away a maid,
My countrymen have us'd it [*Aside*]—I'll along
with you, sir [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.

An apartment in LIVIA's house ¹ a banquet set out

Enter GUARDIANO and the Ward

GLAR Take you especial note of such a gentle-
woman,

She's here on purpose, I've invited her,
Her father, and her uncle, to this banquet,
Mark her behaviour well, it does concern you,
And what her good parts are, as far as time
And place can modestly require a knowledge of,
Shall be laid open to your understanding
You know I'm both your guardian and your uncle,
My care of you is double, ward and nephew,
And I'll express it here

¹ *Livia's house*] See pp 573, 576, 593 She and Guardiano,
it appears, were inhabiting the same mansion

WARD Faith, I should know her
Now by her mark among a thousand women,
A little pretty deft¹ and tidy thing, you say?

GUAR Right

WARD With a lusty sprouting sprig in her hair?

GUAR Thou goest the right way still, take one
mark more,—

Thou shalt ne'er find her hand out of her uncle's,
Or else his out of hers, if she be near him,
The love of kindred never yet stuck closer
Than theirs to one another, he that weds her,
Marries her uncle's heart too

WARD Say you so, sir?
Then I'll be ask'd i' the church to both of them

[*Cornets within*]

GUAR Fall back, here comes the Duke

WARD He brings a gentlewoman,
I should fall forward rather

Enter the Duke leading in BIANCA, FABRICIO, HIPPO-
LITO, LIVIA, *Mother, ISABELLA, Gentlemen, and*
Attendants

DUKE Come, Bianca,
Of purpose sent into the world to shew
Perfection once in woman, I'll believe
Henceforward they have every one a soul too,
'Gainst all the uncourteous opinions
That man's uncivil rudeness ever held of 'em
Glory of Florence, light into mine arms!

BIAN Yon comes a grudging man will chide you,
sir,

Enter LEANTIO

The storm is now in's heart, and would get nearer,
And fall here, if it durst, it pours down yonder.

¹ *def't*] i e neat, spruce

DUKE If that be he, the weather shall soon clear,
List, and I'll tell thee how [Whispers BIANCA

LEAN A kissing too!

I see 'tis plain lust now, adultery 'bolden'd,
What will it prove anon, when 'tis stuff'd full
Of wine and sweetmeats,¹ being so impudent fast-
ing? [Aside

DUKE We've heard of your good parts, sir,
which we honour

With our embrace and love —Is not the captainship
Of Rouans'² citadel, since the late deceas'd,
Suppl[ed] by any yet?

GENTLEMAN By none, my lord

DUKE Take it, the place is yours then, and as
faithfulness

And desert grows, our favour shall grow with't
[LEANTIO kneels

Rise now, the captain of our fort at Rouans

LEAN [rising] The service of whole life give
your grace thanks!

DUKE Come, sit, Bianca

[Duke, BIANCA, &c seat themselves

LEAN This is some good yet,
And more than e'er I look'd for, a fine bit
To stay a cuckold's stomach all preferment
That springs from sin and lust it shoots up quickly,
As gardeners' crops do in the rotten'st grounds,
So is all means rais'd from base prostitution
Even like a salad growing upon a dunghill
I'm like a thing that never was yet heard of,
Half merry and half mad, much like a fellow
That eats his meat with a good appetite,
And wears a plague-sore that would fright a country,

¹ wine and sweetmeats] Of which a banquet consisted see
note, vol III p 252

² Rouans'] A misprint, I presume, but qy for what?

Or rather, like the barren,¹ harden'd ass,
That feeds on thistles till he bleeds again,
And such is the condition of my misery [Aside]

LIV Is that your son, widow?

MOTH Yes, did your ladyship
Never know that till now?

LIV No, trust me, did I,—
Nor ever truly felt the power of love
And pity to a man, till now I knew him
I have enough to buy me my desires,
And yet to spare, that's one good comfort [Aside]

—Hark you,
Pray, let me speak with you, sir, before you go
LEAN With me, lady? you shall, I'm at your
service —

What will she say now, trow?² more goodness
yet? [Aside]

WARD I see her now, I'm sure, the ape's so little,
I shall scarce feel her, I have seen almost
As tall as she sold in the fair for tenpence
See how she simpers it, as if marmalade
Would not melt in her mouth! she might have the
kindness, i'faith,

To send me a gilded bull from her own trencher,
A ram, a goat, or somewhat to be nibbling
These women, when they come to sweet things once,
They forget all their friends, they grow so greedy,
Nay, oftentimes their husbands

DUKE Here's a health now, gallants,
To the best beauty at this day in Florence

BIAN Whoe'er she be, she shall not go unpledg'd,
sir

DUKE Nay, you're excus'd for this

BIAN Who, I, my lord?

¹ barren] i e dull, stupid

² trow] i e think you

DUKE Yes, by the law of Bacchus, plead your benefit,
You are not bound to pledge your own health,
lady

BIAN That's a good way, my lord, to keep me dry

DUKE Nay, then, I'll not offend Venus so much,
Let Bacchus seek his 'mends in another court,
He.e's to thyself, Bianca [*Duke and others drink*]

BIAN Nothing comes
More welcome to that name than your grace.

LEAN So, so,
Here stands the poor thief now that stole the treasure,

And he's not thought on Ours is near kin now
To a twin misery born into the world,
First the hard-conscienc'd worldling, he hoards
wealth up,

Then comes the next, and he feasts all upon't,
One's damn'd for getting, th' other for spending on't
O equal justice, thou hast met my sin
With a full weight! I'm rightly now oppress,
All her friends' heavy hearts lie in my breast

[*Aside.*]

DUKE Methinks there is no spirit 'mongst us,
gallants,
But what divinely sparkles from the eyes
Of bright Bianca, we sat all in darkness
But for that splendour Who was't told us lately
Of a match making right, a marriage-tender?

GUAR 'Twas I, my lord

DUKE 'Twas you indeed Where is she?

GUAR This is the gentlewoman.

FAB My lord, my daughter

DUKE Why, here's some stirring yet

FAB. She's a dear child to me

DUKE That must needs be, you say she is your daughter

FAB Nay, my good lord, deal to my puiſe, I mean,
Beside my person, I ne'er reckon'd that
Sh'as the full qualities of a gentlewoman,
I've brought her up to music, dancing, what not,
That may commend her sex, and stir her husband

DUKE And which is he now?

GUAR This young heir, my lord

DUKE What is he brought up to?

HIP To cat and trap^k [*Aside*

GUAR My lord, he's a great ward, wealthy, but simple,

His parts consist in acres

DUKE O, wise-acres

GUAR You've spoke him in a word, sir

BIAN 'Las, poor gentlewoman!

She's ill-bestead, unless sh'as dealt the wiselier,
And laid in more provision for her youth,
Fools will not keep in summer

LEAN No, nor such wives

From whores in winter [*Aside.*

DUKE Yea, the voice too, sir?

FAB Ay, and a sweet breast^l too, my lord, I hope,
O! I have cast away my money wisely,
She took her pricksong^m earlier, my lord,
Than any of her kindred ever did,
A rare child, though I say't but I'd not have
The baggage hear so much, 'twould make her swell
straight,

And maids of all things must not be puff'd up

DUKE Let's turn us to a better banquet, then,
For music bids the soul ofⁿ man to a feast,

^k cat and trap] See note, p 527

^l breast] i e voice Compare vol iii p 576

^m pricksong] See note, vol iii p 626 ⁿ of] Old ed "of a"

And that's indeed a noble entertainment,
 Worthy Bianca's self you shall perceive, beauty,
 Our Florentine damsels are not brought up idly

BIAN They're wiser of themselves it seems, my
 lord,

And can take gifts when goodness offers 'em

LEAN True, and damnation has taught you that
 wisdom,

You can take gifts too. O, that music mocks me !
 [Music
 [Aside

LIV I am as dumb to any language now
 But love's, as one that never learn'd to speak
 I am not yet so old but he may think of me ,
 My own fault, I've been idle a long time ,
 But I'll begin the week, and paint to-morrow,
 So follow my true labour day by day ,
 I never thriv'd so well as when I us'd it [Aside

ISA. [sings]

What harder chance can fall to woman,

Who was born to cleave to some man,

Than to bestow her time, youth, beauty,

Life's observance, honour, duty,

On a thing for no use good

But to make physick work, or blood

Force fresh in an old lady's cheek ?

She that would be

Mother of fools, let her compound with me

WARD Here's a tune indeed ! pish,
 I had rather hear one ballad sung i' the nose now
 Of the lamentable drowning of fat sheep and oxen,
 Than all these simpering tunes play'd upon cat's-
 guts,

And sung by little kitlings [Aside

FAB How like you her breast now, my lord ?

BIAN Her breast ?

He talks as if his daughter had given suck

Before she were married, as her betters have,
The next he praises sure will be her nipples

[*Aside* ⁿ

DUKE Methinks now such a voice to such a
husband

Is like a jewel of unvalu'd^o worth

Hung at a fool's ear

[*Aside to* BIANCA

FAB May it please your grace

To give her leave to shew another quality?

DUKE Marry, as many good ones as you will, sir,
The more the better welcome

LEAN But the less

The better practis'd that soul's black indeed

That cannot commend virtue, but who keeps it?

Th' extortioner will say to a sick beggar,

Heaven comfort thee! though he give none himself,

This good is common

[*Aside*

FAB Will it please you now, sir,

To entreat your Ward to take her by the hand,

And lead her in a dance before the Duke?

GUAR. That will I, sir, 'tis needful — Hark you,
nephew.

[*Whispers Ward*

FAB Nay, you shall see, young heir, what you've
for your money,

Without fraud or imposture

WARD Dance with her?

Not I, sweet guardianer, do not urge my heart to't,

'Tis clean against my blood, dance with a stranger?

Let who s' will do't, I'll not begin first with her

HIP No, fear't not, fool, sh'as took a better
order

[*Aside*

^a *Aside*] "I think there is every reason to believe Brancha's [Bianca's] speech and the Duke's spoken, as I have marked them, the one *aside*, and the other to Brancha, they were certainly not intended to be generally heard" Editor of 1816 — Perhaps Bianca's speech is addressed to the Duke

^o *unvalu'd*] i e invaluable

GUAR Why, who shall take her then ?

WARD Some other gentleman

Look, there's her uncle, a fine-timber'd reveller,
Perhaps he knows the manner of her dancing too ,
I'll have him do't before me—I've sworn, guar-
dianer—

Then may I learn the better

GUAR Thou'lt be an ass still !

WARD Ay, all that, uncle, shall not fool me out
Pish, I stick closer to myself than so

GUAR I must entreat you, sir, to take your niece
And dance with her , my Ward's a little wilful,
He'd have you shew him the way

HIP Me, sir ? he shall

Command it at all hours , pray, tell him so

GUAR I thank you for him , he has not wit him-
self, sir

HIP Come, my life's peace.—I've a strange office
on't here

'Tis some man's luck to keep the joys he likes
Conceal'd for his own bosom, but my fortune
To set 'em out now for another's liking ,
Like the mad misery of necessitous man,
That parts from his good horse with many praises,
And goes on foot himself need must be obey'd

In every action , it mars man and maid [*Aside*
[*Music* HIPPOLITO and ISABELLA dance,
making obeisance to the Duke, and to each
other, both before and after the dance

DUKE Signor Fabricio, you're a happy father ,
Your cares and pains are fortunate you see,
Your cost bears noble fruits —Hippolito, thanks

FAB Here's some amends for all my charges yet ,
She wins both prick and praise^p where'er she comes

DUKE How lik'st, Bianca ?

^p *prick and praise*] See note, vol II p 133

BIAN. All things well, my lord,
But this poor gentlewoman's fortune, that's the
woist

DUKE There is no doubt, Bianca, she'll find
leisure

To make that good enough, he's rich and simple

BIAN She has the better hope o' th' upper hand,
indeed,

Which women strive for most

GUAR Do't when I bid you, sir

WARD I'll venture but a hornpipe with her,
guardianer,

Or some such married man's dance

GUAR Well, venture something, sir

WARD I have rhyme for what I do

GUAR But little reason, I think

WARD Plain men dance the measures,^a the sin-
quapace,^r the gay,

Cuckolds dance the hornpipe, and farmers dance
the hay,^s

Your soldiers dance the round,^t and maidens that
grow big,

You[r] drunkards, the canaries,^u you[r] whore and
bawd, the jug

Here's your eight kind of dancers, he that finds

The ninth let him pay the minstrels

DUKE O, here he appears once in his own person,
I thought he would have married her by attorney,
And lain with her so too

BIAN Nay, my kind lord,

^a *measures*] See note, vol i p 233

^r *sinquapace*] Properly *cinq-pace* see note, vol iii p 631

^s *hay*] Or *hey*—according to some, an abbreviation of *hey-de-guise* (see note, p 163) is "gay" formed from the same variously-spelt word?

^t *round*] See note, vol ii p 190

^u *canaries*] See note, vol iii p 39

There's very seldom any found so foolish
To give away his part there

LEAN Bitter scoff!

Yet I must do't with what a cruel pride
The glory of her sin strikes by my afflictions!

[*Aside*

[*The Ward and ISABELLA dance, he ridiculously imitating HIPPOLITO*

DUKE This thing will make shift, sirs, to make
a husband,

For aught I see in him —How think'st, Bianca?

BIAN Faith, an ill-favour'd shift, my lord, methinks,

If he would take some voyage when he's married,
Dangerous, or long enough, and scarce be seen
Once in nine year together, a wife then
Might make indifferent shift to be content with
him

DUKE A kiss [*kisses her*], that wit deserves to
be made much on —

Come, our caroch!

GUAR Stands ready for your grace

DUKE My thanks to all your loves —Come, fair
Bianca,

We have took special care of you, and provided
Your lodging near us now

BIAN Your love is great, my lord

DUKE Once more, our thanks to all

OMNES All blest honours guard you!

[*Cornets flourishing, exeunt all but LEANTIO and LIVIA*

LEAN O hast thou left me then, Bianca, utterly?
Bianca, now I miss thee! O, return,
And save the faith of woman! I ne'er felt
The loss of thee till now, 'tis an affliction
Of greater weight than youth was made to bear,

As if a punishment of after-life
 Were fain upon man here, so new it is
 To flesh and blood, so strange, so insupportable,
 A torment even mistook, as if a body
 Whose death were drowning, must needs therefore
 suffer it

In scalding oil [*Aside.*

LIV Sweet sir ——

LEAN As long as mine eye saw thee,
 I half enjoy'd thee [*Aside*

LIV Sir ——

LEAN Canst thou forget
 The dear pains my love took? how it has watch'd
 Whole nights together, in all weathers, for thee,
 Yet stood in heart more merry than the tempest
 That sung about mine ears,—like dangerous flat-
 terers,

That can set all their mischief to sweet tunes,—
 And then receiv'd thee, from thy father's window,
 Into these arms at midnight, when we embrac'd
 As if we had been statues only made for't,
 To shew art's life, so silent were our comforts,
 And kiss'd as if our lips had grown together?

[*Aside*

LIV This makes me madder to enjoy him now

[*Aside*

LEAN Canst thou forget all this, and better
 joys

That we met after this, which then new kisses

Took pride to praise? [*Aside*

LIV I shall grow madde; yet [*Aside*]—Sir ——

LEAN This cannot be but of some close bawd's
 working — [*Aside*

Cry mercy, lady! what would you say to me?

My sorrow makes me so unmannerly,

So comfort bless me, I had quite forgot you

LIV Nothing, but even, in pity to that passion,^t
Would give your grief good counsel

LEAN Marry, and welcome, lady,
It never could come better

LIV Then first, sir,
To make away all your good thoughts at once of
her,

Know most assuredly she is a strumpet

LEAN Ha! *most assuredly*? speak not a thing
So vild^u so certainly, leave it more doubtful

LIV Then I must leave all truth, and spare my
knowledge

A sin which I too lately found and wept for

LEAN Found you it?

LIV Ay, with wet eyes

LEAN O perjurious friendship!

LIV You miss'd your fortunes when you met
with her, sir

Young gentlemen that only love for beauty,
They love not wisely, such a marriage rather
Proves the destruction of affection,
It brings on want, and want's the key of whore-
dom

I think y'had small means with her?

LEAN O, not any, lady

LIV. Alas, poor gentleman! what meant'st thou,
sir,

Quite to undo thyself with thine own kind heart?
Thou art too good and pitiful to woman
Marry, sir, thank thy stars for this blest fortune,
That rids the summer of thy youth so well
From many beggars, that had lain a-sunning
In thy beams only else, till thou hadst wasted
The whole days of thy life in heat and labour

^t *passion*] 1 e sorrow

^u *vild*] See note, p 137

What would you say now to a creature found
 As pitiful to you, and, as it were,
 Even sent on purpose from the whole sex general,
 To requite all that kindness you have shewn to't?

LEAN What's that, madam?

LIV Nay, a gentlewoman, and one able
 To reward good things, ay, and bears a conscience
 to't

Couldst thou love such a one, that, blow all for-
 tunes,

Would never see thee want?

Nay, more, maintain thee to thine enemy's envy,
 And shalt not spend a care for't, stir a thought,
 Nor break a sleep? unless love's music wak'd thee,
 No storm of fortune should look upon me,
 And know that woman

LEAN O my life's wealth, Bianca!

LIV Still with her name? will nothing wear it
 out? [Aside]

That deep sigh went but for a strumpet, sir

LEAN It can go for no other that loves me

LIV He's vex'd in mind I came too soon to
 him,

Where's my discretion now, my skill, my judgment?

I'm cunning in all arts but my own love

'Tis as unseasonable to tempt him now

So soon, as [for] a widow to be courted

Following her husband's corse, or to make bargain

By the grave-side, and take a young man there

Her strange departure stands like a hearse^a yet

Before his eyes, which time will take down shortly

[Aside, and exit]

^a *hearse*] "In imitation of which [cenotaph] our *hearses* here in England are set up in churches, during the continuance of a yeare, or the space of certaine monthes" Weever —cited in Todd's Johnson's *Dict v Hearse*

LEAN Is she my wife till death, yet no more
mine?
That's a hard measure then what's marriage good
for?
Methinks, by right I should not now be living,
And then 'twere all well What a happiness
Had I been made of, had I never seen her!
For nothing makes man's loss grievous to him
But knowledge of the worth of what he loses,
For what he never had, he never misses
She's gone for ever, utterly, there is
As much redemption of a soul from hell,
As a fair woman's body from his palace
Why should my love last longer than her truth?
What is there good in woman to be lov'd,
When only that which makes her so has left her?
I cannot love her now, but I must like
Her sin and my own shame too, and be guilty
Of law's breach with her, and mine own abusing,
All which were monstrous then my safest course,
For health of mind and body, is to turn
My heart and hate her, most extremely hate her,
I have no other way those virtuous powers,
Which were chaste witnesses of both our troths,
Can witness she breaks first And I'm rewarded
With captainship o' the fort, a place of credit,
I must confess, but poor, my factorship
Shall not exchange means with't he that died last
in't,
He was no drunkard, yet he died a beggar
For all his thrift besides, the place not fits me,
It suits my resolution, not my breeding

Re-enter LIVIA

LIV I've tried all ways I can, and have not
power

To keep from sight of him [*Aside*]—How are you now, sir ?

LEAN I feel a better ease, madam

LIV Thanks to blessedness !

You will do well, I warrant you, fear't not, sir,
Join but your own good will to't he's not wise
That loves his pain or sickness, or grows fond
Of a disease whose property is to vex him,
And spitefully drink his blood up out upon't, sir !
Youth knows no greater loss I pray, let's walk,
sir,

You never saw the beauty of my house yet,
Nor how abundantly fortune has blest me
In worldly treasure, trust me, I've enough, sir,
To make my friend a rich man in my life,
A great man at my death, yourself will say so
If you want any thing, and spare to speak,
Troth, I'll condemn you for a wilful man, sir

LEAN Why, sure,

This can be but the flattery of some dream

LIV Now, by this kiss, my love, my soul, and riches,

'Tis all true substance !

[*Kisses him*]

Come, you shall see my wealth, take what you list,
The gallanter you go, the more you please me
I will allow you too your page and footman,
Your race-horses, or any various pleasure
Exercis'd youth delights in, but to me
Only, sir, wear your heart of constant stuff,
Do but you love enough, I'll give enough.

LEAN Troth, then, I'll love enough, and take enough

LIV. Then we are both pleas'd enough [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III

*A room in FABRICIO'S house**Enter on one side GUARDIANO and ISABELLA, on the other the Ward and SORDIDO*

GUAR Now, nephew, here's the gentlewoman again

WARD Mass, here she's come again! mark her now, Sordido

GUAR This is the maid my love and care have^t chose

Out for your wife, and so I tender her to you,
Yourself has been eye-witness of some qualities
That speak a courtly breeding, and are costly
I bring you both to talk together now,
'Tis time you grew familiar in your tongues,
To-morrow you join hands, and one ring ties you,
And one bed holds you, if you like the choice,
Her father and her friends are i' the next room,
And stay to see the contract ere they part
Therefore, despatch, good Ward, be sweet and short,

Like her, or like her not, there's but two ways,
And one your body, th' other your purse pays

WARD I warrant you, guardianer, I'll not stand all day thrumming,

But quickly shoot my bolt at your next coming

GUAR Well said good fortune to your birding then! [Exit

WARD I never miss'd mark yet.

SOR Troth, I think, master, if the truth were known,

You never shot at any but the kitchen-wench,

^t have] Old ed "has"

And that was a she-woodcock,¹ a mere innocent,²
That was oft lost and cried³ at eight-and-twenty

WARD No more of that meat, Sordido, here's
eggs o' the spit now,

We must turn gingerly draw out the catalogue
Of all the faults of women

SOR How? all the faults? have you so little
reason to think so much paper will lie in my
breeches? why, ten carts will not carry it, if you
set down but the bawds All the faults? pray, let's
be content with a few of 'em, and if they were
less, you would find 'em enough, I warrant you
look you, sir

ISA But that I have th' advantage of the fool,
As much as woman's heart can wish and joy at,
What an infernal torment 'twere to be
Thus bought and sold, and turn'd and pry'd into,
When, alas,
The worst bit's too good for him! and the comfort is,
Has but a cater's⁴ place on't, and provides
All for another's table yet how curious
The ass is! like some nice professor on't,
That buys up all the daintiest food i' the markets,
And seldom licks his lips after a taste on't [*Aside*.

SOR Now to her, now you've scann'd all her
parts over

WARD But at [which] end shall I begin now,
Sordido?

SOR O, ever at a woman's lip, while you live,
sir do you ask that question?

WARD Methinks, Sordido, sh'as but a crabbed
face to begin with

SOR A crabbed face? that will save money

¹ *woodcock*] 1 e simpleton compare vol iii p 46

² *innocent*] 1 e idiot, fool see pp 299, 451

³ *cried*] 1 e proclaimed as lost by the public crier

⁴ *cater's*] 1 e caterer's

WARD How ? save money, Sordido ?

SOR Ay, sir, for, having a crabbed face of her own, she'll eat the less verjuice with her mutton, 'twill save verjuice at year's end, sir

WARD Nay, and^v your jests begin to be saucy once, I'll make you eat your meat without mustard

SOR And that in some kind is a punishment

WARD Gentlewoman, they say 'tis your pleasure to be my wife, and you shall know shortly whether it be mine or no to be your husband, and thereupon thus I first enter upon you [*Kisses her*]—O most delicious scent ! methinks it tasted as if a man had stept into a comfit-maker's shop to let a cart go by, all the while I kissed her —It is reported, gentlewoman, you'll run mad for me, if you have me not

ISA I should be in great danger of my wits, sir, For being so forward —Should this ass kick backward now ! [*Aside*]

WARD Alas, poor soul ! and is that hair your own ?

ISA Mine own ? yes, sure, sir, I owe nothing for't

WARD 'Tis a good hearing, I shall have the less to pay when I have married you —Look, do^w her eyes stand well ?

SOR They cannot stand better than in her head, I think, where would you have them ? and for her nose, 'tis of a very good last

WARD I have known as good as that has not lasted a year though

SOR That's in the using of a thing, will not any strong bridge fall down in time, if we do nothing but beat at the bottom ? a nose of buff would not last always, sir, especially if it came into the camp once

^v and] 1 e if

^w do] Old ed "does"

WARD But, Sordido, how shall we do to make her laugh, that I may see what teeth she has? for I'll not bate her a tooth, nor take a black one into the bargain

SOR Why, do but you fall in talk with her, you cannot choose but, one time or other, make her laugh, sir

WARD It shall go hard but I will — Pray, what qualities have you beside singing and dancing? can you play at shuttlecock, forsooth?

ISA Ay, and at stool-ball^w too, sir, I've great luck at it

WARD Why, can you catch a ball well?

ISA I have catch'd two in my lap at one game

WARD What! have you, woman? I must have you learn

To play at trap too, then you're full and whole

ISA Any thing that you please to bring me up to, I shall take pains to practise

WARD 'Twill not do, Sordido, We shall ne'er get her mouth open'd wide enough

SOR No, sir? that's strange then here's a trick for your learning

[SORDIDO yawns, ISABELLA yawns also, but covers her mouth with a handkerchief

Look now, look now! quick, quick there!

WARD Pox of that scurvy mannerly trick with handkerchief!

It hinder'd me a little, but I'm satisfied

When a fair woman gapes, and stops her mouth so,

It shews like a cloth-stopple in a cream-pot

I have fair hope of her teeth now, Sordido

^w *stool-ball*] So called from being played with a stool (or stools) and a ball see *Sports*, &c, by Strutt, who says, "it seems to have been a game more properly appropriated to the women than to the men" P 77

SOR Why, then, you've all well, sir, for aught I see,

She's right and straight enough now as she stands,
They'll commonly lie crooked, that's no matter,
Wise gamesters

Never find fault with that, let 'em lie still so

WARD I'd fain mark how she goes, and then I have all, for of all creatures I cannot abide a splay-footed woman, she's an unlucky thing to meet in a morning, her heels keep together so, as if she were beginning an Irish dance still, and [t]he wriggling of her bum playing the tune to't but I have bethought a cleanly shift to find it, dab down as you see me, and peep of one side when her back's toward you—I'll shew you the way

SOR And you shall find me apt enough to peeping, I have been one of them has seen mad sights
Under your scaffolds

WARD Will't please you walk, forsooth,
A turn or two by yourself? you're so pleasing to me,
I take delight to view you on both sides

ISA I shall be glad to fetch a walk to your love,
sir,

'Twill get affection a good stomach, sir,—
Which I had need have to fall to such coarse victu-
als

[Aside
[ISABELLA walks while the Ward and SORDIDO
stoop down to look at her

WARD Now go thy ways for a clean-treading
wench,

As ever man in modesty peep'd under '

SOR I see the sweetest sight to please my master '
Never went Frenchman righter upon ropes,
Than she on Florentine rushes ^w

^w rushes] With which the floors were strewed

WARD 'Tis enough, forsooth

ISA And how do you like me now, sir?

WARD Faith, so well,

I never mean to part with thee, sweetheart,
Under some sixteen children, and all boys

ISA You'll be at simple pains, if you prove kind,
And breed 'em all in your teeth ²

WARD Nay, by my faith,
What serves your belly for? 'twould make my cheeks
Look like blown bagpipes

Re-enter GUARDIANO

GUAR How now, ward and nephew,
Gentlewoman and niece! speak, is it so or not?

WARD 'Tis so, we're both agreed, sir

GUAR In to your kindred then,
There's friends, and wine, and music wait³ to wel-
come you

WARD Then I'll be drunk for joy

SOR And I for company,
I cannot break my nose in a better action

[*Exeunt*

ACT IV SCENE I

BIANCA's lodging at Court

Enter BIANCA, attended by two Ladies

BIAN How go² your watches, ladies? what's
a'clock now?

FIRST L. By mine, full nine

² *breed 'em all in your teeth*] "In allusion to a superstitious idea, that an affectionate husband had the toothache while his wife was breeding" Editor of 1816

³ *wait*] Old ed "waits."

² *go*] Old ed "goes"

SEC L By mine, a quarter past

FIRST L I set mine by St Mark's

SEC L St Anthony's, they say,

Goes truer

FIRST L That's but your opinion, madam,
Because you love a gentleman o' the name

SEC L He's a true gentleman then

FIRST L So may he be

That comes to me to-night, for aught you know

BIAN I'll end this strife straight I set mine by
the sun,

I love to set by the best, one shall not then

Be troubled to set often

SEC L You do wisely in't

BIAN If I should set my watch, as some guls do,
By every clock i' the town, 'twould ne'er go true,
And too much turning of the dial's point,
Or tampering with the spring, might in small time
Spoil the whole work too, here it wants of nine
now

FIRST L It does indeed, forsooth, mine's nearest
truth yet

SEC L Yet I've found her lying with an advo-
cate, which shew'd

Like two false clocks together in one parish

BIAN So now I thank you, ladies, I desire
Awhile to be alone

FIRST L And I am nobody,
Methinks, unless I've one or other with me —
Faith, my desire and hers will ne'er be sisters

[*Aside — Exeunt Ladies*]

BIAN. How strangely woman's fortune comes
about!

This was the farthest way to come to me,
All would have judg'd that knew me born in Venice,
And there with many jealous eyes brought up,

That never thought they had me sure enough
 But when they were upon me, yet my hap
 To meet it here, so far off from my birth-place,
 My friends, or kindred! 'tis not good, in sadness,²
 To keep a maid so strict in her young days,
 Restraint
 Breeds wandering thoughts, as many fasting days
 A great desire to see flesh stirring again
 I'll ne'er use any girl of mine so strictly,
 Howe'er they're kept, their fortunes find 'em out,
 I see't in me if they be got in court,
 I'll ne'er forbid 'em the country, nor the court,
 Though they be born i the country they will come
 to't,
 And fetch their falls a thousand mile about,
 Where one would little think on't

Enter LEANTIO, richly dressed

LEAN I long to see how my despiser looks
 Now she's come here to court these are her lod-
 gings,

She's simply now advanc'd I took her out
 Of no such window, I remember, first,
 That was a great deal lower, and less carv'd [*Aside*

BIAN How now! what silkworm's this, i' the
 name of pride?
 What, is it he?

LEAN A bow i' th' ham to your greatness,
 You must have now three legs,³ I take it, must you
 not?

BIAN Then I must take another, I shall want else
 The service I should have, you have but two there

LEAN You're richly plac'd. ~

² *in sadness*] i e in seriousness—seriously

³ *three legs*] i e "three bows." Editor of 1816

BIAN Methinks you're wondrous brave,^b sir
 LEAN A sumptuous lodging
 BIAN You've an excellent suit there
 LEAN A chair of velvet
 BIAN Is your cloak lin'd through, sir?
 LEAN You're very stately here
 BIAN Faith, something proud, sir
 LEAN Stay, stay, let's see your cloth-of-silver
 slippers
 BIAN Who's your shoemaker? has made you a
 neat boot
 LEAN Will you^c have a pair?
 The Duke will lend you spurs
 BIAN Yes, when I ride
 LEAN 'Tis a brave life you lead
 BIAN I could ne'er see you
 In such good clothes in my time
 LEAN In your time?
 BIAN Sure I think, sir,
 We both thrive best asunder
 LEAN You're a whore!
 BIAN Fear nothing, sir
 LEAN An impudent, spiteful strumpet!
 BIAN O, sir, you give me thanks for your cap-
 tainship!
 I thought you had forgot all your good manners
 LEAN And, to spite thee as much, look there,
 there read, [Giving letter]
 Vex, gnaw, thou shalt find there I'm not love-
 starv'd
 The world was never yet so cold or pitiless,
 But there was ever still more charity found out

^b brave] i e finely dressed

^c Will you, &c] I give these speeches as they stand in old
 ed In whatever way the lines are divided, the metre will not
 run regularly

Than at one proud fool's door, and 'twere hard,
faith,

If I could not pass that Read to thy shame there,
A cheerful and a beauteous benefactor too,
As e'er erected the good works of love

BIAN Lady Livia¹

Is't possible? her worship was my pandress,
She dote, and send, and give, and all to him!
Why, here's a bawd plagu'd home! [*Aside*]—You're
simply happy, sir,

Yet I'll not envy you

LEAN No, couit-saint, not thou!

You keep some friend of a new fashion,
There's no harm in your devil, he's a suckling,
But he will breed teeth shortly, will he not?

BIAN Take heed you play not then too long with
him

LEAN Yes, and the great one too I shall find
time

To play a hot religious bout with some of you,
And, perhaps, drive you and your course of sins
To their eternal kennels I speak softly now,
'Tis manners in a noble woman's lodgings,
And I well know^c all my degrees of duty,
But come I to your everlasting parting once,
Thunder shall seem soft music to that tempest

BIAN 'Twas said last week there would be
change of weather,

When the moon hung so, and belike you heard it

LEAN Why, here's sin made, and ne'er a con-
science put to't,—

A monster with all forehead and no eyes!

Why do I talk to thee of sense or virtue,

That art as dark as death? and as much madness

To set light before thee, as to lead blind folks

^c *know*] Old ed "knew"

To see the monuments, which they may smell as soon
 As they behold,—marry, oftentimes their heads,
 For want of light, may feel the hardness of 'em ,
 So shall thy blind pride my revenge and anger,
 That canst not see it now , and it may fall
 At such an hour when thou least seest of all
 So, to an ignorance darker than thy womb
 I leave thy perjur'd soul , a plague will come !

[*Exit*

BIAN Get you gone first, and then I fear no
 greater,
 Nor thee will I fear long , I'll have this sauciness
 Soon banish'd from these lodgings, and the rooms
 Perfum'd well after the corrupt air it leaves
 His breath has made me almost sick, in troth ,
 A poor, base start-up ! life, because has got
 Fair clothes by foul means, comes to rail and shew
 'em !

Enter the Duke.

DUKE Who's that ?

BIAN Cry you mercy, sir !

DUKE Prithee, who's that ?

BIAN The former thing, my lord, to whom you
 gave
 The captainship, he eats his meat with grudging
 still

DUKE Still ?

BIAN He comes vaunting here of his new love,
 And the new clothes she gave him, lady LIVIA ,
 Who but she now his mistress !

DUKE Lady LIVIA ?

Be sure of what you say

BIAN He shew'd me her name, sir,
 In perfum'd paper, her vows, her letter,
 With an intent to spite me , so his heart said,
 And his threats made it good , they were as spiteful

As ever malice utter'd, and as dangerous,
Should his hand follow the copy

DUKE But that must not

Do not you vex your mind, prithee, to bed, go,
All shall be well and quiet

BIAN I love peace, sir.

DUKE And so do all that love take you no care
for't,

It shall be still provided to your hand —

[*Exit* BIANCA]

Who's near us there?

Enter Servant

SER My lord?

DUKE Seek out Hippolito,
Brother to lady Livia, with all speed.

SER He was the last man I saw, my lord

DUKE Make haste — [*Exit Servant*]

He is a blood soon stirr'd, and as he's quick
To apprehend a wrong, he's bold and sudden
In bringing forth a ruin I know, likewise,
The reputation of his sister's honour's
As dear to him as life-blood to his heart,
Beside, I'll flatter him with a goodness to her,—
Which I now thought on, but ne'er meant to prac-
tise,

Because I know her base,—and that wind drives
him

The ulcerous reputation feels the poise
Of lightest wrongs, as sores are vex'd with flies
He comes —

Enter HIPPOLITO

Hippolito, welcome

HIP My lov'd lord!

DUKE How does that lusty widow, thy kind
sister?

Is she not sped yet of a second husband ?

A bed-fellow she has, I ask not that,

I know she's sped of him

HIP Of him, my lord ?

DUKE Yes, of a bed-fellow is the news so
strange to you ?

HIP I hope 'tis so to all

DUKE I wish it were, sir,

But 'tis confess'd too fast, her ignorant pleasures,

Only by lust instructed, have receiv'd

Into their services an impudent boaster,

One that does raise his glory from her shame,

And tells the mid-day sun what's done in dark-
ness,

Yet, blinded with her appetite, wastes her wealth,

Buys her disgraces at a dearer rate

Than bounteous housekeepers purchase their honour

Nothing sads me so much, as that, in love

To thee and to thy blood, I had pick'd out

A worthy match for her, the great Vincentio,

High in our favour and in all men's thoughts

HIP O thou destruction of all happy fortunes,

Unsated blood ! Know you the name, my lord,

Of her abuser ?

DUKE One Leantio

HIP He's a factor

DUKE He ne'er made so brave a voyage,

By his own talk

HIP The poor old widow's son

I humbly take my leave

DUKE I see 'tis done —

[*Aside*

Give her good counsel, make her see her error,

I know she'll hearken to you

HIP Yes, my lord,

I make no doubt, as I shall take the course

Which she shall never know till it be acted,

And when she wakes to honour, then she'll thank
me for't

I'll imitate the pities of old surgeons
To this lost limb, who, ere they shew their art,
Cast one asleep, then cut the diseas'd part,
So, out of love to her I pity most,
She shall not feel him going till he's lost,
Then she'll commend the cure [Exit

DUKE The great cure's^c past,
I count this done already, his wrath's sure,
And speaks an injury deep farewell, Leantio,
This place will never hear thee murmur more —

Enter the Cardinal and Servants

Our noble brother, welcome !

CAR Set those lights down
Depart till you be call'd [Exeunt Servants

DUKE There's serious business
Fix'd in his look, nay, it inclines a little
To the dark colour of a discontentment — [Aside
Brother, what is't commands your eye so power-
fully ?

Speak, you seem lost

CAR The thing I look on seems so,
To my eyes lost for ever

DUKE You look on me

CAR What a grief 'tis to a religious feeling,
To think a man should have a friend so goodly,
So wise, so noble, nay, a duke, a brother,
And all this certainly damn'd !

DUKE How !

CAR 'Tis no wonder,
If your great sin can do't dare you look up
For thinking of a vengeance ? dare you sleep

^c cure's] Qy "care's"?

For fear of never waking but to death?
 And dedicate unto a strumpet's love
 The strength of your affections, zeal, and health?
 Here you stand now, can you assure your pleasures

You shall once more enjoy her, but once more?
 Alas, you cannot! what a misery 'tis then,
 To be more certain of eternal death
 Than of a next embrace! nay, shall I shew you
 How more unfortunate you stand in sin
 Than the low,^c private man all his offences,
 Like enclos'd grounds, keep but about himself,
 And seldom stretch beyond his own soul's bounds,
 And when a man grows miserable, 'tis some comfort
 When he's no further charg'd than with himself,
 'Tis a sweet ease to wretchedness but, great man,
 Every sin thou committ'st shews like a flame
 Upon a mountain, 'tis seen far about,
 And, with a big wind made of popular breath,
 The sparkles fly through cities, here one takes,
 Another catches there, and in short time
 Waste all to cinders, but remember still,
 What burnt the valleys first came from the hill
 Every offence draws his particular pain,
 But 'tis example proves the great man's bane
 The sins of mean men lie like scatter'd parcels
 Of an unperfect bill, but when such fall,
 Then comes example, and that sums up all
 And this your reason grants, if men of good lives,
 Who by their virtuous actions stir up others
 To noble and religious imitation,
 Receive the greater glory after death,
 As sin must needs confess, what may they feel
 In height of torments and in weight of vengeance,

^c low] Old ed "love"

Not only they themselves not doing well,
But set^d a light up to shew men to hell?

DUKE If you have done, I have, no more, sweet
brother!

CAR I know time spent in goodness is too tedious,
This had not been a moment's space in lust now
How dare you venture on eternal pain,
That cannot bear a minute's reprehension?
Methinks you should endure to hear that talk'd of
Which you so strive to suffer O, my brother,
What were you, if [that] you were taken now!
My heart weeps blood to think on't, 'tis a work
Of infinite mercy, you can never merit,
That yet you are not death-struck, no, not yet,
I dare not stay you long, for fear you should not
Have time enough allow'd you to repent in
There's but this wall [*pointing to his body*] betwixt
you and destruction,

When you're at strongest, and but poor thin clay
Think upon't, brother, can you come so near it
For a fair strumpet's love, and fall into
A torment that knows neither end nor bottom
For beauty but the deepness of a skin,
And that not of their own neither? Is she a thing
Whom sickness dare not visit, or age look on,
Or death resist? does the worm shun her grave?
If not, as your soul knows it, why should lust
Bring man to lasting pain for rotten dust?

DUKE Brother of spotless honour, let me weep
The first of my repentance in thy bosom,
And shew the blest fruits of a thankful spirit
And if I e'er keep woman more, unlawfully,
May I want penitence at my greatest need!

^d *set*] Old ed "sets"

And wise men know there is no barren place
Threatens more famine than a dearth in grace

CAR Why, here's a conversion is at this time,
brother,

Sung for a hymn in heaven,* and at this instant
The powers of darkness groan, makes all hell sorry
First I praise heaven, then in my work I glory
Who's there attends without?

Re-enter Servants

FIRST SER My lord?

CAR Take up those lights, there was a thicker
darkness

When they came first — The peace of a fair soul
Keep with my noble brother!

DUKE Joys be with you, sir!

[Exeunt Cardinal and Servants]

She lies alone to-night for't, and must still,
Though it be hard to conquer, but I've vow'd
Never to know her as a strumpet more,
And I must save my oath if fury fail not,
Her husband dies to-night, or, at the most,
Lives not to see the morning spent to-morrow,
Then will I make her lawfully mine own,
Without this sin and horror Now I'm chidden,
For what I shall enjoy then unforbidden,
And I'll not freeze in stoves 'tis but a while,
Live like a hopeful bridegroom, chaste from flesh,
And pleasure then will seem new, fair, and fresh

[Exit]

* *Sung for a hymn in heaven* "It is needless to say that our poet here alludes to a passage in the 15th chapter of St Luke" Editor of 1816

SCENE II

*A hall in LIVIA's house**Enter HIPPOLITO*

HIP The morning so far wasted, yet his baseness
So impudent ! see if the very sun
Do not blush at him !
Dare he do thus much, and know me alive ?
Put case one must be vicious, as I know myself
Monstrously guilty, there's a blind time made for't,
He might use only that,—'twere conscionable,
Art, silence, closeness, subtlety, and darkness,
Are fit for such a business, but there's no pity
To be bestow'd on an apparent sinner,
An impudent daylight lecher The great zeal
I bear to her advancement in this match
With lord Vincentio, as the Duke has wrought it,
To the perpetual honour of our house,
Puts fire into my blood to purge the air
Of this corruption, fear it spread too far,
And poison the whole hopes of this fair fortune
I love her good so dearly, that no brother
Shall venture farther for a sister's glory
Than I for her preferment

Enter LEANTIO and a Page.

LEAN Once again
I'll see that glistering whore, shines like a serpent
Now the court sun's upon her [*Aside*]—Page

PAGE Anon, sir

LEAN I'll go in state too [*Aside*]—See the
coach be ready, [*Exit Page*]
I'll hurry away presently

HIP Yes, you shall hurry,
And the devil after you take that at setting forth
[*Strikes him.*]

Now, and^t you'll draw, we're upon equal terms, sir.
 Thou took'st advantage of my name in honour
 Upon my sister, I ne'er saw the stroke
 Come, till I found my reputation bleeding,
 And therefore count it I no sin to valour
 To serve thy lust so now we're of even hand,
 Take your best course against me You must die

LEAN How close sticks envy to man's happiness!
 When I was poor, and little car'd for life,
 I had no such means offer'd me to die,
 No man's wrath minded me — Slave, I turn this to
 thee,

[*Draws*
 To call thee to account for a wound lately
 Of a base stamp upon me

HIP 'Twas most fit
 For a base metal come and fetch one now
 More noble then, for I will use thee fairer
 Than thou hast done thine [own] soul, or our ho-
 nour,

[*They fight*
 And there I think 'tis for thee [LEANTIO falls
 [*Voices within*] Help, help! O, part 'em!

LEAN False wife, I feel now thou'st pray'd
 heartily for me

Rise, strumpet, by my fall! thy lust may reign now
 My heart-string, and the marriage-knot that tied
 thee,

Break^s both together [*Dies*

HIP There I heard the sound on't,
 And never lik'd string better.

*Enter GUARDIANO, LIVIA, ISABELLA, the Ward, and
 SORDIDO*

LIV 'Tis my brother!
 Are you hurt, sir?

^t and] 1 e if

^s Break] Old ed "Breaks"

HIP Not any thing

LIV Blest fortune !

Shift for thyself what is he thou hast kill'd ?

HIP Oui honour's enemy

GUAR Know you this man, lady ?

LIV Leantio ! my love's joy !— Wounds stick
upon thee

As deadly as thy sins ! art thou not hurt—

The devil take that fortune !—and he dead ?

Drop plagues into thy bowels without voice,

Secret and fearful !—Run for officers,

Let him be apprehended with all speed,

For fear he 'scape away, lay hands on him,

We cannot be too sure, 'tis wilful murder ^f

You do heaven's vengeance and the law just service

You know him not as I do, he's a villain

As monstrous as a prodigy and as dreadful

HIP Will you but entertain a noble patience

Till you but hear the reason, worthy sister ?

LIV The reason ! that's a jest hell falls a-laughing
at

Is there a reason found for the destruction

Of our more lawful loves, and was there none

To kill the black lust 'twixt thy niece and thee,

That has kept close so long ?

GUAR How's that, good madam ?

LIV Too true, sir, there she stands, let her
deny't

The deed cries shortly in the midwife's arms,

Unless the parents' sins strike it still-born,

And if you be not deaf and ignorant,

^f *wilful murder*] After these words the editor of 1816 inserts a stage-direction "*They seize Hip*" But if they lay hands on him now, it is plain, from what follows, that they presently leave him at liberty

for he that marries a whore looks like a fellow bound all his lifetime to a medlar-tree, and that's good stuff, 'tis no sooner ripe, but it looks rotten, and so do some queans at nineteen A pox on't! I thought there was some knavery a-broach, for something stirred in her belly the first night I lay with her

SOR What, what, sir?

WARD. This is she brought up so courtly, can sing, and dance!—and tumble too, methinks I'll never marry wife again that has so many qualities

SOR Indeed, they are seldom good, master, for likely when they are taught so many, they will have one trick more of their own finding out Well, give me a wench but with one good quality, to lie with none but her husband, and that's bringing up enough for any woman breathing

WARD This was the fault when she was tendered to me, you never looked to this

SOR Alas, how would you have me see through a great farthingale, sir? I cannot peep through a mill-stone, or in the going, to see what's done i' the bottom.

WARD Her father praised her breast,¹ sh'ad the voice, forsooth! I marvelled she sung so small indeed, being no maid now I perceive there's a young quainter in her belly, this breeds a singing in my head, I'm sure

SOR 'Tis but the tune of your wife's sinquapace^j danced in a feather-bed faith, go lie down, master, but take heed your horns do not make holes in the pillowbeers^k — I would not batter

ⁱ breast] See p 588

^j sinquapace] Properly *cinque-pace* see note, vol iii p 631

^k pillowbeers] i e pillow-cases

brows with him for a hogshead of angels,¹ he would prick my skull as full of holes as a scrivener's sand-box [Aside — *Exeunt Ward and SORDIDO*

ISA Was ever maid so cruelly beguil'd,
To the confusion of life, soul, and honour,
All of one woman's murdering ! I'd fain bring
Her name no nearer to my blood than woman,
And 'tis too much of that O, shame and horror !
In that small distance from yon man to me
Lies sin enough to make a whole world perish —
[Aside

'Tis time we parted, sir, and left the sight
Of one another, nothing can be worse
To hurt repentance, for our very eyes
Are far more poisonous to religion
Than basilisks to them if any goodness
Rest in you, hope of comforts, fear of judgments,
My request is, I ne'er may see you more,
And so I turn me from you everlastingly,
So is my hope to miss you but for her
That durst so dally with a sin so dangerous,
And lay a snare so spitefully for my youth,
If the least means but favour my revenge,
That I may practise the like cruel cunning
Upon her life as she has on mine honour,
I'll act it without pity

HIP Here's a care
Of reputation and a sister's fortune
Sweetly rewarded by her ! would a silence,
As great as that which keeps among the graves,
Had everlastingly chain'd up her tongue !
My love to her has made mine miserable

¹ angels] i e gold coins worth about ten shillings

Re-enter GUARDIANO and LIVIA

GUAR. If you can but dissemble your heart's
griefs now,—

Be but a woman so far

LIV Peace, I'll strive, sir

GUAR As I can wear my injuries in a smile
Here's an occasion offer'd, that gives anger
Both liberty and safety to perform
Things worth the fire it holds, without the fear
Of danger or of law, for mischiefs acted
Under the privilege of a marriage-triumph,
At the Duke's hasty nuptials, will be thought
Things merely accidental, all's^j by chance,
Not got of their own natures

LIV I conceive you, sir,
Even to a longing for performance on't,
And here behold some fruits —[*Kneels to HIPPOLITO*
and ISABELLA] Forgive me both
What I am now, return'd to sense and judgment,
Is not the same rage and distraction
Presented lately to you,—that rude form
Is gone for ever, I am now myself,
That speaks all peace and friendship, and these
tears

Are the true springs of hearty, penitent sorrow
For those foul wrongs which my forgetful fury
Slander'd your virtues with this gentleman
Is well resolv'd^k now

GUAR I was never otherwise,
I knew, alas, 'twas but your anger spake it,
And I ne'er thought on't more

HIP [*raising LIVIA*] Pray, rise, good sister

^j *all's*] So old ed —for "all as"

^k *resolv'd*] i e satisfied, convinced

ISA. Here's even as sweet amends made for a
 wrong now,
 As one that gives a wound, and pays the surgeon,
 All the smart's nothing, the great loss of blood,
 Or time of hindrance well, I had a mother,
 I can dissemble too [*Aside*]—What wrongs have
 slept
 Through anger's ignorance, aunt, my heart for-
 gives

GUAR Why, thus¹ tuneful now !

HIP And what I did, sister,
 Was all for honour's cause, which time to come
 Will approve to you

LIV Being awak'd to goodness,
 I understand so much, sir, and praise now
 The fortune of your arm and of your safety,
 For by his death you've rid me of a sin
 As costly as e'er woman doated on
 'T has pleas'd the Duke so well too, that, behold,
 sir, [*Giving paper*
 Has sent you here your pardon, which I kiss'd
 With most affectionate comfort when 'twas brought,
 Then was my fit just past, it came so well, me-
 thought,

To glad my heart

HIP I see his grace thinks on me

LIV There's no talk now but of the preparation
 For the great marriage

HIP Does he marry her, then ?

LIV With all speed, suddenly, as fast as cost
 Can be laid on with many thousand hands.
 This gentleman and I had once a purpose
 To have honour'd the first marriage of the Duke

¹ *thus*] Altered, unnecessarily I think, to "that's," by the
 editor of 1816

With an invention of his own, 'twas ready,
The pains well past, most of the charge bestow'd
on't,

Then came the death of your good mother, niece,
And turn'd the glory of it all to black
'Tis a device would fit these times so well too,
Art's treasury not better if you'll join,
It shall be done, the cost shall all be mine

HIP You've my voice first, 'twill well approve
my thankfulness
For the Duke's love and favour.

LIV What say you, niece?

ISA I am content to make one

GUAR The plot's full then,
Your pages, madam, will make shift for Cupids

LIV That will they, sir

GUAR You'll play your old part still

LIV What is it? good troth, I have even forgot
it

GUAR Why, Juno Pronuba, the marriage-god-
dess

LIV. 'Tis right indeed

GUAR And you shall play the Nymph,
That offers sacrifice to appease her wrath

ISA Sacrifice, good sir?

LIV Must I be appeas'd then?

GUAR That's as you list yourself, as you see
cause

LIV Methinks 'twould shew the more state in
her deity
To be incens'd

ISA 'Twould, but my sacrifice
Shall take a course to appease you,—or I'll fail
in't,

And teach a sinful bawd to play a goddess.

[*Aside, and exit*]

GUAR For our parts, we'll not be ambitious, sir
Please you, walk in and see the project drawn,
Then take your choice

HIP I weigh not, so I have one

[*Exeunt* GUARDIANO and HIPPOLITO]

LIV How much ado have I to restrain fury
From breaking into curses! O, how painful 'tis
To keep great sorrow smother'd! sure, I think
'Tis harder to dissemble grief than love
Leantio, here the weight of thy loss lies,
Which nothing but destruction can suffice [Exit

SCENE III

Before the Duke's Palace

*Hautboys Enter the Duke and BIANCA richly attired,
attended by Lords, Cardinals, Ladies, and others
as they are passing in great state over the stage,
enter the Cardinal meeting them*

CAR Cease, cease! religious honours done to sin
Disparage virtue's reverence, and will pull
Heaven's thunder upon Florence holy ceremonies
Were made for sacred uses, not for sinful
Are these the fruits of your repentance, brother?
Better it had been you had never sorrow'd,
Than to abuse the benefit, and return
To worse than where sin left you
Vow'd you then never to keep strumpet more,
And are you now so swift in your desires
To knit your honours and your life fast to her?
Is not sin sure enough to wretched man,
But he must bind himself in chains to't? worse,
Must marriage, that immaculate robe of honour,

That renders virtue glorious, fair, and fruitful
To her great master, be now made the garment
Of leprosy and foulness? Is this penitence
To sanctify hot lust? what is it otherwise
Than worship done to devils? Is this the best
Amends that sin can make after her riots?
As if a drunkard, to appease heaven's wrath,
Should offer up his surfeit for a sacrifice
If that be comely, then lust's offerings are
On wedlock's sacred altar

DUKE Here you're bitter
Without cause, brother, what I vow'd I keep,
As safe as you your conscience, and this needs not,
I taste more wrath in't than I do religion,
And envy more than goodness the path now
I tread is honest, leads to lawful love,
Which virtue in her strictness would not check
I vow'd no more to keep a sensual woman,
'Tis done, I mean to make a lawful wife of her

CAR He that taught you that craft,
Call him not master long, he will undo you,
Grow not too cunning for your soul, good brother
Is it enough to use adulterous thefts,
And then take sanctuary in marriage?
I grant, so long as an offender keeps
Close in a privileg'd temple, his life's safe,
But if he ever venture to come out,
And so be taken, then he surely dies for't
So now you're safe, but when you leave this body,
Man's only privileg'd temple upon earth,
In which the guilty soul takes sanctuary,
Then you'll perceive what wrongs chaste vows endure

When lust usurps the bed that should be pure

BIAN Sir, I have read you over all this while
In silence, and I find great knowledge in you

And severe learning, yet, 'mongst all your virtues
 I see not charity written, which some call
 The first-born of religion, and I wonder
 I cannot see't in yours believe it, sir,
 There is no virtue can be sooner miss'd,
 Or later welcom'd, it begins the rest,
 And sets 'em all in order ¹ heaven and angels
 Take great delight in a converted sinner,
 Why should you then, a servant and professor,
 Differ so much from them? If every woman
 That commits evil should be therefore kept
 Back in desires of goodness, how should virtue
 Be known and honour'd? From a man that's blind,
 To take a burning taper 'tis no wrong,
 He never misses it, but to take light
 From one that sees, that's injury and spite.
 Pray, whether is religion better serv'd,
 When lives that are licentious are made honest,
 Than when they still run through a sinful blood?
 'Tis nothing virtue's temples to deface,
 But build the ruins, there's a work of grace!

DUKE I kiss thee for that spirit, thou'st prais'd
 thy wit

A modest way — On, on, there!

[*Hautboys* *Exeunt all except the Cardinal*]

CAR Lust is bold,

And will have vengeance speak ere't be controll'd

[*Exit*]

¹ *And sets 'em all in order*] "Brancha [Bianca] here evidently alludes to the 13th chapter of St. Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians" Editor of 1816

ACT V SCENE I

*A great hall in the Duke's Palace**Enter GUARDIANO and the Ward*

GUAR Speak, hast thou any sense of thy abuse?
Dost thou know what wrong's done thee?

WARD I were an ass else,
I cannot wash my face but I am feeling on't

GUAR. Here, take this caltrop¹ then [*giving cal-*
trop], convey it secretly
Into the place I shew'd you look you, sir,
This is the trap-door to't

WARD I know't of old, uncle, since the last
triumph,^m here rose up a devil with one eye, I re-
member, with a company of fireworks at's tail

GUAR Prithce, leave squabbing now mark me,
and fail not,
But when thou hear'st me give a stamp, down with't,
The villain's caught then

WARD If I miss you, hang me I love to catch
a villain, and your stampⁿ shall go current, I war-
rant you But how shall I rise up and let him
down too all at one hole? that will be a horrible
puzzle You know I have a part in't, I play
Slander

GUAR True, but never make you ready for't

WARD No? my clothes are bought and all, and
a foul fiend's head, with a long, contumelious tongue

¹ *caltrop*] "A Caltrop, or iron engine of warre, made with
four prickes, or sharp points, whereof one, howsoever it is cast,
ever stands upward" Cotgrave's *Dict* in v *Chaussetrape*

^m *triumph*] i e show, masque

ⁿ *stamp*] See vol iii p 368

i' the chaps on't, a very fit shape for Slander i' th' out-parishes

GUAR It shall not come so far, thou understand'st it not

WARD O, O!

GUAR He shall lie deep enough ere that time, And stick first upon those

WARD Now I conceive you, guardianer

GUAR Away!

List to the privy stamp, that's all thy part

WARD Stamp my horns in a mortar, if I miss you, and give the powder in white wine to sick cuckolds, a very present remedy for the headach [Exit

GUAR If this should any way miscarry now—
As, if the fool be nimble enough, 'tis certain—
The pages, that present the swift-wing'd Cupids,
Are taught to hit him with their shafts of love,
Fitting his part, which I have cunningly poison'd
He cannot 'scape my fury, and those ills
Will be laid all on fortune, not our wills,
That's all the sport on't for who will imagine
That, at the celebration of this night,
Any mischance that haps can flow from spite?

[Exit

Flourish Enter above° Duke, BIANCA, Lord Cardinal, FABRICIO, other Cardinals, and Lords and Ladies in state

DUKE Now, our fair duchess, your delight shall witness

How you're belov'd and honour'd, all the glories
Bestow'd upon the gladness of this night
Are done for your bright sake

BIAN I am the more
In debt, my lord, to loves and courtesies

° above] i e on the upper stage see note, vol II p 125

That offer up themselves so bounteously
To do me honour'd grace, without my merit

DUKE A goodness set in greatness, how it
sparkles

Afar off, like pure diamonds set in gold '
How perfect my desires were, might I witness
But a fair noble peace 'twixt your two spirits '
The reconciliation would be more sweet to me
Than longer life to him that fears to die —

Good sir —

CAR I profess peace, and am content

DUKE I'll see the seal upon't, and then 'tis firm

CAR You shall have all you wish [*Kisses* BIANCA

DUKE I've all indeed now

BIAN But I've made surer work, this shall not
blind me,

He that begins so early to reprove,
Quickly rid him, or look for little love
Beware a brother's envy, he's next heir too
Cardinal, you die this night, the plot's laid surely,
In time of sports death may steal in securely,
Then 'tis least thought on,
For he that's most religious, holy friend,
Does not at all hours think upon his end,
He has his times of frailty, and his thoughts
Their transportations too through flesh and blood,
For all his zeal, his learning, and his light,
As well as we, poor soul, that sin by night [*Aside*

DUKE [*looking at a paper*] What's this, Fabricio?

FAB Marry, my lord, the model

Of what's presented

DUKE O, we thank their loves —

Sweet duchess, take your seat, list to the argument
[*Reads*

*There is a Nymph, that haunts the woods and springs,
In love with two at once, and they with her,*

*Equal it runs, but, to decide these things,
 The cause to mighty Juno they refer,
 She being the marriage-goddess the two lovers
 They offer sighs, the Nymph a sacrifice,
 All to please Juno, who by signs discovers
 How the event shall be, so that strife dies
 Then springs a second, for the man refus'd
 Grows discontent, and, out of love abus'd,
 He raises Slander up, like a black fiend,
 To disgrace th' other, which pays him i' th' end*

BIAN In troth, my lord, a pretty, pleasing argument,

And fits th' occasion well envy and slander
 Are things soon rais'd against two faithful lovers,
 But comfort is, they're not long unrewarded

[*Music*

DUKE This music shews they're upon entrance
 now

BIAN Then enter all my wishes [Aside

*Enter HYMEN in a yellow robe, GANYMEDE in a blue
 robe pondered with stars, and HEBE in a white
 robe with golden stars, each bearing a covered cup
 they dance a short dance, and then make obeisance
 to the Duke, &c*

HYM To thee, fair bride, Hymen offers up
 Of nuptial joys this the celestial cup,
 Taste it, and thou shalt ever find
 Love in thy bed, peace in thy mind

BIAN We'll taste you, sure, 'twere pity to disgrace
 So pretty a beginning

[Takes cup from HYMEN, and drinks

DUKE 'Twas spoke nobly

GAN Two cups of nectar have we begg'd from Jove,
 Hebe, give that to innocence, I this to love

*Take heed of stumbling more, look to your way ,
Remember still the Via Lactea*

[GANYMEDE and HEBE respectively offer their
cups to the Duke and Cardinal, who drink

HEBE *Well, Ganymede, you've more faults, though
not so known,*

I spill'd one cup, but you've filch'd many a one

HYM *No more, forbear for Hymen's sake
In love we met, and so let's part*^m

[*Exeunt HYMEN, GANYMEDE, and HEBE*

DUKE But, soft, here's no such persons in the
argument

As these three, Hymen, Hebe, Ganymede ,
The actors that this model here discovers
Are only four,—Juno, a Nymph, two lovers

BIAN This is some antimasqueⁿ belike, my lord,
To entertain time —Now my peace is perfect,
Let sports come on apace [*Aside*]—Now is their
time, my lord [*Music*

Hark you! you hear from 'em

DUKE. The Nymph indeed!

*Enter two Nymphs, bearing tapers lighted, then
ISABELLA as a Nymph, dressed with flowers and
garlands, carrying a censer with fire in it they set
the censer and tapers on Juno's altar with much
reverence, singing this ditty in parts*

Juno, nuptial goddess,

Thou that rul'st o'er coupl'd bodies,

Tiest man to woman, never to forsake her,

Thou only powerful marriage-maker,

^m *sake* *part*] As the rest of the dialogue is in rhyme,
I suspect that something has dropt out here

ⁿ *antimasque*] i. e. an interlude introduced during the masque,
“ something directly opposed to the principal masque ” see
Gifford's note on B Jonson's *Works*, vol vii p 251

*Pity this amaz'd affection '
 I love both, and both love me ,
 Nor know I where to give rejection,
 My heart likes so equally,
 Till thou sett'st right my peace of life,
 And with thy power conclude this strife*

ISA Now, with my thanks, depart you to the
springs,

I to these wells of love [Exeunt the two Nymphs]—

*Thou sacred goddess
 And queen of nuptials, daughter to great Saturn,
 Sister and wife to Jove, imperial Juno,
 Pity this passionate conflict in my breast,
 This tedious war 'twixt two affections,
 Crown me with victory, and my heart's at peace '*

Enter HIPPOLITO and GUARDIANO as shepherds

HIP *Make me that happy man, thou mighty goddess '*

GUAR *But I live most in hope, if truest love
 Merit the greatest comfort*

ISA *I love both
 With such an even and fair affection,
 I know not which to speak for, which to wish for,
 Till thou, great arbitress 'twixt lovers' hearts,
 By thy auspicious grace design the man,
 Which pity I implore '*

HIP } *We all implore it '
 GUAR }*

ISA *And after sighs—contrition's truest odours—
 I offer to thy powerful deity
 This precious incense [waving the censer], may it
 ascend peacefully!—*

*And if it keep true touch, my good aunt Juno,
 'Twill try your immortality ere't be long*

I fear you'll ne'er get so nigh heaven again,
When you're once down [Aside

[LIVIA descends, as JUNO, attended by pages
as Cupids

LIV Though you and your affections
Seem all as dark to our illustrious brightness
As night's inheritance, hell, we pity you,
And your requests are granted You ask signs,
They shall be given you, we'll be gracious to you
He of those twain which we determine for you,
Love's arrows shall wound twice, the later wound
Betokens love in age, for so are all
Whose love continues firmly all their lifetime
Twice wounded at their marriage, else affection
Dies when youth ends—This savour overcomes me!
[Aside

Now, for a sign of wealth and golden days,
Bright-ey'd prosperity—which all couples love,
Ay, and makes love—take that,^p our brother Jove
Never denies us of his burning treasure
To express bounty [ISABELLA falls down and dies

DUKE She falls down upon't,
What's the conceit of that?

FAB As o'erjoy'd belike
Too much prosperity o'erjoys us all,
And she has her lapful, it seems, my lord

DUKE This swerves a little from the argument
though
Look you, my lords [Shewing paper
GUAR All's fast now comes my part to tole
him hither,

^p *Ay, and makes love—take that*] The editor of 1816 follows the pointing of the old ed., "Ay, and makes love take that," remarking, in a note, "I confess I have no very clear understanding of this passage" The difficulty lies in knowing what "that" is by which Livia destroys Isabella

Then, with a stamp given, he's despatch'd as cunningly *[Aside*

HIP *[raising the body of ISA]* Stark dead! O treachery! cruelly made away!

[GUARDIANO stamps, and falls through a trap-door]

How's that?

FAB Look, there's one of the lovers dropt away too!

DUKE Why, sure, this plot's drawn false, here's no such thing

LIV O, I am sick to the death! let me down quickly,

This fume is deadly, O, 't has poison'd me!

My subtlety is sped, her art has quitted me,

My own ambition pulls me down to ruin

[Falls down and dies]

HIP Nay, then, I kiss thy cold lips, and applaud This thy revenge in death

[Kisses the body of ISABELLA]

FAB Look, Juno's down too!

[Cupids shoot at HIPOLITO]

What makes she there? her pride should keep aloft

She was wont to scorn the earth in other shows, Methinks her peacocks' feathers are much pull'd

HIP O, death runs through my blood, in a wild flame too!

Plague of those Cupids! some lay hold on 'em, Let 'em not scape, they've spoil'd me, the shaft's deadly

DUKE I've lost myself in this quite

HIP My great lords,
We're all confounded

DUKE How?

HIP Dead, and I worse

FAB Dead! my girl dead? I hope
My sister Juno has not serv'd me so

HIP Lust and forgetfulness have^o been amongst us,
And we are brought to nothing some blest charity
Lend me the speeding pity of his sword,
To quench this fire in blood! Leantio's death
Has brought all this upon us—now I taste it—
And made us lay plots to confound each other,
Th' event so proves it, and man's understanding
Is ripe^r at his fall than all his lifetime
She, in a madness for her lover's death,
Reveal'd a fearful lust in our near bloods,
For which I'm punish'd dreadfully and unlook'd for,
Prov'd her own ruin too, vengeance met vengeance,
Like a set match, as if the plague[s] of sin
Had been agreed to meet here altogether
But how her fawning partner fell I reach not,
Unless caught by some springe of his own setting,—
For, on my pain, he never dream'd of dying,
The plot was all his own, and he had cunning
Enough to save himself but 'tis the property
Of guilty deeds to draw your wise men downward,
Therefore the wonder ceases O, this torment!

DUKE Our guard below there!

Enter a Lord with a Guard

LORD My lord?

HIP Run and meet death then,
And cut off time and pain!

[Runs on a sword,^p and dies

LORD Behold, my lord,
Has run his breast upon a weapon's point!

^o have] Old ed "has"

^p *Runs on a sword, &c*] i e perhaps on a sword carried by one of the guard The editor of 1816 gives "*Falls on his sword,*" but see the preceding speech of Hippolito

DUKE Upon the first night of our nuptial hours

Destruction play her triumph, and great mischiefs
Mask in expected pleasures 'tis prodigious!
They're things most fearfully ominous, I like 'em
not —

Remove these ruin'd bodies from our eyes

[*The Guard remove the bodies of ISABELLA,
LIVIA, and HIPPOLITO*]

BIAN Not yet, no change? when falls he to the
earth? [*Aside*]

LORD Please but your excellence to peruse that
paper, [*Giving paper to the Duke*]

Which is a brief confession from the heart
Of him that fell first, ere his soul departed,
And there the darkness of these deeds speaks
plainly,

'Tis the full scope, the manner, and intent
His ward, that ignorantly let him down,
Fear put to present flight at the voice of him

BIAN Nor yet? [*Aside*]

DUKE Read, read, for I am lost in sight and
strength! [*Falls*]

CAR My noble brother!

BIAN O, the curse of wretchedness!

My deadly hand is faln upon my lord
Destruction, take me to thee! give me way,
The pains and plagues of a lost soul upon him
That hinders me a moment!

DUKE My heart swells bigger, yet, help here,
break't ope!

My breast flies open next [*Dies*]

BIAN O, with the poison
That was prepar'd for thee! thee, Cardinal,
'Twas meant for thee

CAR Poor prince!

BIAN Accursèd error!
 Give me thy last breath, thou infected bosom,
 And wrap two spirits in one poison'd vapour!
 Thus, thus, reward thy murderer, and turn death
 [Kisses the dead body of the Duke]
 Into a parting kiss! my soul stands ready at my
 lips,

Even vex'd to stay one minute after thee

CAR The greatest sorrow and astonishment
 That ever struck the general peace of Florence
 Dwells in this hour

BIAN. So, my desires are satisfied,
 I feel death's power within me
 Thou hast prevail'd in something, cursed poison!
 Though thy chief force was spent in my lord's
 bosom,

But my deformity in spirit's more foul,
 A blemish'd face best fits a leprous soul
 What make I here? these are all strangers to me,
 Not known but by their malice now thou'rt gone,
 Nor do I seek their pities

[Drinks from the poisoned cup^a]

CAR. O restrain
 Her ignorant, wilful hand!

BIAN Now do, 'tis done.
 Leantio, now I feel the breach of marriage
 At my heart-breaking O, the deadly snares

^a *Drinks, &c*] Here the editor of 1816 gives "*Stabs herself*," observing in a note, "I have added this stage-direction, without which I cannot otherwise understand the following speech of the Lord Cardinal's" But it is evident, I think, from the last words of Bianca,—

"Tasting the same death in a cup of love,"—

that she drains off the poisoned cup which she had prepared for the Cardinal, and which Ganymede had by mistake presented to the Duke,

That women set for women, without pity
 Either to soul or honour' learn by me
 To know your foes in this belief I die,—
 Like our own sex we have no enemy^r

LORD See, my lord,
 What shift sh'as made to be her own destruction'

BIAN Pride, greatness, honours, beauty, youth,
 ambition,

You must all down together, there's no help for't
 Yet this my gladness is, that I remove

Tasting the same death in a cup of love [Dies

CAR Sin, what thou art, these ruins shew too
 piteously

Two kings on one throne cannot sit together,
 But one must needs down, for his title's wrong,
 So where lust reigns, that prince cannot reign long

[*Exeunt omnes*

^r *no enemy*] Old ed "*no Enemy, no Enemy*"

END OF VOL IV